Gal 62.6

THE SPECTATOR.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.



LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand.*

MDCCXLIV.

Lately Publiſh'd,

THE Miſcellaneous Works, in Verſe and Proſe, of the late Right Honourable *JOSEPH ADDISON*, Eſq; in Three Volumes. Conſiſting of ſuch as were never before printed in 12mo. With ſome Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by Mr. *Tickell*.

N. B. Theſe Three Volumes, with the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, *Guardians*, *Freeholders*, and *Remarks on ſeveral Parts of* Italy, complete Mr. *Addiſon*'s Works in Twelves.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM



To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord SOMMERS,

BARON of *Eveſham.*

MY LORD,

I SHOULD not act the Part of an impartial Spectator, if I Dedicated the following Papers to one who is not of the moſt conſummate and moſt acknowledged Merit.

DEDICATION.

None but a Perſon of a finiſhed Character, can be the proper Patron of a Work, which endeavours to Cultivate and Poliſh Humane Life, by promoting Virtue and Knowledge, and by recommending whatſoever may be either Uſeful or Ornamental to Society.

I know that the Homage I now pay You, is offering a kind of Violence to one who is as ſolicitous to ſhun Applauſe, as he is aſſiduous to deſerve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only Particular, in which your Prudence will be always diſappointed.

While Juſtice, Candor, Equanimity, a Zeal for the Good of your Country, and the moſt perſuaſive

ſuaſive Eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable Diſtinctions, You are not to expect that the Publick will ſo far comply with your Inclinations, as to forbear celebrating ſuch extraordinary Qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your Share of Merit, in the many National Services which you have effected. Do what you will, the preſent Age will be talking of your Virtues, tho' Poſterity alone will do them Juſtice.

Other Men paſs through Oppoſitions and contending Intereſt in the Ways of Ambition; but Your Great Abilities have been invited to Power, and importuned to accept of Advancement. Nor is it

ſtrange that this ſhould happen to your Lordſhip, who could bring into the Service of your Sovereign the Arts and Policies of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome*; as well as the moſt exact Knowledge of our own Conſtitution in particular, and of the Intereſts of *Europe* in general; to which I muſt alſo add, a certain Dignity in Your ſelf, that (to ſay the leaſt of it) has been always equal to thoſe great Honours which have been conferred upon You.

It is very well known how much the Church owed to You in the moſt dangerous Day it ever ſaw, that of the Arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the Civil Power, in the Late and Preſent Reign,

Reign, has been indebted to your Counſels and Wiſdom.

But to enumerate the great Advantages which the Publick has received from your Adminiſtration, would be a more proper Work for an Hiſtory than for an Addreſs of this Nature.

Your Lordſhip appears as great in your Private Life, as in the moſt Important Offices which You have born. I would therefore rather chooſe to ſpeak of the Pleaſure You afford all who are admitted into your Converſation, of Your Elegant Taſte in all the Polite Parts of Learning, of Your great Humanity and Complacency of Manners, and of the ſurpriſing Influence which is peculiar to You in

making every one who converſes with Your Lordſhip prefer You to himſelf, without thinking the leſs meanly of his own Talents. But if I ſhould take notice of all that might be obſerved in your Lordſhip, I ſhould have nothing new to ſay upon any other Character of Diſtinction. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient,

moſt Devoted,

Humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. I.

N° 1. *Thurſday, March* 1. 1710-11.

Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 143.

One with a Flaſh begins, and ends in Smoke;
The other out of Smoke brings glorious Light,
And (without raiſing Expectation high)
Surprizes us with dazzling Miracles. ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE obſerved, that a Reader ſeldom peruſes a Book with Pleaſure, 'till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or cholerick Diſpoſition, Married or a Bachelor, with other Particulars of the like Nature, that conduce very much to the right underſtanding of an Author. To gratify this Curioſity, which is ſo natural to a Reader, I deſign this Paper and my next as Prefatory Diſcourſes to my following Writings, and ſhall give ſome Account in them of the ſeveral Perſons that are engaged in this Work. As the chief Trouble of Compiling, Digeſting, and Correcting will fall to my

Share, I muſt do my ſelf the Juſtice to open the Work with my own Hiſtory.

I was born to a ſmall Hereditary Eſtate, which, according to the Tradition of the Village where it lies, was bounded by the ſame Hedges and Ditches in *William* the Conqueror's Time that it is at preſent, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire without the Loſs or Acquiſition of a ſingle Field or Meadow, during the Space of ſix hundred Years. There runs a Story in the Family, that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, ſhe dreamt that ſhe was brought to bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-Suit which was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Juſtice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not ſo vain as to think it preſaged any Dignity that I ſhould arrive at in my future Life, though that was the Interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The Gravity of my Behaviour at my very firſt Appearance in the World, and all the time that I ſucked, ſeemed to favour my Mother's Dream: For, as ſhe has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make uſe of my Coral 'till they had taken away the Bells from it.

AS for the reſt of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I ſhall paſs it over in Silence. I find, that, during my Nonage, I had the Reputation of a very ſullen Youth, but was always a Favourite of my Schoolmaſter, who uſed to ſay, *that my Parts were ſolid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the Univerſity, before I diſtinguiſhed my ſelf by a moſt profound Silence; for during the Space of eight Years, excepting in the publick Exerciſes of the College, I ſcarce utter'd the Quantity of an hundred Words; and indeed do not remember that I ever ſpoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilſt I was in this learned Body, I applied my ſelf with ſo much Diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the learned or the modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

UPON the Death of my Father, I was reſolved to travel into foreign Countries, and therefore left the Univerſity, with the Character of an odd unaccountable Fellow,

low, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but ſhew it. An inſatiable Thirſt after Knowledge carried me into all the Countries of *Europe*, in which there was any thing new or ſtrange to be ſeen; nay, to ſuch a Degree was my Curioſity raiſed, that having read the Controverſies of ſome great Men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpoſe to take the Meaſure of a Pyramid: And as ſoon as I had ſet my ſelf right in that Particular, returned to my native Country with great Satisfaction.

I have paſſed my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently ſeen in moſt publick Places, tho' there are not above half a dozen of my ſelect Friends that know me; of whom my next Paper ſhall give a more particular Account. There is no Place of general Reſort, wherein I do not often make my Appearance; ſometimes I am ſeen thruſting my Head into a Round of Politicians at *Will*'s, and liſtning with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in thoſe little circular Audiences. Sometimes I ſmoke a Pipe at *Child*'s, and whilſt I ſeem attentive to nothing but the *Poſtman*, over-hear the Converſation of every Table in the Room. I appear on *Sunday* Nights at St. *James*'s Coffee-houſe, and ſometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner-Room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewiſe very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above theſe ten Years, and ſometimes paſs for a *Jew* in the Aſſembly of Stock-Jobbers at *Jonathan*'s: In ſhort, where-ever I ſee a Cluſter of People, I always mix with them, though I never open my Lips but in my own Club.

THUS I live in the World rather as a Spectator of Mankind, than as one of the Species, by which Means I have made my ſelf a Speculative Stateſman, Soldier, Merchant, and Artiſan, without ever medling with any practical Part in Life. I am very well verſed in the Theory of a Husband or a Father, and can diſcern the Errors in the Oeconomy, Buſineſs, and Diverſion of others, better than thoſe who are engaged in them; as Standers-by diſcover Blots, which are apt to eſcape

thoſe

thoſe who are in the Game. I never eſpouſed any Party with Violence, and am reſolved to obſerve an exact Neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unleſs I ſhall be forced to declare my ſelf by the Hoſtilities of either Side. In ſhort, I have acted in all the Parts of my Life as a Looker-on, which is the Character I intend to preſerve in this Paper.

I have given the Reader juſt ſo much of my Hiſtory and Character, as to let him ſee I am not altogether unqualified for the Buſineſs I have undertaken. As for other Particulars in my Life and Adventures, I ſhall inſert them in following Papers, as I ſhall ſee Occaſion. In the mean time, when I conſider how much I have ſeen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own Taciturnity; and ſince I have neither Time nor Inclination to communicate the Fulneſs of my Heart in Speech, I am reſolved to do it in Writing, and to print my ſelf out, if poſſible, before I die. I have been often told by my Friends, that it is pity ſo many uſeful Diſcoveries which I have made ſhould be in the Poſſeſſion of a ſilent Man. For this Reaſon therefore, I ſhall publiſh a Sheet-full of Thoughts every Morning, for the Benefit of my Contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the Diverſion or Improvement of the Country in which I live, I ſhall leave it, when I am ſummoned out of it, with the ſecret Satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

THERE are three very material Points which I have not ſpoken to in this Paper; and which, for ſeveral important Reaſons, I muſt keep to my ſelf, at leaſt for ſome Time: I mean, an Account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I muſt confeſs, I would gratify my Reader in any Thing that is reaſonable; but as for theſe three Particulars, though I am ſenſible they might tend very much to the Embelliſhment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a Reſolution of communicating them to the Publick. They would indeed draw me out of that Obſcurity which I have enjoyed for many Years, and expoſe me in publick Places to ſeveral Salutes and Civilities, which have been always very diſagreeable to me; for the greateſt Pain I can ſuffer, is the being talked to, and being ſtared at. It is for this Reaſon likewiſe, that I keep

my

my Complexion and Dreſs as very great Secrets; tho' it is not impoſſible, but I may make Diſcoveries of both in the Progreſs of the Work I have undertaken.

AFTER having been thus particular upon my ſelf, I ſhall in To-morrow's Paper give an Account of thoſe Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this Work; for, as I have before intimated, a Plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other Matters of Importance are) in a Club. However, as my Friends have engaged me to ſtand in the Front, thoſe who have a mind to correſpond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. *Buckley*'s in *Little-Britain*. For I muſt further acquaint the Reader, that tho' our Club meets only on *Tueſdays* and *Thurſdays*, we have appointed a Committee to ſit every Night, for the inſpection of all ſuch Papers as may contribute to the Advancement of the Publick Weal. C

N° 2. *Friday, March* 2.

——— Aſt alii ſex
Et plures uno conclamant ore ———

Juv. Sat. 7. v. 167.

Six more at leaſt join their conſenting Voice.

THE firſt of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worceſterſhire*, of ancient Deſcent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. His Great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very ſingular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Senſe, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourneſs or Obſtinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable

capable to pleaſe and oblige all who know him. When he is in Town, he lives in *Soho-Square*. It is ſaid, he keeps himſelf a Bachelor by reaſon he was croſſed in Love by a perverſe beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Diſappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often ſupped with my Lord *Rocheſter* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his firſt coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawſon* in a publick Coffee-houſe for calling him Youngſter. But being ill uſed by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very ſerious for a Year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at laſt got over it, he grew careleſs of himſelf, and never dreſſed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the ſame Cut that were in Faſhion at the Time of his Repulſe, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times ſince he firſt wore it. 'Tis ſaid Sir ROGER grew humble in his Deſires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, inſomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of Chaſtity with Beggars and Gipſies: But this is looked upon by his Friends rather as Matter of Rallery than Truth. He is now in his fifty ſixth Year, chearful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good Houſe both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is ſuch a mirthful Caſt in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than eſteemed. His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look ſatisfied, all the young Women profeſs Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a Houſe he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the Way up Stairs to a Viſit. I muſt not omit, that Sir ROGER is a Juſtice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Seſſion with great Abilities, and three Months ago gained univerſal Applauſe by explaining a Paſſage in the Game-Act.

THE Gentleman next in Eſteem and Authority among us, is another Bachelor, who is a Member of the *Inner-Temple*; a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Underſtanding; but he has choſen his Place of Reſidence rather to obey the Direction of an old humourſom Father, than in purſuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to ſtudy the Laws of the Land, and is the moſt learned

of

of any of the Houſe in thoſe of the Stage. *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* are much better underſtood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The Father ſends up every Poſt Queſtions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leaſes, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Queſtions he agrees with an Attorney to anſwer and take care of in the Lump. He is ſtudying the Paſſions themſelves, when he ſhould be inquiring into the Debates among Men which ariſe from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demoſthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Caſe in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both diſintereſted and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Buſineſs, they are moſt of them fit for Converſation. His Taſte of Books is a little too juſt for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Cuſtoms, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Ancients, makes him a very delicate Obſerver of what occurs to him in the preſent World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Buſineſs; exactly at five he paſſes thro' *New-Inn*, croſſes thro' *Ruſſel-Court*, and takes a turn at *Will*'s till the Play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the *Roſe*. It is for the good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to pleaſe him.

THE Perſon of next Conſideration, is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*. A Perſon of indefatigable Induſtry, ſtrong Reaſon, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has uſually ſome ſly Way of Jeſting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *Britiſh Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a ſtupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Induſtry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we ſhould gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence

Diligence makes more laſting Acquiſitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruin'd more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in ſeveral frugal Maxims, amongſt which the greateſt Favourite is, 'A Penny ſaved is a Penny got.' A general Trader of good Senſe is pleaſanter Company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perſpicuity of his Diſcourſe gives the ſame Pleaſure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himſelf; and ſays that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himſelf is richer than other Men; though at the ſame time I can ſay this of him, that there is not a Point in the Compaſs but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

NEXT to Sir ANDREW in the Club-Room ſits Captain SENTRY, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Underſtanding, but invincible Modeſty. He is one of thoſe that deſerve very well, but are very aukward at putting their Talents within the Obſervation of ſuch as ſhould take notice of them. He was ſome Years a Captain, and behaved himſelf with great Gallantry in ſeveral Engagements and at ſeveral Sieges; but having a ſmall Eſtate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can riſe ſuitably to his Merit, who is not ſomething of a Courtier, as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profeſſion where Merit is placed in ſo conſpicuous a View, Impudence ſhould get the better of Modeſty. When he has talked to this purpoſe I never heard him make a ſour Expreſſion, but frankly confeſs that he left the World, becauſe he was not fit for it. A ſtrict Honeſty and an even regular Behaviour, are in themſelves Obſtacles to him that muſt preſs through Crowds, who endeavour at the ſame End with himſelf, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his way of Talk excuſe Generals, for not diſpoſing according to Mens Deſert, or inquiring into it: For, ſays he, that great Man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, eſpecially in a Military Way, muſt get over all falſe Modeſty,

deſty, and aſſiſt his Patron againſt the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Aſſurance in his own Vindication. He ſays it is a civil Cowardiſe to be backward in aſſerting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be ſlow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candor does the Gentleman ſpeak of himſelf and others. The ſame Frankneſs runs through all his Converſation. The Military Part of his Life has furniſhed him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never over-bearing, though accuſtomed to command Men in the utmoſt Degree below him; nor ever too obſequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

BUT that our Society may not appear a Set of Humouriſts unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleaſures of the Age, we have among us the gallant WILL HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who according to his Years ſhould be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Perſon, and always had a very eaſy Fortune, Time has made but a very little Impreſſion, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Perſon is well turn'd, of a good Height. He is very ready at that ſort of Diſcourſe with which Men uſually entertain Women. He has all his Life dreſſed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can ſmile when one ſpeaks to him, and laughs eaſily. He knows the Hiſtory of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; whoſe Frailty was covered by ſuch a ſort of Petticoat, and whoſe Vanity to ſhew her Foot made that part of the Dreſs ſo ſhort in ſuch a Year. In a word, all his Converſation and Knowledge have been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take notice to you what ſuch a Miniſter ſaid upon ſuch and ſuch an Occaſion, he will tell you, when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court, ſuch a Woman was then ſmitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all theſe important Relations, he has ever about the ſame time received a kind Glance or a Blow of a Fan from ſome cele-

celebrated Beauty, Mother of the preſent Lord ſuch-a-one. If you ſpeak of a young Commoner that ſaid a lively thing in the Houſe, he ſtarts up, 'He has good 'Blood in his Veins, *Tom Mirabell* begot him, the 'Rogue cheated me in that Affair, that young Fellow's 'Mother uſed me more like a Dog than any Woman 'I ever made Advances to.' This way of Talking of his very much enlivens the Converſation among us of a more ſedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company, but my ſelf, who rarely ſpeak at all, but ſpeaks of him as of that ſort of Man who is uſually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his Character, where Women are not concerned, he is an honeſt worthy Man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to ſpeak of, as one of our Company; for he viſits us but ſeldom, but when he does it adds to every Man elſe a new Enjoyment of himſelf. He is a Clergyman, a very Philoſophick Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the moſt exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Conſtitution, and conſequently cannot accept of ſuch Cares and Buſineſs as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counſellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He ſeldom introduces the Subject he ſpeaks upon; but we are ſo far gone in Years, that he obſerves when he is among us, an Earneſtneſs to have him fall on ſome divine Topick, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Intereſts in this World, as one who is haſtening to the Object of all his Wiſhes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. Theſe are my ordinary Companions. R

Saturday,

N° 3. *Saturday, March* 3.

Et quoi quiſque ferè ſtudio devinctus adhæret,
Aut quibus in rebus multùm ſumus antè morati,
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens,
In ſomnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

Lucr. l. 4. v. 959.

——What Studies pleaſe, what moſt delight,
And fill mens thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.

CREECH.

IN one of my late Rambles, or rather Speculations, I looked into the great Hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleaſed to ſee the Directors, Secretaries, and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their ſeveral Stations, according to the Parts they act in that juſt and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my Memory the many Diſcourſes which I had both read and heard concerning the Decay of publick Credit, with the Methods of reſtoring it, and which in my Opinion have always been defective, becauſe they have always been made with an Eye to ſeparate Intereſts, and Party Principles.

THE Thoughts of the Day gave my Mind Employment for the whole Night, ſo that I fell inſenſibly into a kind of Methodical Dream, which diſpoſed all my Contemplations into a Viſion or Allegory, or what elſe the Reader ſhall pleaſe to call it.

METHOUGHT I returned to the Great Hall, where I had been the Morning before, but, to my Surpriſe, inſtead of the Company that I left there, I ſaw towards the upper end of the Hall, a beautiful Virgin, ſeated on a Throne of Gold. Her Name (as they told me) was *Publick Credit*. The Walls, inſtead of being adorned with Pictures and Maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in Golden Letters. At the upper end of the Hall was the *Magna Charta*, with the

the Act of Uniformity on the right Hand, and the Act of Toleration on the Left. At the lower end of the Hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the Eye of the Virgin that ſat upon the Throne. Both the Sides of the Hall were covered with ſuch Acts of Parliament as had been made for the Eſtabliſhment of Publick Funds. The Lady ſeemed to ſet an unſpeakable Value upon theſe ſeveral Pieces of Furniture, inſomuch that ſhe often refreſhed her Eye with them, and often ſmiled with a ſecret Pleaſure, as ſhe looked upon them; but, at the ſame time, ſhewed a very particular Uneaſineſs, if ſhe ſaw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her Behaviour: And, whether it was from the Delicacy of her Conſtitution, or that ſhe was troubled with Vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her Well-wiſhers, ſhe changed Colour, and ſtartled at every thing ſhe heard. She was likewiſe (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own Sex, and ſubject to ſuch momentary Conſumptions, that in the twinkling of an Eye, ſhe would fall away from the moſt florid Complexion, and the moſt healthful State of Body, and wither into a Skeleton. Her Recoveries were often as ſudden as her Decays, inſomuch that ſhe would revive in a Moment out of a waſting Diſtemper, into a Habit of the higheſt Health and Vigour.

I had very ſoon an Opportunity of obſerving theſe quick Turns and Changes in her Conſtitution. There ſat at her Feet a Couple of Secretaries, who received every Hour Letters from all Parts of the World, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and, according to the News ſhe heard, to which ſhe was exceedingly attentive, ſhe changed Colour, and diſcovered many Symptoms of Health or Sickneſs.

BEHIND the Throne was a prodigious Heap of Bags of Money, which were piled upon one another ſo high that they touched the Cieling. The Floor, on her right Hand, and on her Left, was covered with vaſt Sums of Gold that roſe up in Pyramids on either ſide of her: But this I did not ſo much wonder at, when I heard, upon Inquiry, that ſhe had the ſame Virtue in her Touch, which

which the Poets tell us a *Lydian* King was formerly poſſeſs'd of: and that ſhe could convert whatever ſhe pleas'd into that precious Metal.

AFTER a little Dizzineſs, and confuſed Hurry of Thought, which a Man often meets with in a Dream, methought the Hall was alarmed, the Doors flew open, and there enter'd half a dozen of the moſt hideous Phantoms that I had ever ſeen (even in a Dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the moſt diſſociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of Dance. It would be tedious to deſcribe their Habits and Perſons, for which Reaſon I ſhall only inform my Reader that the firſt Couple was Tyranny and Anarchy, the ſecond were Bigotry and Atheiſm, the third the Genius of a Commonwealth, and a young Man of about twenty two Years of Age, whoſe Name I could not learn. He had a Sword in his right Hand, which in the Dance he often brandiſhed at the Act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who ſtood by me, whiſpered in my Ear, that he ſaw a Spunge in his left Hand. The Dance of ſo many jarring Natures put me in mind of the Sun, Moon and Earth, in the *Rehearſal*, that danced together for no other end but to eclipſe one another.

THE Reader will eaſily ſuppoſe, by what has been before ſaid, that the Lady on the Throne would have been almoſt frighted to Diſtraction, had ſhe ſeen but any one of theſe Spectres; what then muſt have been her Condition when ſhe ſaw them all in a Body? She fainted and died away at the Sight.

Et neque jam color eſt miſto candore ruberi;
Nec Vigor, & Vires, & quæ modò viſa placebant;
Nec Corpus remanet ——— Ovid. Met. l. 3. v. 491.

——— Her Spirits faint,
Her blooming Cheeks aſſume a pallid Teint,
And ſcarce her Form remains.

THERE was as great a Change in the Hill of Money Bags, and the Heaps of Money, the former ſhrinking, and falling into ſo many empty Bags, that I now found not above a tenth Part of them had been filled with Money. The reſt that took up the ſame Space and made

the

the ſame Figure as the Bags that were really filled with Money, had been blown up with Air, and called into my Memory the Bags full of Wind, which *Homer* tells us his Hero received as a Preſent from *Æolus*. The great Heaps of Gold on either ſide the Throne, now appeared to be only Heaps of Paper, or little Piles of notched Sticks, bound up together in Bundles, like *Bath*-Faggots.

WHILST I was lamenting this ſudden Deſolation that had been made before me, the whole Scene vaniſhed: In the room of the frightful Spectres, there now entred a ſecond Dance of Apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The firſt Pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right Hand: The ſecond was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a Perſon whom I had never ſeen, with the Genius of *Great-Britain*. At the firſt Entrance the Lady revived, the Bags ſwelled to their former Bulk, the Piles of Faggots and Heaps of Paper changed into Pyramids of Guineas: And for my own part I was ſo tranſported with Joy, that I awaked, though I muſt confeſs, I would fain have fallen aſleep again to have cloſed my Viſion, if I could have done it. C

N° 4. *Monday, March* 5.

---------- *Egregii Mortalem altique ſilenti?*
Hor. Sat. 6. l. 2. v. 58.

One of uncommon Silence and Reſerve.

AN Author, when he firſt appears in the World, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his Performances. With a good Share of this Vanity in my Heart, I made it my Buſineſs theſe three Days to liſten after my own Fame; and as I have ſometimes met with Circumſtances which did not diſpleaſe me, I have been encountered by others which gave me as much Mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this Time obſerved ſome Part of the Species to be, what mere Blanks they are when they firſt come abroad in

in the Morning, how utterly they are at a Stand till they are ſet a-going by ſome Paragraph in a News-Paper: Such Perſons are very acceptable to a young Author, for they deſire no more in any thing but to be new to be agreeable. If I found Conſolation among ſuch, I was as much diſquieted by the Incapacity of others. Theſe are Mortals who have a certain Curioſity without Power of Reflexion, and peruſed my Papers like Spectators rather than Readers. But there is ſo little Pleaſure in Inquiries that ſo nearly concern our ſelves, (it being the worſt way in the World to Fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole I reſolved for the future to go on in my ordinary Way; and without too much Fear or Hope about the Buſineſs of Reputation, to be very careful of the Deſign of my Actions, but very negligent of the Conſequences of them.

IT is an endleſs and frivolous Purſuit to act by any other Rule than the Care of ſatisfying our own Minds in what we do. One would think a ſilent Man, who concerned himſelf with no one breathing, ſhould be very little liable to Miſinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jeſuit, for no other Reaſon but my profound Taciturnity. It is from this Misfortune that to be out of Harm's way, I have ever ſince affected Crowds. He who comes into Aſſemblies only to gratify his Curioſity, and not to make a Figure, enjoys the Pleaſures of Retirement in a more exquiſite Degree, than he poſſibly could in his Cloſet; the Lover, the Ambitious, and the Miſer, are follow'd thither by a worſe Croud than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the Paſſions with which others are tormented, is the only pleaſing Solitude. I can very juſtly ſay with the ancient Sage, *I am never leſs alone than when alone.* As I am inſignificant to the Company in publick Places, and as it is viſible I do not come thither as moſt do, to ſhew my ſelf; I gratify the Vanity of all who pretend to make an Appearance, and have often as kind Looks from well-dreſs'd Gentlemen and Ladies, as a Poet would beſtow upon one of his Audience. There are ſo many Gratifications attend this publick ſort of Obſcurity, that ſome little Diſtaſtes I daily receive have loſt their Anguiſh; and I did the other Day, without the leaſt

Diſ-

Diſpleaſure, overhear one ſay of me, *That ſtrange Fellow*; and another anſwer, *I have known the Fellow's Face theſe twelve Years, and ſo muſt you; but I believe you are the firſt ever asked who he was.* There are, I muſt confeſs, many to whom my Perſon is as well known as that of their neareſt Relations, who give themſelves no farther Trouble about calling me by my Name or Quality, but ſpeak of me very currently by Mr. *What d'ye call him.*

To make up for theſe trivial Diſadvantages, I have the high Satisfaction of beholding all Nature with an unprejudiced Eye; and having nothing to do with Mens Paſſions or Intereſts, I can with the greater Sagacity conſider their Talents, Manners, Failings, and Merits.

IT is remarkable, that thoſe who want any one Senſe, poſſeſs the others with greater Force and Vivacity. Thus my Want of, or rather Reſignation of Speech, gives me all the Advantages of a dumb Man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary Penetration in Seeing; and flatter my ſelf that I have looked into the Higheſt and Loweſt of Mankind, and make ſhrewd Gueſſes, without being admitted to their Converſation, at the inmoſt Thoughts and Reflexions of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill Fortune has no manner of Force towards affecting my Judgment. I ſee Men flouriſhing in Courts, and languiſhing in Jails, without being prejudiced from their Circumſtances to their Favour or Diſadvantage; but from their inward manner of bearing their Condition, often pity the Proſperous, and admire the Unhappy.

THOSE who converſe with the Dumb, know from the Turn of their Eyes, and the Changes of their Countenance, their Sentiments of the Objects before them. I have indulged my Silence to ſuch an Extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, anſwer my Smiles with concurrent Sentences, and argue to the very Point I ſhaked my Head at, without my ſpeaking. WILL HONEYCOMB was very entertaining the other Night at a Play, to a Gentleman who ſat on his right Hand, while I was at his Left. The Gentleman believed WILL was talking to himſelf, when upon my looking with great Approbation at a young thing in a Box before us, he ſaid,

'I am

'I am quite of another Opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleaſing Aſpect, but methinks that Simplicity in he Countenance is rather childiſh than innocent.' When I obſerved her a ſecond time, he ſaid, 'I grant her Dreſs is very becoming, but perhaps the Merit of that Choice is owing to her Mother; for though, continued he, I allow a Beauty to be as much to be commended for the Elegance of her Dreſs, as a Wit for that of his Language; yet if ſhe has ſtolen the Colour of her Ribbands from another, or had Advice about her Trimmings, I ſhall not allow her the Praiſe of Dreſs, any more than I would call a Plagiary an Author.' When I threw my Eye towards the next Woman to her, WILL ſpoke what I looked, according to his Romantick Imagination, in the following manner.

'BEHOLD, you who dare, that charming Virgin; Behold the Beauty of her Perſon chaſtiſed by the Innocence of her Thoughts. Chaſtity, Good-nature, and Affability, are the Graces that play in her Countenance; ſhe knows ſhe is handſom, but ſhe knows ſhe is good. Conſcious Beauty adorned with conſcious Virtue! what a Spirit is there in thoſe Eyes! What a Bloom in that Perſon! How is the whole Woman expreſſed in her Appearance! Her Air has the Beauty of Motion, and her Look the Force of Language.

IT was Prudence to turn away my Eyes from this Object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtleſs Creatures who make up the Lump of that Sex, and move a knowing Eye no more than the Portraitures of inſignificant People by ordinary Painters, which are but Pictures of Pictures.

THUS the Working of my own Mind is the general Entertainment of my Life; I never enter into the Commerce of Diſcourſe with any but my particular Friends, and not in Publick even with them. Such an Habit has perhaps raiſed in me uncommon Reflexions; but this Effect I cannot communicate but by my Writings. As my Pleaſures are almoſt wholly confined to thoſe of the Sight, I take it for a peculiar Happineſs that I have always had an eaſy and familiar Admittance to the fair Sex. If I never praiſed or flattered, I never belyed or contradicted them. As theſe compoſe half the World,

and are, by the juſt Complaiſance and Gallantry of our Nation, the more powerful Part of our People, I ſhall dedicate a conſiderable Share of theſe my Speculations to their Service, and ſhall lead the Young through all the becoming Duties of Virginity, Marriage, and Widowhood. When it is a Woman's Day, in my Works, I ſhall endeavour at a Stile and Air ſuitable to their Underſtanding. When I ſay this, I muſt be underſtood to mean, that I ſhall not lower but exalt the Subjects I treat upon. Diſcourſe for their Entertainment, is not to be debaſed but refined. A Man may appear learned without talking Sentences, as in his ordinary Geſture he diſcovers he can dance, though he does not cut Capers. In a word, I ſhall take it for the greateſt Glory of my Work, if among reaſonable Women this Paper may furniſh *Tea-Table Talk*. In order to it, I ſhall treat on Matters which relate to Females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other Sex, or as they are tied to them by Blood, Intereſt, or Affection. Upon this Occaſion I think it but reaſonable to declare, that whatever Skill I may have in Speculation, I ſhall never betray what the Eyes of Lovers ſay to each other in my Preſence. At the ſame time I ſhall not think my ſelf obliged, by this Promiſe, to conceal any falſe Proteſtations which I obſerve made by Glances in publick Aſſemblies; but endeavour to make both Sexes appear in their Conduct what they are in their Hearts. By this means, Love, during the Time of my Speculations, ſhall be carried on with the ſame Sincerity as any other Affairs of leſs Conſideration. As this is the greateſt Concern, Men ſhall be from henceforth liable to the greateſt Reproach for Misbehaviour in it. Falſhood in Love ſhall hereafter bear a blacker Aſpect, than Infidelity in Friendſhip, or Villany in Buſineſs. For this great and good End, all Breaches againſt that noble Paſſion, the Cement of Society, ſhall be ſeverely examined. But this and all other Matters looſely hinted at now, and in my former Papers, ſhall have their proper Place in my following Diſcourſes: The preſent Writing is only to admoniſh the World, that they ſhall not find me an idle but a buſy Spectator. R

Tueſday,

N° 5. *Tueſday, March* 6.

Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis ? ------

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 5.

Admitted to the Sight, wou'd you not laugh ?

AN Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly laviſh in its Decorations, as its only Deſign is to gratify the Senſes, and keep up an indolent Attention in the Audience. Common Senſe however requires, that there ſhould be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear Childiſh and Abſurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles*'s Time have laughed to have ſeen *Nicolini* expoſed to a Tempeſt in Robes of Ermine, and ſailing in an open Boat upon a Sea of Paſteboard ? What a Field of Rallery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted Dragons ſpitting Wild-fire, enchanted Chariots drawn by *Flanders* Mares, and real Caſcades in artificial Landſkips ? A little Skill in Criticiſm would inform us, that Shadows and Realities ought not to be mixed together in the ſame Piece ; and that the Scenes which are deſigned as the Repreſentations of Nature, ſhould be filled with Reſemblances, and not with the Things themſelves. If one would repreſent a wide Champian Country filled with Herds and Flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the Country only upon the Scenes, and to crowd ſeveral Parts of the Stage with Sheep and Oxen. This is joining together Inconſiſtencies, and making the Decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have ſaid here, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers of our Modern Opera.

AS I was walking in the Streets about a Fortnight ago, I ſaw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little Birds upon his Shoulder ; and, as I was wondering with my ſelf what Uſe he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an Acquaintance, who had the ſame

Curioſity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his Shoulder, he told him that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, ſays his Friend, licking his Lips, what, are they to be roſted? No, no, ſays the other, they are to enter towards the End of the firſt Act, and to fly about the Stage.

THIS ſtrange Dialogue awakened my Curioſity ſo far, that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived that the Sparrows were to act the part of Singing-Birds in a delightful Grove; though upon a nearer Inquiry I found the Sparrows put the ſame Trick upon the Audience, that Sir *Martin Mar-all* practiſed upon his Miſtreſs; for though they flew in ſight, the Muſick proceeded from a Conſort of Flagelets and Bird-calls which were planted behind the Scenes. At the ſame time I made this Diſcovery, I found by the Diſcourſe of the Actors, that there were great Deſigns on foot for the Improvement of the Opera; that it had been propoſed to break down a part of the Wall, and to ſurpriſe the Audience with a Party of an hundred Horſe, and that there was actually a Project of bringing the *New-River* into the Houſe, to be employed in Jetteaus and Water-works. This Project, as I have ſince heard, is poſtponed till the Summer-Seaſon; when it is thought the Coolneſs that proceeds from Fountains and Caſcades will be more acceptable and refreſhing to People of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable Entertainment for the Winter-Seaſon, the Opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with Thunder and Lightning, Illuminations and Fire-works; which the Audience may look upon without catching Cold, and indeed without much Danger of being burnt; for there are ſeveral Engines filled with Water, and ready to play at a Minute's warning, in caſe any ſuch Accident ſhould happen. However, as I have a very great Friendſhip for the Owner of this Theatre, I hope that he has been wiſe enough to *inſure* his Houſe before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

IT is no wonder, that thoſe Scenes ſhould be very ſurpriſing, which were contrived by two Poets of different Nations, and raiſed by two Magicians of different Sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the Argument)

ment) was an *Amazonian* Enchantreſs, and poor Signior *Caſſani* (as we learn from the *Perſons repreſented*) a Chriſtian-Conjurer (*Mago Chriſtiano*). I muſt confeſs I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* ſhould be verſed in the Black Art, or how a good Chriſtian, for ſuch is the Part of the Magician, ſhould deal with the Devil.

TO conſider the Poet after the Conjurer, I ſhall give you a Taſte of the *Italian* from the firſt Lines of his Preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che ſe ben nato di Notte, non è però aborto di Tenebre, mà ſi farà conoſcere Figlio d' Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnaſſo. Behold, gentle Reader, the Birth of a few Evenings, which, tho' it be the Offspring of the Night, is not the Abortive of Darkneſs, but will make it ſelf known to be the Son of* Apollo, *with a certain Ray of* Parnaſſus. He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer *Handel* the *Orpheus* of our Age, and to acquaint us, in the ſame Sublimity of Stile, that he compoſed this Opera in a Fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whoſe Taſtes we ſo ambitiouſly conform ourſelves. The Truth of it is, the fineſt Writers among the modern *Italians* expreſs themſelves in ſuch a florid Form of Words, and ſuch tedious Circumlocutions, as are uſed by none but Pedants in our own Country; and at the ſame time fill their Writings with ſuch poor Imaginations and Conceits, as our Youths are aſhamed of before they have been two Years at the Univerſity. Some may be apt to think that it is the Difference of Genius which produces this Difference in the Works of the two Nations; but to ſhew there is nothing in this, if we look into the Writings of the old *Italians*, ſuch as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we ſhall find that the *Engliſh* Writers, in their way of thinking and expreſſing themſelves, reſemble thoſe Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himſelf, from whom the Dreams of this Opera are taken, I muſt intirely agree with Monſieur *Boileau*, that one Verſe in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clincant* or Tinſel of *Taſſo*.

BUT to return to the Sparrows; there have been ſo many Flights of them let looſe in this Opera, that it is feared the Houſe will never get rid of them; and that in

other Plays they may make their Entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, ſo as to be ſeen flying in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, or pearching upon a King's Throne; beſides the Inconveniencies which the Heads of the Audience may ſometimes ſuffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a Deſign of caſting into an Opera the Story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great Quantity of Mice; but Mr. *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Play-houſe, very prudently conſider'd that it would be impoſſible for the Cat to kill them all, and that conſequently the Princes of the Stage might be as much infeſted with Mice, as the Prince of the Iſland was before the Cat's Arrival upon it; for which Reaſon he would not permit it to be Acted in his Houſe. And indeed I cannot blame him: For, as he ſaid very well upon that Occaſion, I do not hear that any of the Performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great Town in *Germany* follow his Muſick, and by that means cleared the Place of thoſe little noxious Animals.

BEFORE I diſmiſs this Paper, I muſt inform my Reader, that I hear there is a Treaty on foot with *London* and *Wiſe* (who will be appointed Gardeners of the Play-houſe) to furniſh the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an Orange-Grove; and that the next time it is Acted, the Singing-Birds will be Perſonated by Tom-Tits: The Undertakers being reſolved to ſpare neither Pains nor Money for the Gratification of the Audience. C

Wedneſday,

N° 6. *Wedneſday, March 7.*

Credebant hoc grande Nefas, & Morte piandum,
Si Juvenis Vetulo non aſſurrexerat ——
Juv. Sat. 13. l. 54.

'Twas impious then (ſo much was Age rever'd)
For Youth to keep their Seat, when an old Man appear'd.

I Know no Evil under the Sun ſo great as the Abuſe of the Underſtanding, and yet there is no one Vice more common. It has diffuſed it ſelf through both Sexes and all Qualities of Mankind, and there is hardly that Perſon to be found, who is not more concerned for the Reputation of Wit and Senſe, than Honeſty and Virtue. But this unhappy Affectation of being Wiſe rather than Honeſt, Witty than Good-natur'd, is the Source of moſt of the ill Habits of Life. Such falſe Impreſſions are owing to the abandoned Writings of Men of Wit, and the aukward Imitation of the reſt of Mankind.

FOR this Reaſon Sir ROGER was ſaying laſt Night, That he was of opinion none but Men of fine Parts deſerve to be hanged. The Reflexions of ſuch Men are ſo delicate upon all Occurrences which they are concerned in, that they ſhould be expoſed to more than ordinary Infamy and Puniſhment for offending againſt ſuch quick Admonitions as their own Souls give them, and blunting the fine Edge of their Minds in ſuch a Manner, that they are no more ſhocked at Vice and Folly, than Men of ſlower Capacities. There is no greater Monſter in Being, than a very ill Man of great Parts: He lives like a Man in a Palſy, with one Side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the Satisfaction of Luxury, of Wealth, of Ambition, he has loſt the Taſte of Good-will, of Friendſhip, of Innocence. *Scarecrow*, the Beggar in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, who diſabled himſelf in his Right Leg, and asks Alms all Day to get himſelf a warm Supper and a Trull at Night, is not half ſo deſpicable a Wretch as ſuch a Man of Senſe. The Beggar has no Reliſh above Sen-

ſations; he finds Reſt more agreeable than Motion; and while he has a warm Fire and his Doxy, never reflects that he deſerves to be whipped. Every Man who terminates his Satisfactions and Enjoyments within the Supply of his own Neceſſities and Paſſions, is, ſays Sir ROGER, in my Eye, as poor a Rogue as *Scarecrow*. But, continued he, for the Loſs of publick and private Virtue, we are beholden to your Men of Parts forſooth; it is with them no matter what is done, ſo it be done with an Air. But to me, who am ſo whimſical in a corrupt Age as to act according to Nature and Reaſon, a ſelfiſh Man, in the moſt ſhining Circumſtance and Equipage, appears in the ſame Condition with the Fellow abovementioned, but more contemptible, in Proportion to what more he robs the Publick of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a Rule, That the whole Man is to move together; that every Action of any Importance, is to have a Proſpect of publick Good; and that the general Tendency of our indifferent Actions, ought to be agreeable to the Dictates of Reaſon, of Religion, of good Breeding; without this, a Man, as I before have hinted, is hopping inſtead of walking, he is not in his intire and proper Motion.

WHILE the honeſt Knight was thus bewildering himſelf in good Starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his Mind a little. What I aim at, ſays he, is to repreſent, That I am of Opinion, to poliſh our Underſtandings and neglect our Manners, is of all things the moſt inexcuſable. Reaſon ſhould govern Paſſion, but inſtead of that, you ſee, it is often ſubſervient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wiſe Man is not always a good Man. This Degeneracy is not only the Guilt of particular Perſons, but at ſome times of a whole People; and perhaps it may appear upon Examination, that the moſt polite Ages are the leaſt virtuous. This may be attributed to the Folly of admitting Wit and Learning as Merit in themſelves, without conſidering the Application of them. By this Means it becomes a Rule, not ſo much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this falſe Beauty will not paſs upon Men of honeſt Minds and true Taſte. Sir *Richard Blackmore* ſays, with as much good Senſe as

Virtue,

Virtue, *It is a mighty Diſhonour and Shame to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit to humour and pleaſe Men in their Vices and Follies. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithſtanding his Wit and Angelick Faculties, is the moſt odious Being in the whole Creation.* He goes on ſoon after to ſay very generouſly, That he undertook the writing of his Poem *to reſcue the Muſes out of the Hands of Raviſhers, to reſtore them to their ſweet and chaſte Manſions, and to engage them in an Employment ſuitable to their Dignity.* This certainly ought to be the Purpoſe of every Man who appears in Publick, and whoever does not proceed upon that Foundation, injures his Country as faſt as he ſucceeds in his Studies. When Modeſty ceaſes to be the chief Ornament of one Sex, and Integrity of the other, Society is upon a wrong Baſis, and we ſhall be ever after without Rules to guide our Judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and Reaſon direct one thing, Paſſion and Humour another: To follow the Dictates of the two latter, is going into a Road that is both endleſs and intricate; when we purſue the other, our Paſſage is delightful, and what we aim at eaſily attainable.

I do not doubt but *England* is at preſent as polite a Nation as any in the World; but any Man who thinks can eaſily ſee, that the Affectation of being Gay and in Faſhion, has very near eaten up our good Senſe and our Religion. Is there any thing ſo juſt, as that Mode and Gallantry ſhould be built upon exerting our ſelves in what is proper and agreeable to the Inſtitutions of Juſtice and Piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common than that we run in perfect Contradiction to them? All which is ſupported by no other Pretenſion, than that it is done with what we call a good Grace.

NOTHING ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what Nature it ſelf ſhould prompt us to think ſo. Reſpect to all kind of Superiors is founded, methinks, upon Inſtinct; and yet what is ſo ridiculous as Age? I make this abrupt Tranſition to the Mention of ths Vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little Story, which I think a pretty Inſtance that the moſt polite Age is in danger of being the moſt vicious.

'IT happened at *Athens*, during a publick Repreſentation of ſome Play exhibited in Honour of the Commonwealth, that an old Gentleman came too late for a Place ſuitable to his Age and Quality. Many of the young Gentlemen who obſerved his Difficulty and Confuſion he was in, made Signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they ſat: The good Man buſtled through the Crowd accordingly; but when he came to the Seats to which he was invited, the Jeſt was to ſit cloſe, and expoſe him, as he ſtood out of Countenance, to the whole Audience. The Frolick went round all the *Athenian* Benches. But on thoſe Occaſions there were alſo particular Places aſſigned for Foreigners: When the good Man skulked towards the Boxes appointed for the *Lacedemonians*, that honeſt People, more virtuous than polite, roſe up all to a Man, and with the greateſt Reſpect received him among them. The *Athenians* being ſuddenly touched with a Senſe of the *Spartan* Virtue and their own Degeneracy, gave a Thunder of Applauſe; and the old Man cried out, *The* Athenians *underſtand what is good, but the* Lacedemonians *practiſe it.* R

N° 7. *Thurſday, March* 8.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 208.

Viſions, and magic Spells, can you deſpiſe,
And laugh at Witches, Ghoſts, and Prodigies?

GOING Yeſterday to dine with an old Acquaintance, I had the Misfortune to find his whole Family very much dejected. Upon asking him the Occaſion of it, he told me that his Wife had dreamt a ſtrange Dream the Night before, which they were afraid portended ſome Misfortune to themſelves or to their Children. At her coming into the Room I obſerved a ſettled Melancholy in her Countenance, which I ſhould

ſhould have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no ſooner ſat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, *My Dear* (ſays ſhe, turning to her Husband) *you may now ſee the Stranger that was in the Candle laſt Night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of Family Affairs, a little Boy at the lower end of the Table told her, that he was to go into Join-hand on *Thurſday.* Thurſday? (ſays ſhe) *No, Child, if it pleaſe God, you ſhall not begin upon* Childermas-day; *tell your Writing-Maſter that* Friday *will be ſoon enough.* I was reflecting with my ſelf on the Oddneſs of her Fancy, and wondering that any Body would eſtabliſh it as a Rule to loſe a Day in every Week. In the midſt of theſe my Muſings, ſhe deſired me to reach her a little Salt upon the Point of my Knife, which I did in ſuch a Trepidation and Hurry of Obedience, that I let it drop by the Way; at which ſhe immediately ſtartled, and ſaid it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, obſerving the Concern of the whole Table, began to conſider my ſelf, with ſome Confuſion, as a Perſon that had brought a Diſaſter upon the Family. The Lady however recovering her ſelf after a little Space, ſaid to her Husband, with a Sigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come ſingle.* My friend, I found, acted but an Under-Part at his Table, and being a Man of more Good-nature than Underſtanding, thinks himſelf obliged to fall in with all the Paſſions and Humours of his Yoke-Fellow: *Do not you remember, Child,* (ſays ſhe) *that the Pigeon-houſe fell the very Afternoon that our careleſs Wench ſpilt the Salt upon the Table? Yes,* (ſays he) *My Dear, and the next Poſt brought us an Account of the Battle of* Almanza. The Reader may gueſs at the Figure I made, after having done all this Miſchief. I diſpatched my Dinner as ſoon as I could, with my uſual Taciturnity; when, to my utter Confuſion, the Lady ſeeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my Plate, deſired me that I would humour her ſo far as to take them out of that Figure, and place them Side by Side. What the Abſurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I ſuppoſe there was ſome traditionary Superſtition in it; and therefore, in Obedience to the Lady of the Houſe,

Houſe, I diſpoſed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel Lines, which is the Figure I ſhall always lay them in for the future, tho' I do not know any Reaſon for it.

IT is not difficult for a Man to ſee that a Perſon has conceived an Averſion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's Looks, that ſhe regarded me as a very odd kind of Fellow, with an unfortunate Aſpect. For which Reaſon I took my Leave immediately after Dinner, and withdrew to my own Lodgings. Upon my Return Home, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Evils that attend theſe ſuperſtitious Follies of Mankind; how they ſubject us to imaginary Afflictions, and additional Sorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural Calamities of Life were not ſufficient for it, we turn the moſt indifferent Circumſtances into Misfortunes, and ſuffer as much from trifling Accidents, as from real Evils. I have known the ſhooting of a Star ſpoil a Night's Reſt; and have ſeen a Man in Love grow pale and loſe his Appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-Owl at Midnight has alarmed a Family more than a Band of Robbers; nay, the Voice of a Cricket hath ſtruck more Terror than the Roaring of a Lion. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an Imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognoſticks. A ruſty Nail, or a crooked Pin, ſhoot up into Prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt Aſſembly, that was full of Noiſe and Mirth, when on a ſudden an old Woman unluckily obſerved there were thirteen of us in Company. This Remark ſtruck a panick Terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the Room; but a Friend of mine taking notice that one of our female Companions was big with Child, affirmed there were fourteen in the Room, and that, inſtead of portending one of the Company ſhould die, it plainly foretold one of them ſhould be born. Had not my Friend found out this Expedient to break the Omen, I queſtion not but half the Women in the Company would have fallen ſick that very Night.

AN

A N Old Maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite Diſturbances of this kind among her Friends and Neighbours. I know a Maiden Aunt, of a great Family, who is one of theſe Antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and propheſies from one end of the Year to the other. She is always ſeeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-Watches; and was the other Day almoſt frighted out of her Wits by the great Houſe-Dog, that howled in the Stable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the Tooth-ach. Such an extravagant Caſt of Mind engages Multitudes of People, not only in impertinent Terrors, but in ſupernumerary Duties of Life; and ariſes from that Fear and Ignorance which are natural to the Soul of Man. The Horror with which we entertain the Thoughts of Death (or indeed of any future Evil) and the Uncertainty of its Approach, fill a melancholy Mind with innumerable Apprehenſions and Suſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to the Obſervation of ſuch groundleſs Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief Concern of Wiſe Men to retrench the Evils of Life by the Reaſonings of Philoſophy; it is the Employment of Fools to multiply them by the Sentiments of Superſtition.

F O R my own part, I ſhould be very much troubled were I endowed with this Divining Quality, though it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the Reliſh of any Happineſs, nor feel the weight of any Miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul againſt theſe gloomy Preſages and Terrors of Mind, and that is, by ſecuring to my ſelf the Friendſhip and Protection of that Being who diſpoſes of Events, and governs Futurity. He ſees, at one View, the whole Thread of my Exiſtence, not only that Part of it which I have already paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to Sleep, I recommend my ſelf to his Care; when I awake, I give my ſelf up to his Direction. Amidſt all the Evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for Help, and queſtion not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my Advantage. Though I know neither the Time nor the Manner of the Death I am to die, I am not at all ſolicitous about

about it; becauſe I am ſure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and ſupport me under them. C

N° 8. *Friday, March* 9.

At Venus *obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,*
Et multo Nebulæ circùm Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos ——— Virg. Æn. 1. v. 415.

They march obſcure, for Venus *kindly ſhrouds*
With Miſts their Perſons, and involves in Clouds.
DRYDEN.

I Shall here communicate to the World a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an Entertainment as any that I am able to furniſh him with, and therefore ſhall make no Apology for them.

To the SPECTATOR, *&c.*

SIR,

'I Am one of the Directors of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and therefore think my ſelf a proper Perſon for your Correſpondence. I have thoroughly examined the preſent State of Religion in *Great-Britain*, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant Vice of every Market-Town in the whole Iſland. I can tell you the Progreſs that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations; and know as well the evil Practices that are committed in *Berwick* or *Exeter*, as what is done in my own Family. In a word, Sir, I have my Correſpondents in the remoteſt Parts of the Nation, who ſend me up punctual Accounts from time to time of all the little Irregularities that fall under their Notice in their ſeveral Diſtricts and Diviſions.

'I am no leſs acquainted with the particular Quarters and Regions of this great Town, than with the different

rent Parts and Diſtributions of the whole Nation. I can deſcribe every Pariſh by its Impieties, and can tell you in which of our Streets Lewdneſs prevails, which Gaming has taken the poſſeſſion of, and where Drunkenneſs has got the better of them both. When I am diſpoſed to raiſe a Fine for the Poor, I know the Lanes and Allies that are inhabited by common Swearers. When I would encourage the Hoſpital of *Bridewell*, and improve the Hempen Manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the Haunts and Reſorts of Female Night-walkers.

'AFTER this ſhort Account of my ſelf, I muſt let you know, that the Deſign of this Paper is to give you Information of a certain irregular Aſſembly, which I think falls very properly under your Obſervation, eſpecially ſince the Perſons it is compoſed of are Criminals too conſiderable for the Animadverſions of our Society. I mean, Sir, the Midnight Mask, which has of late been very frequently held in one of the moſt conſpicuous Parts of the Town, and which I hear will be continued with Additions and Improvements. As all the Perſons who compoſe this lawleſs Aſſembly are maſked, we dare not attack any of them in *our Way*, leſt we ſhould ſend a Woman of Quality to *Bridewell*, or a Peer of *Great-Britain* to the *Counter*: Beſides that their Numbers are ſo very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole Fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our Guard of Conſtables. Both theſe Reaſons, which ſecure them from our Authority, make them obnoxious to yours; As both their Diſguiſe and their Numbers will give no particular Perſon Reaſon to think himſelf affronted by you.

'IF we are rightly informed, the Rules that are obſerved by this new Society are wonderfully contrived for the Advancement of Cuckoldom. The Women either come by themſelves, or are introduced by Friends, who are obliged to quit them, upon their firſt Entrance, to the Converſation of any Body that addreſſes himſelf to them. There are ſeveral Rooms where the Parties may retire, and, if they pleaſe, ſhew their Faces by Conſent. Whiſpers, Squeezes, Nods, and Embraces, are the innocent Freedoms of the Place. In ſhort, the

'whole

'whole Design of this libidinous Assembly, seems to ter-
'minate in Assignations and Intrigues; and I hope you
'will take effectual Methods by your publick Advice
'and Admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous Mul-
'titude of both Sexes from meeting together in so clan-
'destine a Manner. I am

Your humble Servant,
and Fellow-Labourer,

T. B.

Not long after the Perusal of this Letter, I received another upon the same Subject; which by the Date and Stile of it, I take to be written by some young Templar.

SIR, *Middle-Temple*, 1710-11.

'WHEN a Man has been guilty of any Vice or
'Folly, I think the best Atonement he can
'make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like.
'In order to this I must acquaint you, that some time
'in *February* last I went to the *Tuesday*'s Masquerade.
'Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a Dozen
'female Quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for
'a Brother; but upon a nearer Examination I found they
'were a Sisterhood of Coquettes disguised in that precise
'Habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I
'fancied, by a Woman of the first Quality, for she was
'very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the Minuet
'was over, we ogled one another through our Masques;
'and as I am very well read in *Waller*, I repeated to her
'the four following Verses out of his Poem to *Vandike*.

The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so;
But confounded with thy Art,
Inquires her Name that has his Heart.

'I pronounced these Words with such a languishing Air
'that I had some Reason to conclude I had made a Con-
'quest. She told me that she hoped my Face was not
'akin to my Tongue, and looking upon her Watch, I
'accidentally discovered the Figure of a Coronet on the
'back

back Part of it. I was ſo tranſported with the Thought of ſuch an Amour, that I plied her from one Room to another with all the Gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to ſo happy an Iſſue, that ſhe gave me a private Meeting the next Day, without Page or Footman, Coach or Equipage. My Heart danced in Raptures, but I had not lived in this golden Dream above three Days, before I found good Reaſon to wiſh that I had continued true to my Laundreſs. I have ſince heard, by a very great Accident, that this Fine Lady does not live far from *Covent-Garden*, and that I am not the firſt Cully whom ſhe has paſſed her ſelf upon for a Counteſs.

'THUS, Sir, you ſee how I have miſtaken a *Cloud* for a *Juno*; and if you can make any uſe of this Adventure, for the Benefit of thoſe who may poſſibly be as vain young Coxcombs as my ſelf, I do moſt heartily give you Leave. I am, *SIR*,

Your moſt humble Admirer,

B. L.

I deſign to viſit the next Maſquerade my ſelf, in the ſame Habit I wore at *Grand Cairo*; and till then ſhall ſuſpend my Judgment of this Midnight Entertainment. C

N° 9. *Saturday, March* 10.

——Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis.
Juv. Sat. 15. v. 163.

Tiger with Tiger, Bear with Bear, you'll find
In Leagues offenſive and defenſive join'd.
TATE.

MAN is ſaid to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Inſtance of it, we may obſerve, that we take all Occaſions and Pretences of forming our ſelves into thoſe little Nocturnal Aſſemblies, which are commonly known by the Name of *Clubs*. When a Set of Men find

find themſelves agree in any Particular, tho' never ſo trivial, they eſtabliſh themſelves into a kind of Fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the Account of ſuch a Fantaſtick Reſemblance. I know a conſiderable Market-Town, in which there was a Club of fat Men, that did not come together (as you may well ſuppoſe) to entertain one another with Sprightlineſs and Wit, but to keep one another in Countenance: The Room where the Club met was ſomething of the largeſt, and had two Entrances, the one by a Door of a moderate Size, and the other by a Pair of Folding-doors. If a Candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his Entrance through the firſt, he was look'd upon as unqualified; but if he ſtuck in the Paſſage, and could not force his Way through it, the Folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his Reception, and he was ſaluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, tho' it conſiſted but of fifteen Perſons, weighed above three Tun.

IN Oppoſition to this Society, there ſprung up another compoſed of Scarecrows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the Deſigns of their Bulky Brethren, whom they repreſented as Men of Dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the Favour of the People, and conſequently out of the Magiſtracy. Theſe Factions tore the Corporation in Pieces for ſeveral Years, till at length they came to this Accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the Town ſhould be annually choſen out of the two Clubs; by which Means the principal Magiſtrates are at this Day coupled like Rabbets, one fat and one lean.

EVERY one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the Return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it Men of all Qualities and Profeſſions, provided they agreed in the Sirname of *King*, which, as they imagined, ſufficiently declared the Owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti Monarchical Principles.

A Chriſtian Name has likewiſe been often uſed as a Badge of Diſtinction, and made the Occaſion of a Club. That of the *George*'s, which uſed to meet at the Sign of the *George* on St. *George*'s Day, and ſwear *Before George*, is ſtill freſh in every one's Memory. THERE

THERE are at preſent in ſeveral Parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief Inhabitants of the Street converſe together every Night. I remember, upon my inquiring after Lodgings in *Ormond-ſtreet*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town, told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he alſo told me, upon farther Diſcourſe with him, that two or three noiſy Country-Squires, who were ſettled there the Year before, had conſiderably ſunk the Price of Houſe-Rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniencies for the future) had Thoughts of taking every Houſe that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a ſociable Nature and good Converſation.

THE *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honeſt Gentlemen, of peaceable Diſpoſitions, that uſed to ſit together, ſmoke their Pipes, and ſay nothing till Midnight. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an Inſtitution of the ſame Nature, and as great an Enemy to Noiſe.

AFTER theſe two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very miſchievous one, that was erected in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean *the Club of Duelliſts*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his Man. The Preſident of it was ſaid to have killed half a dozen in ſingle Combat; and as for the other Members, they took their Seats according to the Number of their Slain. There was likewiſe a Side-Table, for ſuch as had only drawn Blood, and ſhewn a laudable Ambition of taking the firſt Opportunity to qualify themſelves for the firſt Table. This Club conſiſting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, moſt of the Members of it being put to the Sword, or hanged, a little after its Inſtitution.

OUR Modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon Eating and Drinking, which are Points wherein moſt Men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philoſopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a Part. The *Kit-Cat* it ſelf is ſaid to have taken its Original from a Mutton-Pye. The *Beef-Steak*, and *October* Clubs, are neither of them averſe to Eating and Drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their reſpective Titles.

WHEN

WHEN Men are thus knit together, by a Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and don't meet to cenſure or annoy thoſe that are abſent, but to enjoy one another; When they are thus combined for their own Improvement, or for the Good of others, or at leaſt to relax themſelves from the Buſineſs of the Day, by an innocent and chearful Converſation, there may be ſomething very uſeful in theſe little Inſtitutions and Eſtabliſhments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a Wall in a little Alehouſe: How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. Theſe Laws were enacted by a Knot of Artiſans and Mechanicks, who uſed to meet every Night; and as there is ſomething in them which gives us a pretty Picture of low Life, I ſhall tranſcribe them Word for Word.

RULES *to be obſerved in the* Two-Penny *Club, erected in this Place, for the Preſervation of Friendſhip and good Neighbourhood.*

I. EVERY Member at his firſt coming in ſhall lay down his Two-Pence.

II. EVERY Member ſhall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.

III. IF any Member abſents himſelf he ſhall forfeit a Penny for the Uſe of the Club, unleſs in caſe of Sickneſs or Impriſonment.

IV. IF any Member ſwears or curſes, his Neighbour may give him a Kick upon the Shins.

V. IF any Member tells Stories in the Club that are not true, he ſhall forfeit for every third Lye an Half-penny.

VI. IF any Member ſtrikes another wrongfully, he ſhall pay his Club for him.

VII. If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he ſhall pay for whatever ſhe drinks or ſmokes.

VIII. If any Member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club, ſhe ſhall ſpeak to him without the Door.

IX. IF any Member calls another Cuckold, he ſhall be turned out of the Club.

X. NONE

X. NONE ſhall be admitted into the Club that is of the ſame Trade with any Member of it.

XI. NONE of the Club ſhall have his Clothes or Shoes made or mended, but by a Brother-Member.

XII. NO Non-juror ſhall be capable of being a Member.

THE Morality of this little Club is guarded by ſuch wholſom Laws and Penalties, that I queſtion not but my Reader will be as well pleaſed with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben Johnſon*, the Regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipſius*, or the Rules of a *Sympoſium* in an ancient *Greek* Author.

C

N° 10. *Monday, March* 12.

Non aliter quàm qui adverſo vix flumine lembum
Remigiis ſubigit: ſi brachia fortè remiſit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

Virg. Georg. 1. v. 201.

So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the Stream:
But if they ſlack their Hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the Flood with headlong haſte they drive.

DRYDEN.

IT is with much Satisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after theſe my Papers, and receiving my Morning Lectures with a becoming Seriouſneſs and Attention. My Publiſher tells me, that there are already Three Thouſand of them diſtributed every Day: So that if I allow Twenty Readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modeſt Computation, I may reckon about Threeſcore Thouſand Diſciples in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, who I hope will take care to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the thoughtleſs Herd of their ignorant and unattentive Brethren. Since I have raiſed to my ſelf ſo great an Audience, I ſhall ſpare no Pains to make their Inſtruction

Inſtruction agreeable, and their Diverſion uſeful. For which Reaſons I ſhall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may, if poſſible, both Ways find their Account in the Speculation of the Day. And to the end that their Virtue and Diſcretion may not be ſhort tranſient intermitting Starts of Thought, I have reſolved to refreſh their Memories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that deſperate State of Vice and Folly into which the Age is fallen. The Mind that lies fallow but a ſingle Day, ſprouts up in Follies that are only to be killed by a conſtant and aſſiduous Culture. It was ſaid of *Socrates*, that he brought Philoſophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among Men; and I ſhall be ambitious to have it ſaid of me, that I have brought Philoſophy out of Cloſets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Aſſemblies, at Tea-Tables and in Coffee-Houſes.

I would therefore in a very particular Manner recommend theſe my Speculations to all well-regulated Families, that ſet apart an Hour in every Morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earneſtly adviſe them for their Good to order this Paper to be punctually ſerved up, and to be looked upon as a Part of the Tea-Equipage.

SIR *Francis Bacon* obſerves, that a well-written Book, compared with its Rivals and Antagoniſts, is like *Moſes*'s Serpent, that immediately ſwallowed up and devoured thoſe of the *Egyptians*. I ſhall not be ſo vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick Prints will vaniſh; but ſhall leave it to my Reader's Conſideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the Knowledge of ones ſelf, than to hear what paſſes in *Moſcovy* or *Poland*; and to amuſe our ſelves with ſuch Writings as tend to the wearing out of Ignorance, Paſſion, and Prejudice, than ſuch as naturally conduce to inflame Hatreds, and make Enmities irreconcilable.

IN the next Place I would recommend this Paper to the daily Peruſal of thoſe Gentlemen whom I cannot but conſider as my good Brothers and Allies, I mean the Fraternity of Spectators, who live in the World without having any thing to do in it; and either by the Affluence of their Fortunes, or Lazineſs of their Diſpoſitions, have

no

no other Buſineſs with the reſt of Mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Claſs of Men are comprehended all contemplative Tradeſmen, titular Phyſicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and Stateſmen that are out of Buſineſs; in ſhort, every one that conſiders the World as a Theatre, and deſires to form a right Judgment of thoſe who are the Actors on it.

THERE is another Set of Men that I muſt likewiſe lay a Claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurniſhed with Ideas, till the Buſineſs and Converſation of the Day has ſupplied them. I have often conſidered theſe poor Souls with an Eye of great Commiſeration, when I have heard them asking the firſt Man they have met with, whether there was any News ſtirring? and by that Means gathering together Materials for Thinking. Theſe needy Perſons do not know what to talk of, 'till about Twelve o'Clock in the Morning; for by that Time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which Way the Wind ſits, and whether the *Dutch* Mail be come in. As they lie at the Mercy of the firſt Man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the Notions which they have imbibed in the Morning, I would earneſtly intreat them not to ſtir out of their Chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promiſe them that I will daily inſtil into them ſuch ſound and wholſom Sentiments, as ſhall have a good Effect on their Converſation for the enſuing twelve Hours.

BUT there are none to whom this Paper will be more uſeful, than to the Female World. I have often thought there has not been ſufficient Pains taken in finding out proper Employments and Diverſions for the Fair ones. Their Amuſements ſeem contrived for them, rather as they are Women, than as they are reaſonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Buſineſs, and the right adjuſting of their Hair the principal Employment of their Lives. The ſorting of a Suit of Ribbons is reckon'd a very good Morning's Work; and if they make an Excurſion to a Mercer's or a Toy-ſhop, ſo great a Fatigue makes them unfit for any thing elſe

all

all the Day after. Their more ſerious Occupations are Sewing and Embroidery, and their greateſt Drudgery the Preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats. This, I ſay, is the State of ordinary Women; tho' I know there are Multitudes of thoſe of a more elevated Life and Converſation, that move in an exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the Beauties of the Mind to the Ornaments of Dreſs, and inſpire a kind of Awe and Reſpect, as well as Love, into their Male-Beholders. I hope to increaſe the Number of theſe by Publiſhing this daily Paper, which I ſhall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving Entertainment, and by that Means at leaſt divert the Minds of my Female Readers from greater Trifles. At the ſame Time, as I would fain give ſome finiſhing Touches to thoſe which are already the moſt beautiful Pieces in Human Nature, I ſhall endeavour to point out all thoſe Imperfections that are the Blemiſhes, as well as thoſe Virtues which are the Embelliſhments, of the Sex. In the mean while I hope theſe my gentle Readers, who have ſo much Time on their Hands, will not grudge throwing away a Quarter of an Hour in a Day on this Paper, ſince they may do it without any Hindrance to Buſineſs.

I know ſeveral of my Friends and Well-wiſhers are in great Pain for me, leſt I ſhould not be able to keep up the Spirit of a Paper which I oblige my ſelf to furniſh every Day: But to make them eaſy in this Particular, I will promiſe them faithfully to give it over as ſoon as I grow dull. This I know will be Matter of great Rallery to the ſmall Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my Promiſe, deſire me to keep my Word, aſſure me that it is high Time to give over, with many other little Pleaſantries of the like Nature, which Men of a little ſmart Genius cannot forbear throwing out againſt their beſt Friends, when they have ſuch a Handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my Caveat againſt this Piece of Rallery. C

Tueſday,

N° 11. *Tueſday March* 13.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat cenſura columbas.
Juv. Sat. 2. l. 63.

The Doves are cenſur'd, while the Crows are ſpared.

ARIETTA is viſited by all Perſons of both Sexes, who have any Pretence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that time of Life which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth, or Infirmities of Age; and her Converſation is ſo mixed with Gaiety and Prudence, that ſhe is agreeable both to the Young and the Old. Her Behaviour is very frank, without being in the leaſt blameable; and as ſhe is out of the Track of any amorous or ambitious Purſuits of her own, her Viſitants entertain her with Accounts of themſelves very freely, whether they concern their Paſſions or their Intereſts. I made her a Viſit this Afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the Honour of her Acquaintance, by my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has prevail'd upon her to admit me ſometimes into her Aſſembly, as a civil inoffenſive Man. I found her accompanied with one Perſon only, a Common-Place Talker, who, upon my Entrance, aroſe, and after a very ſlight Civility ſat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, purſued his Diſcourſe, which I found was upon the old Topick of Conſtancy in Love. He went on with great Facility in repeating what he talks every Day of his Life; and with the Ornaments of inſignificant Laughs and Geſtures, enforced his Arguments by Quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general Levity of Women. Methought he ſtrove to ſhine more than ordinarily in his Talkative Way, that he might inſult my Silence, and diſtinguiſh himſelf before a Woman of *Arietta*'s Taſte and Underſtanding. She had often an Inclination to interrupt him, but could find no Opportunity, till the Larum ceaſed of it ſelf; which

it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Epheſian* Matron.

ARIETTA ſeemed to regard this Piece of Rallery as an Outrage done to her Sex; as indeed I have always obſerved that Women, whether out of a nicer Regard to their Honour, or what other Reaſon I cannot tell, are more ſenſibly touched with thoſe general Aſperſions which are caſt upon their Sex, than Men are by what is ſaid of theirs.

WHEN ſhe had a little recovered her ſelf from the ſerious Anger ſhe was in, ſhe replied in the following manner.

SIR, When I conſider how perfectly new all you have ſaid on this Subject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite two Thouſand Years old, I cannot but think it a Piece of Preſumption to diſpute with you: But your Quotations put me in mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The Man walking with that noble Animal, ſhewed him, in the Oſtentation of Human Superiority, a Sign of a Man killing a Lion. Upon which the Lion ſaid very juſtly, *We Lions are none of us Painters, elſe we could ſhew a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man.* You Men are Writers, and can repreſent us Women as unbecoming as you pleaſe in your Works, while we are unable to return the Injury. You have twice or thrice obſerved in your Diſcourſe, that Hypocriſy is the very Foundation of our Education; and that an Ability to diſſemble our Affections is a profeſſed Part of our Breeding. Theſe, and ſuch other Reflexions, are ſprinkled up and down the Writings of all Ages, by Authors, who leave behind them Memorials of their Reſentment againſt the Scorn of particular Women, in Invectives againſt the whole Sex. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleaſant Aggravations of the Frailty of the *Epheſian* Lady; but when we conſider this Queſtion between the Sexes, which has been either a Point of Diſpute or Rallery ever ſince there were Men and Women, let us take Facts from plain people, and from ſuch as have not either Ambition or Capacity to embelliſh their Narrations with any Beauties of Imagination. I was the other Day amuſing myſelf with *Ligon*'s

Account

Account of *Barbadoes*; and, in Anſwer to your well-wrought Tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my Memory) out of that honeſt Traveller, in his fifty fifth Page, the Hiſtory of *Inkle* and *Yarico*.

Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the *Downs* on the good Ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the *Weſt-Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1674, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandiſe. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to inſtil into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Maſter of Numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick View of Loſs and Advantage, and preventing the natural Impulſes of his Paſſions, by Prepoſſeſſion towards his Intereſts. With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair looſely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened, in the Courſe of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in ſome Diſtreſs, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in Search of Proviſions. The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others went aſhore on this Occaſion. From their firſt Landing they were obſerved by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themſelves in the Woods for that Purpoſe. The *Engliſh* unadviſedly marched a great Diſtance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who ſlew the greateſt Number of them. Our Adventurer eſcaped among others, by flying into a Foreſt. Upon his coming into a remote and pathleſs Part of the Wood, he threw himſelf, tired, and breathleſs, on a little Hillock, when an *Indian* Maid ruſhed from a Thicket behind him. After the firſt Surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly Charmed with the Limbs, Features, and wild Graces of the Naked *American*; the *American* was no leſs taken with the Dreſs, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and conſequently ſolicitous for his Preſervation. She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where ſhe gave him a delicious Repaſt of Fruits, and led him to a Stream to ſlake his Thirſt. In the

midſt of theſe good Offices, ſhe would ſometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Oppoſition of its Colour to that of her Fingers: Then open his Boſom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it ſeems, a Perſon of Diſtinction, for ſhe every Day came to him in a different Dreſs, of the moſt beautiful Shells, Bugles, and Bredes. She likewiſe brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had preſented to her, ſo that his Cave was richly adorned with all the ſpotted Skins of Beaſts, and moſt Party-coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, ſhe would carry him in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the favour of Moon-light, to unfrequented Groves and Solitudes, and ſhew him where to lie down in ſafety, and ſleep amidſt the Falls of Waters, and Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him awake in her Arms, for fear of her Countrymen, and awake him on Occaſions to conſult his Safety. In this manner did the Lovers paſs away their Time, till they had learned a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Miſtreſs, how happy he ſhould be to have her in his Country, where ſhe ſhould be clothed in ſuch Silks as his Waſtecoat was made of, and be carried in Houſes drawn by Horſes, without being expoſed to Wind or Weather. All this he promiſed her the Enjoyment of, without ſuch Fears and Alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender Correſpondence theſe Lovers lived for ſeveral Months, when *Yarico*, inſtructed by her Lover, diſcovered a Veſſel on the Coaſt to which ſhe made Signals; and in the Night, with the utmoſt Joy and Satisfaction, accompanied him to a Ship's-Crew of his Countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a Veſſel from the Main arrives in that Iſland, it ſeems the Planters come down to the Shore, where there is an immediate Market of the *Indians* and other Slaves, as with us of Horſes and Oxen.

TO be ſhort, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *Engliſh* Territories, began ſeriouſly to reflect upon his loſs of Time, and to weigh with himſelf how many Days Intereſt of his Money he had loſt during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the young Man very penſive, and careful what Account he ſhould be able to give his

his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Conſideration, the prudent and frugal young Man ſold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant; notwithſtanding that the poor Girl, to incline him to commiſerate her Condition, told him that ſhe was with Child by him: But he only made uſe of that Information, to riſe in his Demands upon the Purchaſer.

I was ſo touch'd with this Story (which I think ſhould be always a Counterpart to the *Epheſian* Matron) that I left the Room with Tears in my Eyes; which a Woman of *Arietta*'s good Senſe, did, I am ſure, take for greater Applauſe, than any Compliments I could make her. R

N° 12. *Wedneſday, March* 14.

——*Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*
Perſ. Sat 5. v. 92.

I root th' old Woman from thy trembling Heart.

AT my coming to *London*, it was ſome time before I could ſettle myſelf in a Houſe to my liking. I was forced to quit my firſt Lodgings, by reaſon of an officious Landlady, that would be asking me every Morning how I had ſlept. I then fell into an honeſt Family, and lived very happily for above a Week; when my Landlord, who was a jolly good-natured Man, took it into his Head that I wanted Company, and therefore would frequently come into my Chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three Days; but telling me one Day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new Lodgings that very Night. About a Week after, I found my jolly Landlord, who, as I ſaid before, was an honeſt hearty Man, had put me into an Advertiſement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following Words, *Whereas a melancholy Man left his Lodgings on* Thurſday *laſt in the Afternoon, and was afterwards*

wards ſeen going towards Iſlington; *if any one can give notice of him to* R. B. *Fiſhmonger in the* Strand, *he ſhall be very well rewarded for his Pains.* As I am the beſt Man in the World to keep my own Counſel, and my Landlord the Fiſhmonger not knowing my Name, this Accident of my Life was never diſcovered to this very Day.

I am now ſettled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many Children, and complies with my Humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a Word together theſe Five Years; my Coffee comes into my Chamber every Morning without asking for it; if I want Fire I point to my Chimney, if Water to my Baſon: Upon which my Landlady nods, as much as to ſay ſhe takes my Meaning, and immediately obeys my Signals. She has likewiſe model'd her Family ſo well, that when her little Boy offers to pull me by the Coat, or prattle in my Face, his eldeſt Siſter immediately calls him off, and bids him not diſturb the Gentleman. At my firſt entring into the Family, I was troubled with the Civility of their riſing up to me every time I came into the Room; but my Landlady obſerving that upon theſe Occaſions I always cried Piſh, and went out again, has forbidden any ſuch Ceremony to be uſed in the Houſe; ſo that at preſent I walk into the Kitchen or Parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any Interruption to the Buſineſs or Diſcourſe of the Family. The Maid will ask her Miſtreſs (tho' I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to Dinner, as the Miſtreſs (who is indeed an excellent Houſewife) ſcolds at the Servants as heartily before my Face as behind my Back. In ſhort, I move up and down the Houſe, and enter into all Companies with the ſame Liberty as a Cat or any other Domeſtick Animal, and am as little ſuſpected of telling any thing that I hear or ſee.

I remember laſt Winter there were ſeveral young Girls of the Neighbourhood ſitting about the Fire with my Landlady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door the young Women broke off their Diſcourſe, but my Landlady's Daughters telling them that it was no Body but the Gentleman (for that is the Name which I go by in the Neigh-

Neighbourhood as well as in the Family) they went on without minding me. I ſeated myſelf by the Candle that ſtood on a Table at one end of the Room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard ſeveral dreadful Stories of Ghoſts as pale as Aſhes that had ſtood at the Feet of a Bed, or walked over a Church-yard by Moon-light: And of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for diſturbing People's Reſt, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight, with many other old Womens Fables of the like nature. As one Spirit raiſed another, I obſerved that at the End of every Story the whole Company cloſed their Ranks, and crouded about the Fire: I took notice in particular of a little Boy, who was ſo attentive to every Story, that I am miſtaken if he ventures to go to Bed by himſelf this Twelve-month. Indeed they talked ſo long, that the Imaginations of the whole Aſſembly were manifeſtly crazed, and, I am ſure, will be the worſe for it as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I uſed to do. This put me under ſome Apprehenſions that I ſhould be forced to explain myſelf if I did not retire; for which Reaſon I took the Candle in my Hand, and went up into my Chamber, not without wondering at this unnaccountable Weakneſs in reaſonable Creatures, that they ſhould love to aſtoniſh and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I ſhould take a particular Care to preſerve my Children from theſe little Horrors of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to ſhake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has entred a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow; and look pale upon a little ſcratching at his Door, who the Day before had marched up againſt a Battery of Cannon. There are Inſtances of Perſons, who have been terrified even to Diſtraction, at the Figure of a Tree, or the ſhaking of a Bull-ruſh. The Truth of it is, I look upon a ſound Imagination as the greateſt Bleſſing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conſcience. In the mean time, ſince there are very few whoſe Minds are not more or leſs ſubject to theſe dreadful Thoughts and

Apprehenſions, we ought to arm our ſelves againſt them by the Dictates of Reaſon and Religion, *to pull the old Woman out of our Hearts* (as *Perſius* expreſſes it in the Motto of my Paper) and extinguiſh thoſe impertinent Notions which we imbibed at a Time that we were not able to judge of their Abſurdity. Or if we believe, as many wiſe and good Men have done, that there are ſuch Phantoms and Apparitions as thoſe I have been ſpeaking of, let us endeavour to eſtabliſh to our ſelves an Intereſt in him who holds the Reins of the whole Creation in his Hand, and moderates them after ſuch a Manner, that it is impoſſible for one Being to break looſe upon another without his Knowledge and Permiſſion.

FOR my own part, I am apt to join in Opinion with thoſe who believe that all the Regions of Nature ſwarm with Spirits; and that we have Multitudes of Spectators on all our Actions, when we think our ſelves moſt alone: But inſtead of terrifying myſelf with ſuch a Notion, I am wonderfully pleaſed to think that I am always engaged with ſuch an innumerable Society, in ſearching out the Wonders of the Creation, and joining in the ſame Conſort of Praiſe and Adoration.

MILTON has finely deſcribed this mixed Communion of Men and Spirits in Paradiſe; and had doubtleſs his Eye upon a Verſe in old *Heſiod*, which is almoſt Word for Word the ſame with his third Line in the following Paſſage.

——— Nor think, though Men were none,
That Heav'n would want Spectators, God want Praiſe:
Millions of Spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unſeen, both when we wake and when we ſleep;
All theſe with ceaſeleſs Praiſe his Works behold
Both Day and Night. How often from the Steep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celeſtial Voices to the midnight Air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to other's Note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in Bands,
While they keep Watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly Touch of inſtrumental Sounds,
In full harmonick Number join'd, their Songs
Divide the Night and lift our Thoughts to Heav'n.

Nº 13. *Thurſday, March* 15.

Dic mihi, ſi fueris tu Leo, qualis eris? Mart.
Were you a Lion, how wou'd you behave?

THERE is nothing that of late Years has afforded Matter of greater Amuſement to the Town than Signior *Nicolini*'s Combat with a Lion in the *Hay-Market*, which has been very often exhibited to the general Satisfaction of moſt of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*. Upon the firſt Rumour of this intended Combat, it was confidently affirmed and is ſtill believed by many in both Galleries, that there would be a tame Lion ſent from the *Tower* every Opera Night, in order to be killed by *Hydaſpes*; this Report, though altogether groundleſs, ſo univerſally prevailed in the upper Regions of the Play-houſe, that ſome of the moſt refined Politicians in thoſe Parts of the Audience gave it out in Whiſper, that the Lion was a Couſin-German of the Tiger who made his Appearance in King *William*'s Days, and that the Stage would be ſupplied with Lions at the publick Expence, during the whole Seſſion. Many likewiſe were the Conjectures of the Treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the Hands of Signior *Necolini*; ſome ſuppoſed that he was to ſubdue him in *Recitativo*, as *Orpheus* uſed to ſerve the wild Beaſts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the Head; ſome fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his Paws upon the Hero, by reaſon of the received Opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin: Several, who pretended to have ſeen the Opera in *Italy*, had informed their Friends, that the Lion was to act a Part in *High-Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a *Thorough-Baſe*, before he fell at the Feet of *Hydaſpes*. To clear up a Matter that was ſo variouſly reported, I have made it my Buſineſs to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a Counterfeit.

BUT before I communicate my Diſcoveries I muſt acquaint the Reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes laſt Winter, as I was thinking on ſomething elſe, I accidentally juſtled againſt a monſtrous Animal that extremely ſtartled me, and upon my nearer Survey of it, appeared to be a Lion Rampant. The Lion, ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed, told me, in a gentle Voice, that I might come by him if I pleaſed: *For*, (ſays he) *I do not intend to hurt any Body*. I thanked him very kindly, and paſſed by him: And in a little time after ſaw him leap upon the Stage, and act his Part with very great Applauſe. It has been obſerved by ſeveral, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice ſince his firſt Appearance; which will not ſeem ſtrange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the Audience three ſeveral times. The firſt Lion was a Candle-ſnuffer, who being a Fellow of a teſty cholerick Temper over-did his Part, and would not ſuffer himſelf to be killed ſo eaſily as he ought to have done; beſides, it was obſerved of him, that he grew more ſurly every time he came out of the Lion; and having dropt ſome Words in ordinary Converſation, as if he had not fought his beſt, and that he ſuffered himſelf to be thrown upon his Back in the Scuffle, and that he would wreſtle with Mr. *Nicolini* for what he pleaſed, out of his Lion's Skin, it was thought proper to diſcard him: And it is verily believed, to this Day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done Miſchief. Beſides it was objected againſt the firſt Lion, that he reared himſelf ſo high upon his hinder Paws, and walked in ſo erect a Poſture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

THE ſecond Lion was a Tailor by Trade, who belonged to the Play-houſe, and had the Character of a mild and peaceable Man in his Profeſſion. If the former was too furious, this was too ſheepiſh, for his Part; inſomuch, that after a ſhort modeſt Walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the firſt Touch of *Hydaſpes*, without grappling with him, and giving him an Opportunity of ſhewing his Variety of *Italian* Trips: It is ſaid indeed, that he once gave him a Rip in his fleſh-colour Doublet; but this was only to make Work for himſelf, in his pri-

vate

vate Character of a Tailor. I muſt not omit that it was this ſecond Lion who treated me with ſo much Humanity behind the Scenes.

THE Acting Lion at preſent is, as I am informed, a Country-Gentleman who does it for his Diverſion, but deſires his Name may be concealed. He ſays very handſomly, in his own Excuſe, that he does not act for Gain, that he indulges an innocent Pleaſure in it; and that it is better to paſs away an Evening in this manner, than in Gaming and Drinking: But at the ſame time ſays, with a very agreeable Rallery upon himſelf, That if his Name ſhould be known, the ill-natured World might call him, *The Aſs in the Lion's Skin.* This Gentleman's Temper is made out of ſuch a happy Mixture of the Mild and the Cholerick; that he outdoes both his Predeceſſors, and has drawn together greater Audiences than have been known in the Memory of Man.

I muſt not conclude my Narrative, without taking notice of a groundleſs Report that has been raiſed, to a Gentleman's Diſadvantage, of whom I muſt declare my ſelf an Admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been ſeen ſitting peaceably by one another, and ſmoking a Pipe together behind the Scenes; by which their common Enemies would inſinuate, that it is but a ſham Combat which they repreſent upon the Stage: But upon Inquiry I find, that if any ſuch Correſpondence has paſſed between them, it was not 'till the Combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received Rules of the *Drama.* Beſides, this is what is practiſed every Day in *Weſtminſter-Hall,* where nothing is more uſual than to ſee a Couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as ſoon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this Relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini,* who in acting this Part only complies with the wretched Taſte of his Audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more Admirers than himſelf; as they ſay of the famous *Equeſtrian* Statue on the *Pont-Neuf* at *Paris,* that more People go to ſee the Horſe, than the King who ſits upon it. On the

con-

contrary, it gives me a juſt Indignation to ſee a Perſon whoſe Action gives new Majeſty to Kings, Reſolution to Heroes, and Softneſs to Lovers, thus ſinking from the Greatneſs of his Behaviour, and degraded into the Character of *the* London *Prentice*. I have often wiſhed, that our Tragedians would copy after this great Maſter in Action. Could they make the ſame uſe of their Arms and Legs, and inform their Faces with as ſignificant Looks and Paſſions, how glorious would an *Engliſh* Tragedy appear with that Action, which is capable of giving a Dignity to the forced Thoughts, cold Conceits, and unnatural Expreſſions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this Combat of the Lion, to ſhew what are at preſent the reigning Entertainments of the Politer Part of *Great-Britain*.

AUDIENCES have often been reproached by Writers for the Coarſeneſs of their Taſte; but our preſent Grievance does not ſeem to be the Want of a good Taſte, but of Common Senſe. C

Nº 14. *Friday, March* 16.

——— *Teque his, Infelix, exue monſtris.*
Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 590.

Wretch that thou art! put off this monſtrous Shape.

I WAS reflecting this Morning upon the Spirit and Humour of the publick Diverſions Five and twenty Years ago, and thoſe of the preſent Time; and lamented to my ſelf, that, though in thoſe Days they neglected their Morality, they kept up their Good Senſe; but that the *beau Monde*, at preſent, is only grown more childiſh, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this Train of Thought, an odd Fellow, whoſe Face I have often ſeen at the Play-houſe, gave me the following Letter with theſe Words, *Sir, The Lion preſents his humble Service to you, and deſired me to give this into your own Hands.*

From

From my Den in the Hay-Market, March 15.

SIR,

I Have read all your Papers, and have ſtifled my Reſentment againſt your Reflexions upon Operas, till that of this Day, wherein you plainly inſinuate, that Signior *Grimaldi* and my ſelf have a Correſpondence more friendly than is conſiſtent with the Valour of his Character, or the Fierceneſs of mine. I deſire you would for your own Sake forbear ſuch Intimations for the future; and muſt ſay it is a great Piece of Ill-nature in you, to ſhew ſo great an Eſteem for a Foreigner, and to diſcourage a *Lion* that is your own Countryman.

'I take notice of your Fable of the Lion and Man, but am ſo equally concerned in that Matter, that I ſhall not be offended to which ſoever of the Animals the Superiority is given. You have miſrepreſented me, in ſaying that I am a Country-Gentleman, who act only for my Diverſion; whereas, had I ſtill the ſame Woods to range in which I once had when I was a Fox-hunter, I ſhould not reſign my Manhood for a Maintenance; and aſſure you, as low as my Circumſtances are at preſent, I am ſo much a Man of Honour, that I would ſcorn to be any Beaſt for Bread but a Lion.

Yours, &c.

I had no ſooner ended this, than one of my Landlady's Children brought me in ſeveral others, with ſome of which I ſhall make up my preſent Paper, they all having a Tendency to the ſame Subject, *viz.* the Elegance of our preſent Diverſions.

SIR, *Covent-Garden, March* 13.

I Have been for twenty Years Under-Sexton of this Pariſh of St. *Paul's Covent-Garden*, and have not miſſed tolling in to Prayers ſix times in all thoſe Years; which Office I have performed to my great Satisfaction, till this Fortnight laſt paſt, during which Time I find my Congregation take the Warning of my Bell,

Morning

'Morning and Evening, to go to a Puppet-Show
'forth by one *Powell* under the *Piazzas*. By this mea
'I have not only loſt my two Cuſtomers, whom I u
'to place for Six-pence a-piece over-againſt Mrs. *Rac*
'*Eye-bright*, but Mrs. *Rachel* herſelf is gone thither al
'There now appear among us none but a few ordina
'People, who come to Church only to ſay their Praye
'ſo that I have no Work worth ſpeaking of but on *Sa*
'*days*. I have placed my Son at the *Piazzas*, to acqua
'the Ladies that the Bell rings for Church, and that
'ſtands on the other Side of the *Garden*; but they on
'laugh at the Child.

'I deſire you would lay this before all the Wor
'that I may not be made ſuch a Tool for the futur
'and that Punchinello may chooſe Hours leſs canonic
'As things are now, Mr. *Powell* has a full Congreg
'tion, while we have a very thin Houſe; which if y
'can remedy, you will very much oblige,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

THE following Epiſtle I find is from the Undertak
of the Maſquerade.

S I R,

'I Have obſerved the Rules of my Maſque ſo car
'fully, (in not inquiring into Perſons) that I cann
'tell whether you were one of the Company or not l
'*Tueſday*; but if you were not, and ſtill deſign to com
'I deſire you would, for your own Entertainment, plea
'to admoniſh the Town, that all Perſons indifferent
'are not fit for this ſort of Diverſion. I could wiſh, S
'you could make them underſtand, that it is a kind
'Acting to go in Maſquerade, and a Man ſhould be ab
'to ſay or do things proper for the Dreſs, in which h
'appears. We have now and then Rakes in the Hab
'of *Roman* Senators, and grave Politicians in the Dre
'of Rakes. The Misfortune of the thing is, that Peop
'dreſs themſelves in what they have a mind to be, an
'not what they are fit for. There is not a Girl in th
'Town, but let her have her Will in going to a Maſqu
'a

and ſhe ſhall dreſs as a Shepherdeſs. But let me beg of them to read the *Arcadia*, or ſome other good Romance, before they appear in any ſuch Character at my Houſe. The laſt Day we preſented, every Body was ſo raſhly habited, that when they came to ſpeak to each other, a Nymph with a Crook had not a Word to ſay but in the pert Stile of the Pit Bawdry; and a Man in the Habit of a Philoſopher was ſpeechleſs, till an Occaſion offered of expreſſing himſelf in the Refuſe of the Tyring-Rooms. We had a Judge that danced a Minuet, with a Quaker for his Partner, while half a dozen Harlequins ſtood by as Spectators: A *Turk* drank me off two Bottles of Wine, and a *Jew* eat me up half a Ham of Bacon. If I can bring my Deſign to bear, and make the Maſquers preſerve their Characters in my Aſſemblies, I hope you will allow there is a Foundation laid for more elegant and improving Gallantries than any the Town at preſent affords; and conſequently, that you will give your Approbation to the Endeavours of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

I am very glad the following Epiſtle obliges me to mention Mr. *Powell* a ſecond Time in the ſame Paper; for indeed there cannot be too great Encouragement given to his Skill in Motions, provided he is under proper Reſtrictions.

SIR,

THE Opera at the *Hay-Market*, and that under the little *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, being at preſent the two leading Diverſions of the Town, and Mr. *Powell* profeſſing in his Advertiſements to ſet up *Whittington and his Cat* againſt *Rinaldo and Armida*, my Curioſity led me the Beginning of laſt Week to view both theſe Performances, and make my Obſervations upon them.

'FIRST therefore, I cannot but obſerve that Mr. *Powell* wiſely forbearing to give his Company a Bill of Fare beforehand, every Scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that the Undertakers

'of

'of the *Hay-Market*, having raiſed too great an Expectation in their printed Opera, very much diſappoint their Audience on the Stage.

'THE King of *Jeruſalem* is obliged to come from the City on foot, inſtead of being drawn in a triumphant Chariot by white Horſes, as my Opera-Book had promiſed me; and thus while I expected *Armida*'s Dragons ſhould ruſh forward towards *Argantes*, I found the Hero was obliged to go to *Armida*, and hand her out of her Coach. We had alſo but a very ſhort Allowance of Thunder and Lightning; tho' I cannot in this Place omit doing Juſtice to the Boy who had the Direction of the two painted Dragons, and made them ſpit Fire and Smoke: He flaſh'd out his Roſin in ſuch juſt Proportions and in ſuch due Time, that I could not forbear conceiving Hopes of his being one Day a moſt excellent Player. I ſaw indeed but Two Things wanting to render his whole Action complete, I mean the keeping his Head a little lower, and hiding his Candle.

'I obſerve that Mr. *Powell* and the Undertakers had both the ſame Thought, and I think much about the ſame time, of introducing Animals on their ſeveral Stages, tho' indeed with very different Succeſs. The Sparrows and Chaffinches at the *Hay-Market* fly as yet very irregularly over the Stage; and inſtead of perching on the Trees, and performing their Parts, theſe young Actors either get into the Galleries, or put out the Candles, whereas Mr. *Powell* has ſo well diſciplined his Pig, that in the firſt Scene he and Punch dance a Minuet together. I am informed however, that Mr. *Powell* reſolves to excel his Adverſaries in their own Way; and introduce Larks in his next Opera of *Suſanna*, or *Innocence betrayed*, which will be exhibited next Week with a Pair of new Elders.

'THE Moral of Mr. *Powell*'s Drama is violated, I confeſs, by Punch's national Reflexions on the *French*, and King *Harry*'s laying his Leg upon the Queen's Lap in too ludicrous a manner before ſo great an Aſſembly.

'AS to the Mechaniſm and Scenary, every thing indeed was uniform and of a piece, and the Scenes were managed very dextrouſly; which calls on me to take

'notice,

'notice, that at the *Hay-Market* the Undertakers for-
'getting to change their Side-Scenes, we were preſented
'with a Proſpect of the Ocean in the midſt of a delight-
'ful Grove; and tho' the Gentlemen on the Stage had
'very much contributed to the Beauty of the Grove, by
'walking up and down between the Trees, I muſt own
'I was not a little aſtoniſhed to ſee a well-dreſſed young
'Fellow, in a full-bottomed Wig, appear in the midſt of
'the Sea, and without any viſible Concern taking Snuff.

'I ſhall only obſerve one thing farther, in which both
'Dramas agree; which is, that by the Squeak of their
'Voices the Heroes of each are Eunuchs; and as the Wit
'in both Pieces is equal, I muſt prefer the Performance
'of Mr. *Powell*, becauſe it is in our own Language.

R *I am*, &c.

N° 15. *Saturday, March* 17.

Parva leves capiunt animos ——

Ovid. Ars Am. l. 1. v. 159.

Light Minds are pleas'd with Trifles.

WHEN I was in *France*, I uſed to gaze with great Aſtoniſhment at the Splendid Equipages, and Party-coloured Habits, of that Fantaſtick Nation. I was one Day in particular contemplating a Lady, that ſat in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by ſix milk-white Horſes, and loaden behind with the ſame Number of powdered Footmen. Juſt before the Lady were a Couple of beautiful Pages, that were ſtuck among the Harneſs, and, by their gay Dreſſes and ſmiling Features, looked like the elder Brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every Corner of the Coach.

THE Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an Occaſion to a pretty melancholy Novel.

She

She had, for ſeveral Years, received the Addreſſes of a Gentleman, whom after a long and intimate Acquaintance ſhe forſook, upon the Account of this ſhining Equipage, which had been offered to her by one of Great Riches, but a Crazy Conſtitution. The Circumſtances in which I ſaw her, were, it ſeems, the Diſguiſes only of a broken Heart, and a kind of Pageantry to cover Diſtreſs; for in two Months after ſhe was carried to her Grave with the ſame Pomp and Magnificence; being ſent thither partly by the Loſs of one Lover, and partly by the Poſſeſſion of another.

I have often reflected with my ſelf on this unaccountable Humour in Womankind, of being ſmitten with every thing that is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and on the numberleſs Evils that befal the Sex, from this light fantaſtical Diſpoſition. I my ſelf remember a young Lady, that was very warmly ſolicited by a Couple of importunate Rivals, who, for ſeveral Months together, did all they could to recommend themſelves, by Complacency of Behaviour, and Agreeableneſs of Converſation. At length when the Competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her Choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himſelf of adding a ſupernumerary Lace to his Liveries, which had ſo good an Effect, that he married her the very Week after.

THE uſual Converſation of ordinary Women very much cheriſhes this natural Weakneſs of being taken with Outſide and Appearance. Talk of a new-married Couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and ſix, or eat in Plate: Mention the Name of an abſent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn ſomething of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great Help to Diſcourſe, and a Birth-day furniſhes Converſation for a Twelvemonth after. A Furbelow of precious Stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waſtecoat or Petticoat, are ſtanding Topicks. In ſhort, they conſider only the Drapery of the Species, and never caſt away a Thought on thoſe Ornaments of the Mind that make Perſons Illuſtrious in themſelves, and Uſeful to others. When Women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's Imaginations, and filling their Heads with nothing but Colours, it is no Wonder that they are more attentive to the ſuper-

ficial

cial Parts of Life, than the ſolid and ſubſtantial Bleſſings of it. A Girl who has been trained up in this kind of Converſation, is in danger of every embroidered Coat that comes in her Way. A Pair of fringed Gloves may be her Ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, Silver and Gold Galloons, with the like glittering Gew-gaws, are ſo many Lures to Women of weak Minds or low Educations, and, when artificially diſplayed, are able to fetch down the moſt airy Coquette from the wildeſt of her Flights and Rambles.

TRUE Happineſs is of a retired Nature, and an Enemy to Pomp and Noiſe; it ariſes, in the firſt place, from the Enjoyment of one's ſelf; and in the next, from the Friendſhip and Converſation of a few ſelect Companions: It loves Shade and Solitude, and naturally haunts Groves and Fountains, Fields and Meadows: In ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within it ſelf, and receives no Addition from Multitudes of Witneſſes and Spectators. On the contrary, falſe Happineſs loves to be in a Crowd, and to draw the Eyes of the World upon her. She does not receive any Satisfaction from the Applauſes which ſhe gives herſelf, but from the Admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She flouriſhes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Aſſemblies, and has no Exiſtence but when ſhe is looked upon.

AURELIA, though a Woman of great Quality, delights in the Privacy of a Country Life, and paſſes away a great part of her Time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Husband, who is her Boſom Friend and Companion in her Solitudes, has been in Love with her ever ſince he knew her. They both abound with good Senſe, conſummate Virtue, and a mutual Eſteem; and are a perpetual Entertainment to one another. Their Family is under ſo regular an Oeconomy, in its Hours of Devotion and Repaſt, Employment and Diverſion, that it looks like a little Commonwealth within it ſelf. They often go into Company, that they may return with the greater Delight to one another; and ſometimes live in Town, not to enjoy it ſo properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themſelves the Reliſh of a Country Life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their Children, adored by their Servants, and are become the Envy, or rather the Delight, of all that know them.

HOW

HOW different to this is the Life of *Fulvia!* ſhe con ſiders her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon Di cretion and good Houſewifry as little domeſtick Vir tues, unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks Li loſt in her own Family, and fancies herſelf out of th World when ſhe is not in the Ring, the Play-houſe, o the Drawing-Room: She lives in a perpetual Motion o Body, and Reſtleſneſs of Thought, and is never eaſy i any one Place, when ſhe thinks there is more Compan in another. The miſſing of an Opera the firſt Nigh would be more afflicting to her than the Death of a Chil She pities all the valuable Part of her own Sex, and ca every Woman of a prudent, modeſt, and retired Life, poor-ſpirited unpoliſhed Creature. What a Mortificatio would it be to *Fulvia*, if ſhe knew that her ſetting her ſelf to View is but expoſing herſelf, and that ſhe grow Contemptible by being Conſpicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without obſerving, tha *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this Female Paſſio for Dreſs and Show, in the Character of *Camilla*; wh though ſhe ſeems to have ſhaken off all the other Weak neſſes of her Sex, is ſtill deſcribed as a Woman in thi Particular. The Poet tells us, that after having made great Slaughter of the Enemy, ſhe unfortunately caſt he Eye on a *Trojan*, who wore an embroidered Tunick, beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the fineſt Purpl *A Golden Bow*, ſays he, *hung upon his Shoulder; his Gar ment was buckled with a Golden Claſp, and his Head wa covered with an Helmet of the ſame ſhining Metal.* Th *Amazon* immediately ſingled out this well-dreſſed War rior, being ſeized with a Woman's Longing for th pretty Trappings that he was adorned with:

——— *Totumque incauta per agmen*
Fœmineo prædæ & ſpoliorum ardebat amore.
Æn. 11. v. 782.

This heedleſs Purſuit after theſe glittering Trifles, th Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) repreſents to have be the Deſtruction of his Female Hero.

Monday

N° 16. *Monday, March* 19.

Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc ſum.
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 11.

What right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my Care—for this is all. POPE.

I Have received a Letter, deſiring me to be very ſatyrical upon the little Muff that is now in Faſhion; another informs me of a Pair of ſilver Garters buckled below the Knee, that have been lately ſeen at the *Rainbow* Coffee-houſe in *Fleetſtreet*; a third ſends me an heavy complaint againſt fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is ſcarce an Ornament of either Sex which one or other of my Correſpondents has not inveigh'd againſt with ſome bitterneſs, and recommended to my Obſervation. I muſt therefore, once for all, inform my Readers, that it is not my Intention to ſink the Dignity of this my Paper with Reflexions upon Red-heels or Top-knots, but rather to enter into the Paſſions of Mankind, and to correct thoſe depraved Sentiments that give Birth to all thoſe little Extravagancies which appear in their outward Dreſs and Behaviour. Foppiſh and fantaſtick Ornaments are only Indications of Vice, not criminal in themſelves. Extinguiſh Vanity in the Mind, and you naturally retrench the little Superfluities of Garniture and Equipage. The Bloſſoms will fall of themſelves, when the Root that nouriſhes them is deſtroyed.

I ſhall therefore, as I have ſaid, apply my Remedies to the firſt Seeds and Principles of an affected Dreſs, without deſcending to the Dreſs it ſelf; though at the ſame time I muſt own, that I have Thoughts of creating an Officer under me, to be entituled, *The Cenſor of ſmall Wares*, and of allotting him one Day in a Week for the Execution of ſuch his Office. An Operator of this Nature might act under me, with the ſame Regard as a Surgeon to a Phyſician; the one might be employed in healing thoſe Blotches and Tumours which break out in the

the Body, while the other is ſweetning the Blood and rectifying the Conſtitution. To ſpeak truly, the young People of both Sexes are ſo wonderfully apt to ſhoot out into long Swords or ſweeping Trains, buſhy Head-dreſſes or full-bottom'd Periwigs, with ſeveral other Incumbrances of Dreſs, that they ſtand in need of being pruned very frequently, leſt they ſhould be oppreſſed with Ornaments, and over-run with the Luxuriance of their Habits. I am much in doubt, whether I ſhould give the Preference to a Quaker that is trimmed cloſe and almost cut to the Quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with ſuch a Redundance of Excreſcences. I muſt therefore deſire my Correſpondents to let me know how they approve my Project, and whether they think the erecting of ſuch a petty Cenſorſhip may not turn to the Emolument of the Publick; for I would not do any thing of this Nature raſhly and without Advice.

THERE is another Set of Correſpondents to whom I muſt addreſs my ſelf in the ſecond Place; I mean ſuch as fill their Letters with private Scandal and black Accounts of particular Perſons and Families. The World is ſo full of Ill-nature, that I have Lampoons ſent me by People who cannot ſpell, and Satires compoſed by thoſe who ſcarce know how to write. By the laſt Poſt in particular I received a Packet of Scandal which is not legible; and have a whole Bundle of Letters in Women's Hands that are full of Blots and Calumnies, inſomuch that when I ſee the Name *Cælia*, *Phillis*, *Paſtora*, or the like, at the Bottom of a Scrawl, I conclude on courſe that it brings me ſome Account of a fallen Virgin, a faithleſs Wife, or an amorous Widow. I muſt therefore inform theſe my Correſpondents, that it is not my Deſign to be a Publiſher of Intrigues and Cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous Stories out of their preſent lurking-holes into broad Day-light. If I attack the Vicious, I ſhall only ſet upon them in a Body; and will not be provoked by the worſt Uſage I can receive from others, to make an Example of any particular Criminal. In ſhort, I have ſo much of a *Drawcanſir* in me, that I ſhall paſs over a ſingle Foe to charge whole Armies. It it not *Lais* nor *Silenus*, but the Harlot and the Drunkard, whom I ſhall endeavour to expoſe; and ſhall conſider the Crime

as

it appears in a Species, not as it is circumſtanced in an individual. I think it was *Caligula*, who wiſhed the whole City of *Rome* had but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I ſhall do out of Humanity, what that Emperor would have done in the Cruelty of his Temper, and aim every Stroke at a collective Body of Offenders. At the ſame time I am very ſenſible, that nothing ſpreads a Paper like private Calumny and Defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this Neceſſity, they are not expoſed to this Temptation.

IN the next Place I muſt apply my ſelf to my Party Correſpondents, who are continually teazing me to take notice of one another's Proceedings. How often am I aſked by both Sides, if it is poſſible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the Rogueries that are committed by the Party which is oppoſite to him that writes the Letter. About two Days ſince I was reproached with an old *Grecian* Law, that forbids any Man to ſtand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the Diviſions of his Country. However, as I am very ſenſible my Paper would loſe its whole Effect, ſhould it run into the Outrages of a Party, I ſhall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that Way. If I can any way aſſuage private Inflammations, or allay publick Ferments, I ſhall apply my ſelf to it with my utmoſt Endeavours; but will never let my Heart reproach me, with having done any thing towards increaſing thoſe Feuds and Animoſities that extinguiſh Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miſerable.

WHAT I have ſaid under the three foregoing Heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the Number of my Correſpondents: I ſhall therefore acquaint my Reader, that if he has ſtarted any Hint which he is not able to purſue, if he has met with any ſurpriſing Story which he does not know how to tell, if he has diſcovered any Epidemical Vice which has eſcaped my Obſervation, or has heard of any uncommon Virtue which he would deſire to publiſh; in ſhort, if he has any Materials that can furniſh out an innocent Diverſion, I ſhall promiſe him my beſt Aſſiſtance in the working of them up for a publick Entertainment.

THIS

THIS Paper my Reader will find was intended fo an Anſwer to a Multitude of Correſpondents; but I hop he will pardon me if I ſingle out one of them in partic lar, who has made me ſo very humble a Requeſt, that cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *March* 15, 1710-11

'I AM at preſent ſo unfortunate, as to have nothing t 'do but to mind my own Buſineſs; and therefor 'beg of you that you will be pleaſed to put me int 'ſome ſmall Poſt under you. I obſerve that you hav 'appointed your Printer and Publiſher to receive Lette 'and Advertiſements for the City of *London*; and ſha 'think my ſelf very much honoured by you, if you wi 'appoint me to take in Letters and Advertiſements fo 'the City of *Weſtminſter* and the Dutchy of *Lancaſte* 'Though I cannot promiſe to fill ſuch an Employmen 'with ſufficient Abilities, I will endeavour to make u 'with Induſtry and Fidelity what I want in Parts an 'Genius. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

C Charles Lillie

N° 17. *Tueſday, March* 20.

——— *Tetrum ante Omnia vultum.*

Juv. Sat. 10. l. 191

——— *A Viſage rough,*
Deform'd, unfeatur'd. DRYDEN.

SINCE our Perſons are not of our own Making when they are ſuch as appear Defective or Uncome ly, it is, methinks, an honeſt and laudable Fortitud to dare to be Ugly; at leaſt to keep our ſelves from being abaſhed with a Conſciouſneſs of Imperfections which we cannot

cannot help, and in which there is no Guilt. I would not defend an haggard Beau, for paſſing away much time at a Glaſs, and giving Softneſſes and Languiſhing Graces to Deformity: All I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our Countenance and Shape, ſo far, as never to give our ſelves an uneaſy Reflexion on that Subject. It is to the ordinary People, who are not accuſtomed to make very proper Remarks on any Occaſion, matter of great Jeſt, if a Man enters with a prominent Pair of Shoulders into an Aſſembly, or is diſtinguiſhed by an Expanſion of Mouth, or Obliquity of Aſpect. It is happy for a Man, that has any of theſe Odneſſes about him, if he can be as merry upon himſelf, as others are apt to be upon that Occaſion: When he can poſſeſs himſelf with ſuch a Chearfulneſs, Women and Children, who are at firſt frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleaſed with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural Defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jeſt upon himſelf for them.

MADAM *Maintenon*'s firſt Husband was an Hero in this Kind, and has drawn many Pleaſantries from the Irregularity of his Shape, which he deſcribes as very much reſembling the Letter Z. He diverts himſelf likewiſe by repreſenting to his Reader the Make of an Engine and Pully, with which he uſed to take off his Hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a Viſage, and the Owner of it thinks it an Aſpect of Dignity, he muſt be of very great Quality to be exempt from Rallery: The beſt Expedient therefore is to be pleaſant upon himſelf. Prince *Harry* and *Falſtaff*, in *Shakeſpear*, have carried the Ridicule upon Fat and Lean as far as it will go. *Falſtaff* is humorouſly called *Woolſack*, *Bed-preſſer*, and *Hill of Fleſh*; *Harry*, a *Starveling*, an *Elves-skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-caſe*, and a *Tuck*. There is, in ſeveral Incidents of the Converſation between them, the Jeſt ſtill kept up upon the Perſon. Great Tenderneſs and Senſibility in this Point is one of the greateſt Weakneſſes of Self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the Mold of my Face, which is not quite ſo long as it is broad: Whether this might not partly ariſe from my opening my Mouth much ſeldomer than other People, and by Conſequence not ſo much lengthning the Fibres

of my Viſage, I am not at leiſure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of Countenance by the Shortneſs of my Face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a Periwig with an high Foretop, and letting my Beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this Delicacy, and could be contented with a much ſhorter, provided it might qualify me for a Member of the Merry Club, which the following Letter gives me an Account of. I have received it from *Oxford*, and as it abounds with the Spirit of Mirth and Good-humour which is natural to that Place, I ſhall ſet it down Word for Word as it came to me.

Moſt profound Sir,

'HAVING been very well entertained, in the laſt 'of your Speculations that I have yet ſeen, by 'your Specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore hope you 'will continue, I ſhall take the Liberty to furniſh you 'with a brief Account of ſuch a one as perhaps you have 'not ſeen in all your Travels, unleſs it was your Fortune 'to touch upon ſome of the woody Parts of the *African* 'Continent, in your Voyage to or from *Grand Cairo*. 'There have aroſe in this Univerſity (long ſince you 'left us without ſaying any thing) ſeveral of theſe in-'ferior Hebdomadal Societies, as *the Punning Club*, *the* '*Witty Club*, and amongſt the reſt, *the Handſom Club*; 'as a Burleſque upon which, a certain merry Species, 'that ſeem to have come into the World in Maſquerade, 'for ſome Years laſt paſt have aſſociated themſelves to-'gether, and aſſumed the Name of *the Ugly Club*: This 'ill-favoured Fraternity conſiſts of a Preſident and twelve 'Fellows; the Choice of which is not confined by Pa-'tent to any particular Foundation, (as St. *John*'s Men 'would have the World believe, and have therefore 'erected a ſeparate Society within themſelves) but Li-'berty is left to elect from any School in *Great-Britain*, 'provided the Candidates be within the Rules of the 'Club, as ſet forth, in a Table, intituled, *The Act of* '*Deformity*. A Clauſe or two of which I ſhall tranſmit 'to you.

'I. THAT no Perſon whatſoever ſhall be admitted 'without a viſible Quearity in his Aſpect, or peculiar

'Caſt

Caſt of Countenance; of which the Preſident and Officers for the time being are to determine, and the Preſident to have the caſting Voice.

'II. THAT a ſingular Regard be had, upon Examination, to the Gibboſity of the Gentlemen that offer themſelves, as Founders Kinſmen; or to the Obliquity of their Figure, in what ſort ſoever.

'III. THAT if the Quantity of any Man's Noſe be eminently miſcalculated, whether as to Length or Breadth, he ſhall have a juſt Pretence to be elected.

'*Laſtly*, THAT if there ſhall be two or more Competitors for the ſame Vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, he that has the thickeſt Skin to have the Preference.

'EVERY freſh Member, upon his firſt Night, is to entertain the Company with a Diſh of Cod-fiſh, and a Speech in Praiſe of *Æſop*; whoſe Portraiture they have in full Proportion, or rather Diſproportion, over the Chimney; and their Deſign is, as ſoon as their Funds are ſufficient, to purchaſe the Heads of *Therſites*, *Duns Scotus*, *Scarron*, *Hudibras*, and the old Gentleman in *Oldham*, with all the celebrated ill Faces of Antiquity, as Furniture for the Club-Room.

'AS they have always been profeſſed Admirers of the other Sex, ſo they unanimouſly declare that they will give all poſſible Encouragement to ſuch as will take the Benefit of the Statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

'THE worthy Preſident, who is their moſt devoted Champion, has lately ſhewn me two Copies of Verſes compoſed by a Gentleman of this Society; the firſt, a Congratulatory Ode inſcribed to Mrs. *Touchwood*, upon the loſs of her two Fore-teeth; the other, a Panegyrick upon Mrs. *Andiron*'s left Shoulder. Mrs. *Vizard* (he ſays) ſince the Small-Pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top Toaſt in the Club; but I never heard him ſo laviſh of his fine Things, as upon old *Nell Trot*, who conſtantly officiates at their Table; her he even adores and extols as the very Counterpart of Mother *Shipton*; in ſhort, *Nell* (ſays he) is one of the Extraordinary Works of Nature; but as for Complexion, Shape, and Features, ſo valued by others, they are all mere Outſide and Symmetry, which is his Averſion. Give me leave to

'add, that the Preſident is a facetious pleaſant Gentle-
'man, and never more ſo, than when he has got (as he
'calls 'em) his dear Mummers about him; and he of-
'ten proteſts it does him good to meet a Fellow with
'a right genuine Grimace in his Air, (which is ſo a-
'greeable in the generality of the *French* Nation;) and
'as an Inſtance of his Sincerity in this Particular, he gave
'me a Sight of a Liſt in his Pocket-book of all of this
'Claſs, who for theſe five Years have fallen under his
'Obſervation, with himſelf at the Head of 'em, and
'in the Rear (as one of a promiſing and improving
'Aſpect)

SIR,

Oxford, *Your Obliged and*
March 12, 1710. *Humble Servant,*
R Alexander Carbuncle.

N° 18. *Wedneſday, March* 21.

— Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana.
Hor. Ep. I. l. 2. v. 187

But now our Nobles too are Fops and vain,
Neglect the Senſe, but love the painted Scene.
CREECH.

IT is my Deſign in this Paper to deliver down to Poſterity a faithful Account of the *Italian* Opera, and of the gradual Progreſs which it has made upon the *Engliſh* Stage; for there is no queſtion but our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the Reaſon why their Forefathers uſed to ſit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a Tongue which they did not underſtand.

ARSINOE was the firſt Opera that gave us a Taſte of *Italian* Muſick. The great Succeſs this Opera met with produced ſome Attempts of forming Pieces upon *Italian*

Plan

Plans, which ſhould give a more natural and reaſonable Entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate Trifles of that Nation. This alarmed the Poetaſters and Fidlers of the Town, who were uſed to deal in a more ordinary kind of Ware; and therefore laid down an eſtabliſhed Rule, which is received as ſuch to this Day, *That nothing is capable of being well ſet to Muſick, that is not Nonſenſe.*

THIS Maxim was no ſooner received, but we immediately fell to tranſlating the *Italian* Operas; and as there was no great Danger of hurting the Senſe of thoſe extraordinary Pieces, our Authors would often make Words of their own which were intirely foreign to the Meaning of the Paſſages they pretended to tranſlate; their chief Care being to make the Numbers of the *Engliſh* Verſe anſwer to thoſe of the *Italian*, that both of them might go to the ſame Tune. Thus the famous Song in *Camilla*,

Barbara ſi t' intendo, &c.

Barbarous Woman, yes, I know your Meaning,

which expreſſes the Reſentments of an angry Lover, was tranſlated into that *Engliſh* Lamentation,

Frail are a Lover's Hopes, &c.

And it was pleaſant enough to ſee the moſt refined Perſons of the *Britiſh* Nation dying away and languiſhing to Notes that were filled with a Spirit of Rage and Indignation. It happened alſo very frequently, where the Senſe was rightly tranſlated, the neceſſary Tranſpoſition of Words, which were drawn out of the Phraſe of one Tongue into that of another, made the Muſick appear very abſurd in one Tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an *Italian* Verſe that ran thus Word for Word,

And turn'd my Rage into Pity;

which the *Engliſh* for Rhyme ſake tranſlated,

And into Pity turn'd my Rage.

By this means the ſoft Notes that were adapted to *Pity* in the *Italian*, fell upon the Word *Rage* in the *Engliſh*;

and the angry Sounds that were tuned to *Rage* in the Original, were made to expreſs *Pity* in the Tranſlation. It oftentimes happened likewiſe, that the fineſt Notes in the Air fell upon the moſt inſignificant Words in the Sentence. I have known the Word *And* purſued through the whole Gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the moſt beautiful Graces, Quavers, and Diviſions beſtowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From*; to the eternal Honour of our *Engliſh* Particles.

THE next Step to our Refinement, was the introducing of *Italian* Actors into our Opera; who ſung their Parts in their own Language, at the ſame time that our Countrymen performed theirs in our native Tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally ſpoke in *Italian*, and his Slaves anſwered him in *Engliſh*: The Lover frequently made his Court, and gained the Heart of his Princeſs, in a Language which ſhe did not underſtand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on Dialogues after this manner, without an Interpreter between the Perſons that converſed together; but this was the State of the *Engliſh* Stage for about three Years.

AT length the Audience grew tired of underſtanding Half the Opera; and therefore to eaſe themſelves intirely of the Fatigue of Thinking, have ſo ordered it at preſent, that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue. We no longer underſtand the Language of our own Stage; inſomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have ſeen our *Italian* Performers chattering in the Vehemence of Action, that they have been calling us Names, and abuſing us among themſelves; but I hope, ſince we do put ſuch an intire Confidence in them, they will not talk againſt us before our Faces, though they may do it with the ſame Safety as if it were behind our Backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Hiſtorian who writes two or three hundred Years hence, and does not know the Taſte of his wiſe Forefathers, will make the following Reflexion, *In the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century the* Italian *Tongue was ſo well underſtood in* England, *that Operas were acted on the publick Stage in that Language.*

ONE ſcarce knows how to be ſerious in the Confutation of an Abſurdity that ſhews it ſelf at the firſt Sight.

Sight. It does not want any great meaſure of Senſe to ſee the Ridicule of this monſtrous Practice; but what makes it the more aſtoniſhing, it is not the Taſte of the Rabble, but of Perſons of the greateſt Politeneſs, which has eſtabliſhed it.

IF the *Italians* have a Genius for Muſick above the *Engliſh*, the *Engliſh* have a Genius for other Performances of a much higher Nature, and capable of giving the Mind a much nobler Entertainment. Would one think it was poſſible (at a time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a People to be ſo ſtupidly fond of the *Italian* Opera, as ſcarce to give a third Day's Hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Muſick is certainly a very agreeable Entertainment: but if it would take the intire Poſſeſſion of our Ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing Senſe, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater Tendency to the Refinement of Human Nature; I muſt confeſs I would allow it no better Quarter than *Plato* has done, who baniſhes it out of his Commonwealth.

AT preſent, our Notions of Muſick are ſo very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are tranſported with any thing that is not *Engliſh*: So it be of a foreign Growth, let it be *Italian*, *French*, or *High-Dutch*, it is the ſame thing. In ſhort, our *Engliſh* Muſick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its ſtead.

WHEN a Royal Place is burnt to the Ground, every Man is at liberty to preſent his Plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furniſh ſeveral Hints that may be of Uſe to a good Architect. I ſhall take the ſame Liberty in a following Paper, of giving my Opinion upon the Subject of Muſick; which I ſhall lay down only in a problematical Manner, to be conſidered by thoſe who are Maſters in the Art. C

N° 19. *Thurſday, March* 22.

Dî bene fecerunt, inopis me quódque puſilli
Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentis.
Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 17.

Thank Heav'n that made me of an humble Mind;
To Action little, leſs to Words inclin'd!

OBSERVING one Perſon behold another, who was an utter Stranger to him, with a Caſt of his Eye, which, methought, expreſſed an Emotion of Heart very different from what could be raiſed by an Object ſo agreeable as the Gentleman he looked at, I began to conſider, not without ſome ſecret Sorrow, the Condition of an Envious Man. Some have fancied that Envy has a certain magical Force in it, and that the Eyes of the Envious have by their Faſcination blaſted the Enjoyments of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* ſays, Some have been ſo curious as to remark the Times and Seaſons when the Stroke of an envious Eye is moſt effectually pernicious, and have obſerved that it has been when the Perſon envied has been in any Circumſtance of Glory and Triumph. At ſuch a time the Mind of the proſperous Man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more expoſed to the Malignity. But I ſhall not dwell upon Speculations ſo abſtracted as this, or repeat the many excellent Things which one might collect out of Authors upon this miſerable Affection; but keeping in the Road of common Life, conſider the Envious Man with relation to theſe three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His Happineſs.

THE Envious Man is in Pain upon all Occaſions which ought to give him Pleaſure. The Reliſh of his Life is inverted; and the Objects which adminiſter the higheſt Satisfaction to thoſe who are exempt from this Paſſion, give the quickeſt Pangs to Perſons who are ſubject

ject to it. All the Perfections of their Fellow-Creatures are odious: Youth, Beauty, Valour, and Wiſdom are Provocations of their Diſpleaſure. What a Wretched and Apoſtate State is this! To be offended with Excellence, and to hate a Man becauſe we approve him! The Condition of the Envious Man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's Merit or Succeſs, but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a Plot againſt his Quiet, by ſtudying their own Happineſs and Advantage. *Will Proſper* is an honeſt Tale-bearer, he makes it his Buſineſs to join in Converſation with Envious Men. He points to ſuch an handſom young Fellow, and whiſpers that he is ſecretly married to a great Fortune: When they doubt, he adds Circumſtances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their Diſtreſs, by aſſuring 'em, that, to his Knowledge, he has an Uncle will leave him ſome Thouſands. *Will* has many Arts of this kind to torture this ſort of Temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change Colour, and ſay faintly they wiſh ſuch a Piece of News is true, he has the Malice to ſpeak ſome good or other of every Man of their Acquaintance.

THE Reliefs of the Envious Man are thoſe little Blemiſhes and Imperfections that diſcover themſelves in an Illuſtrious Character. It is matter of great Conſolation to an Envious Perſon, when a Man of known Honour does a thing unworthy himſelf: Or when any Action which was well executed, upon better Information appears ſo altered in its Circumſtances, that the Fame of it is divided among many, inſtead of being attributed to One. This is a ſecret Satisfaction to theſe Malignants; for the Perſon whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own Condition as ſoon as his Merit is ſhared among others. I remember ſome Years ago there came out an excellent Poem without the Name of the Author. The little Wits, who were incapable of Writing it, began to pull in Pieces the ſuppoſed Writer. When that would not do, they took great Pains to ſuppreſs the Opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next Refuge was to ſay it was overlooked by one Man, and many Pages wholly written by another. An honeſt Fellow who ſat among a

Cluſter of them in debate on this Subject, cried out, *Gentlemen, if you are ſure none of you your ſelves had an Hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the moſt uſual Succour to the Envious, in caſes of nameleſs Merit in this kind, is to keep the Property, if poſſible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the Reputation of it from falling upon any particular Perſon. You ſee an Envious Man clear up his Countenance, if in the Relation of any Man's Great Happineſs in one Point, you mention his Uneaſineſs in another. When he hears ſuch a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many Children. In a word, the only ſure Way to an Envious Man's Favour, is not to deſerve it.

BUT if we conſider the Envious Man in Delight, it is like reading the Seat of a Giant in a Romance; the Magnificence of his Houſe conſiſts in the many Limbs of Men whom he has ſlain. If any who promiſed themſelves Succeſs in any uncommon Undertaking miſcarry in the Attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been Uſeful and Laudable, meets with Contempt and Deriſion, the Envious Man, under the Colour of hating Vain-glory, can ſmile with an inward Wantonneſs of Heart at the ill Effect it may have upon an honeſt Ambition for the future.

HAVING throughly conſidered the Nature of this Paſſion, I have made it my Study to avoid the Envy that may accrue to me from theſe my Speculations; and if I am not miſtaken in my ſelf, I think I have a Genius to eſcape it. Upon hearing in a Coffee-houſe one of my Papers commended, I immediately apprehended the Envy that would ſpring from that Applauſe; and therefore gave a Deſcription of my Face the next Day; being reſolved, as I grow in Reputation for Wit, to reſign my Pretenſions to Beauty. This, I hope, may give ſome Eaſe to theſe unhappy Gentlemen, who do me the Honour to torment themſelves upon the Account of this my Paper. As their Caſe is very deplorable, and deſerves Compaſſion, I ſhall ſometimes be dull, in Pity to them, and will from time to time adminiſter Conſolations to them by further Diſcoveries of my Perſon. In the mean while, if any

any one ſays the SPECTATOR has Wit, it may be ſome Relief to them, to think that he does not ſhew it in Company. And if any one praiſes his Morality, they may comfort themſelves by conſidering that his Face is none of the longeſt. R

Nº 20. *Friday, March* 23.

——— Κύν' ὄμματ' ἔχων ———

Hom. Il. 1. l. 225.

Thou Dog in Forehead! ——— POPE.

AMONG the other hardy Undertakings which I have propoſed to myſelf, that of the Correction of Impudence is what I have very much at Heart. This in a particular Manner is my Province as SPECTATOR; for it is generally an Offence committed by the Eyes, and that againſt ſuch as the Offenders would perhaps never have an Opportunity of injuring any other Way. The following Letter is a Complaint of a young Lady, who ſets forth a Treſpaſs of this kind, with that Command of herſelf as befits Beauty and Innocence, and yet with ſo much Spirit as ſufficiently expreſſes her Indignation. The whole Tranſaction is performed with the Eyes; and the Crime is no leſs than employing them in ſuch a Manner, as to divert the Eyes of others from the beſt Uſe they can make of them, even looking up to Heaven.

SIR,

'THERE never was (I believe) an acceptable Man but had ſome aukward Imitators. Ever ſince the SPECTATOR appeared, have I remarked a kind of Men, whom I chooſe to call *Starers*; that without any regard to Time, Place or Modeſty, diſturb large Company with their impertinent Eyes.

'Spec-

'Spectators make up a proper Aſſembly for a Puppet-'Show or a Bear-Garden; but devout Supplicants and 'attentive Hearers, are the Audience one ought to ex-'pect in Churches. I am, Sir, Member of a ſmall 'pious Congregation near one of the North Gates of 'this City; much the greater Part of us indeed are 'Females, and uſed to behave ourſelves in a regular 'attentive manner, till very lately one whole Iſle has 'been diſturbed with one of theſe monſtrous Starers; 'he's the Head taller than any one in the Church; but 'for the greater Advantage of expoſing himſelf, ſtands 'upon a Haſſock, and commands the whole Congre-'gation, to the great Annoyance of the devouteſt Part 'of the Auditory; for what with Bluſhing, Confuſion, 'and Vexation, we can neither mind the Prayers nor 'Sermon. Your Animadverſion upon this Inſolence 'would be a great Favour to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

S. C.

I have frequently ſeen of this ſort of Fellows, and do not think there can be a greater Aggravation of an Offence, than that it is committed where the Criminal is protected by the Sacredneſs of the Place which he violates. Many Reflexions of this ſort might be very juſtly made upon this kind of Behaviour, but a *Starer* is not uſually a Perſon to be convinced by the Reaſon of the thing, and a Fellow that is capable of ſhewing an impudent Front before a whole Congregation, and can bear being a publick Spectacle, is not ſo eaſily rebuked as to amend by Admonitions. If therefore my Correſpondent does not inform me, that within ſeven Days after this Date the Barbarian does not at leaſt ſtand upon his own Legs only, without an Eminence, my Friend *Will Proſper* has promiſed to take an Haſſock oppoſite to him, and ſtare againſt him in Defence of the Ladies. I have given him Directions, according to the moſt exact Rules of Opticks, to place himſelf in ſuch a manner that he ſhall meet his Eyes where-ever he

he throws them: I have Hopes that when *Will* confronts him, and all the Ladies, in whoſe Behalf he engages him, caſt kind Looks and Wiſhes of Succeſs at their Champion, he will have ſome Shame, and feel a little of the Pain he has ſo often put others to, of being out of Countenance.

IT has indeed been Time out of Mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this Family of Starers have infeſted publick Aſſemblies: And I know no other Way to obviate ſo great an Evil, except, in the Caſe of fixing their Eyes upon Women, ſome Male Friend will take the Part of ſuch as are under the Oppreſſion of Impudence, and encounter the Eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them. While we ſuffer our Women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no Defence, but in the End to caſt yielding Glances at the Starers: And in this Caſe, a Man who has no Senſe of Shame has the ſame Advantage over his Miſtreſs, as he who has no regard for his own Life has over his Adverſary. While the Generality of the World are fettered by Rules and move by proper and juſt Methods; he who has no Reſpect to any of them, carries away the Reward due to that Propriety of Behaviour, with no other Merit, but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent Fellow to be a ſort of Outlaw in Good-breeding, and therefore what is ſaid of him no Nation or Perſon can be concerned for. For this Reaſon, one may be free upon him. I have put myſelf to great Pains in conſidering this prevailing Quality which we call Impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itſelf in a different manner according to the different Soils wherein ſuch Subjects of theſe Dominions, as are Maſters of it, were born. Impudence in an *Engliſhman* is ſullen and inſolent; in a *Scotchman* it is untractable and rapacious; in an *Iriſhman* abſurd and fawning: As the Courſe of the World now runs, the impudent *Engliſhman* behaves like a ſurly Landlord, the *Scot* like an ill received Gueſt, and the *Iriſhman* like a Stranger who knows he is not welcome. There is ſeldom any thing entertaining either in the Impudence of a *South* or *North-Briton*; but that of an *Iriſhman* is always

always Comick: A true and genuine Impudence is ever the Effect of Ignorance, without the leaſt Senſe of it: The beſt and moſt ſucceſsful Starers now in this Town, are of that Nation; they have uſually the Advantage of the Stature mentioned in the above Letter of my Correſpondent, and generally take their Stands in the Eye of Women of Fortune: Inſomuch that I have known one of them, three Months after he came from Plough, with a tolerable good Air lead out a Woman from a Play, which one of our own Breed, after four Years at *Oxford*, and two at the *Temple*, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but theſe People have uſually the Preference to our own Fools, in the Opinion of the ſillier Part of Womankind. Perhaps it is that an *Engliſh* Coxcomb is ſeldom ſo obſequious as an *Iriſh* one; and when the Deſign of pleaſing is viſible, an Abſurdity in the Way toward it is eaſily forgiven.

BUT thoſe who are downright impudent, and go on without Reflexion that they are ſuch, are more to be tolerated, than a ſet of Fellows among us who profeſs Impudence with an Air of Humour, and think to carry off the moſt inexcuſable of all Faults in the World, with no other Apology than ſaying in a gay Tone, *I put an Impudent Face upon the Matter.* No; no Man ſhall be allowed the Advantages of Impudence, who is conſcious that he is ſuch: If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwiſe; and it ſhall be expected that he bluſh, when he ſees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the Want of Modeſty; without which Beauty is ungraceful, and Wit deteſtable. R

Saturday,

N° 21. *Saturday, March* 24.

——— *Locus eſt & pluribus Umbris.*
Hor. Ep. 5. l. 1. v. 28.

There's room enough, and each may bring his Friend.
CREECH.

I AM ſometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great Profeſſions of Divinity, Law, and Phyſick; how they are each of them overburdened with Practitioners, and filled with multitudes of Ingenious Gentlemen that ſtarve one another.

WE may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-Officers, and Subalterns. Among the firſt we may reckon Biſhops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the ſecond are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarves. The reſt are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the firſt Claſs, our Conſtitution preſerves it from any redundancy of Incumbents, notwithſtanding Competitors are numberleſs. Upon a ſtrict Calculation, it is found that there has been a great Exceeding of late Years in the ſecond Diviſion, ſeveral Brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-Officers; inſomuch that within my Memory the Price of Luteſtring is raiſed above two Pence in a Yard. As for the Subalterns they are not to be numbred. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt Practice of the Laity, by the ſplitting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry moſt of the Elections in *England*.

THE Body of the Law is no leſs incumbered with ſuperfluous Members, that are like *Virgil*'s Army, which he tells us was ſo crouded, many of them had not Room to uſe their Weapons. This prodigious Society of Men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the firſt are comprehended all thoſe who are carried down in Coach-fulls to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, every Morning

Morning in Term-time. *Martial*'s Deſcription of this Species of Lawyers is full of Humour:

Iras & verba locant.

Men that hire out their Words and Anger; that are more or leſs paſſionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of Wrath proportionable to the Fee which they receive from him. I muſt however obſerve to the Reader, that above three Parts of thoſe whom I reckon among the Litigious are ſuch as are only quarrelſom in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of ſhewing their Paſſion at the Bar. Nevertheleſs, as they do not know what Strifes may ariſe, they appear at the Hall every Day, that they may ſhew themſelves in a Readineſs to enter the Liſts, whenever there ſhall be Occaſion for them.

THE Peaceable Lawyers are, in the firſt place, many of the Benchers of the ſeveral Inns of Court, who ſeem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with thoſe Qualifications of Mind that accompliſh a Man rather for a Ruler than a Pleader. Theſe Men live peaceably in their Habitations, eating once a Day, and dancing once a Year, for the Honour of their reſpective Societies.

ANOTHER numberleſs Branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are thoſe young Men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to ſtudy the Laws of their Country, frequent the Play-houſe more than *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and are ſeen in all publick Aſſemblies, except in a Court of Juſtice. I ſhall ſay nothing of thoſe Silent and Buſy Multitudes that are employed within Doors in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of thoſe greater Numbers that palliate their want of Buſineſs with a Pretence to ſuch Chamber-practice.

IF, in the third place, we look into the Profeſſion of Phyſick, we ſhall find a moſt formidable Body of Men: The Sight of them is enough to make a Man ſerious, for we may lay it down as a Maxim, that when a Nation abounds in Phyſicians it grows thin of People. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find out a Reaſon why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not ſend out ſuch prodigious Swarms, and over-run the World with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly; but had that excellent

Author

Author obſerved that there were no Students in Phyſick among the Subjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this Science very much flouriſhes in the North at preſent, he might have found a better Solution for this Difficulty than any of thoſe he has made uſe of. This Body of Men in our own Country, may be deſcribed like the *Britiſh* Army in *Cæſar*'s time: Some of them ſlay in Chariots, and ſome on Foot. If the Infantry do leſs Execution than the Charioteers, it is becauſe they cannot be carried ſo ſoon into all Quarters of the Town, and diſpatch ſo much Buſineſs in ſo ſhort a Time. Beſides this Body of Regular Troops, there are Stragglers, who without being duly liſted and enrolled, do infinite Miſchief to thoſe who are ſo unlucky as to fall into their Hands.

THERE are, beſides the abovementioned, innumerable Retainers to Phyſick, who for want of other Patients, amuſe themſelves with the ſtifling of Cats in an Air-Pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Inſects upon the Point of a Needle for Microſcopical Obſervations; beſides thoſe that are employed in the gathering of Weeds, and the Chaſe of Butterflies: not to mention the Cockleſhell-Merchants and Spider-catchers.

WHEN I conſider how each of theſe Profeſſions are crouded with Multitudes that ſeek their Livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them, who may be rather ſaid to be of the Science, than the Profeſſion; I very much wonder at the Humour of Parents, who will not rather chooſe to place their Sons in a way of Life where an honeſt Induſtry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greateſt Probity, Learning, and good Senſe may miſcarry. How many Men are Country-Curates, that might have made themſelves Aldermen of *London*, by a right Improvement of a ſmaller Sum of Money than what is uſually laid out upon a learned Education? A ſober frugal Perſon, of ſlender Parts and a ſlow Apprehenſion, might have thrived in Trade, though he ſtarves upon Phyſick; as a Man would be well enough pleaſed to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his Pulſe. *Vagellius* is careful, ſtudious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skull'd; he has not a ſingle Client, but might have had abundance of Cuſtomers. The Misfortune is, that Parents take a liking to

a

a particular Profeſſion, and therefore deſire their Sons may be of it: Whereas, in ſo great an Affair of Life, they ſhould conſider the Genius and Abilities of their Children, more than their own Inclinations.

IT is the great Advantage of a trading Nation, that there are very few in it ſo dull and heavy, who may not be placed in Stations of Life, which may give them an Opportunity of making their Fortunes. A well regulated Commerce is not, like Law, Phyſick, or Divinity, to be over-ſtocked with Hands; but, on the contrary, flouriſhes by Multitudes, and gives Employment to all its Profeſſors. Fleets of Merchant-men are ſo many Squadrons of floating Shops, that vend our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World, and find out Chapmen under both the Tropicks. C

N° 22. *Monday, March 26.*

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 188.

——— *Whatever contradicts my Senſe*
I hate to ſee, and never can believe. ROSCOMMON.

THE Word SPECTATOR being moſt uſually underſtood as one of the Audience at publick Repreſentations in our Theatres, I ſeldom fail of many Letters relating to Plays and Operas. But indeed there are ſuch monſtrous things done in both, that if one had not been an Eye-witneſs of them, one could not believe that ſuch Matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human Life, or is a Picture of Nature that is regarded by the greater Part of the Company. The Underſtanding is diſmiſſed from our Entertainments. Our Mirth is the Laughter of Fools, and our Admiration the Wonder of Idiots; elſe ſuch improbable, monſtrous, and incoherent Dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmoſt Scorn and Contempt, but even with the loudeſt Applauſe and Approbation. But the Letters of my Correſpondents will repreſent

ent this Affair in a more lively manner than any Diſcourſe f my own; I ſhall therefore give them to my Reader with only this Preparation, that they all come from Play-ers, and that the buſineſs of Playing is now ſo managed, hat you are not to be ſurpriſed when I ſay one or two of hem are rational, others ſenſitive and vegetative Actors, nd others wholly inanimate. I ſhall not place theſe as I have named them, but as they have Precedence in the Opinion of their Audience.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR having been ſo humble as to take notice of the Epiſtles of other Animals, emboldens me who am the wild Boar that was killed by Mrs. *Tofts*, to repreſent to you, That I think I was hardly uſed in not having the Part of the Lion in *Hydaſpes* given to me. It would have been but a natural Step for me to have perſonated that noble Creature, after having behaved my ſelf to Satisfaction in the Part above-mentioned: But that of a Lion is too great a Character for one that never trod the Stage before but upon two Legs. As for the little Reſiſtance which I made, I hope it may be excuſed, when it is conſidered that the Dart was thrown at me by ſo fair an Hand. I muſt confeſs I had but juſt put on my Brutality; and *Camilla*'s Charms were ſuch, that beholding her erect Mien, hearing her charming Voice, and aſtoniſhed with her graceful Motion, I could not keep up to my aſſumed Fierceneſs, but died like a Man.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Thomas Prone.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THIS is to let you underſtand, that the Play-houſe is a Repreſentation of the World in nothing ſo much as in this Particular, that no one riſes in it according to his Merit. I have acted ſeveral Parts of Houſhold-ſtuff with great Applauſe for many Years: I am one of the Men in the Hangings in the *Emperor of the Moon*; I have twice performed the third Chair in an *Engliſh* Opera; and have rehearſed the Pump in the

Fortune-

'*Fortune-Hunters*. I am now grown old, and hope you 'will recommend me ſo effectually, as that I may ſay 'ſomething before I go off the Stage: In which you 'will do a great Act of Charity to

Your moſt humble Servant,

William Screne.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UNDERSTANDING that Mr. *Screne* has writ 'to you, and deſired to be raiſed from dumb and 'ſtill Parts; I deſire, if you give him Motion or Speech, 'that you would advance me in my Way, and let me 'keep on in what I humbly preſume I am a Maſter, to 'wit, in repreſenting human and ſtill Life together. I 'have ſeveral times acted one of the fineſt Flower-pots in 'the ſame Opera wherein Mr. *Screne* is a Chair; there-'fore upon his Promotion, requeſt that I may ſucceed him 'in the Hangings, with my Hand in the Orange-Trees.

Your humble Servant,

Ralph Simple.

SIR, Drury-Lane, March 24, 1710-11.

'I Saw your Friend the Templar this Evening in the 'Pit, and thought he looked very little pleaſed with 'the Repreſentation of the mad Scene of the *Pilgrim*. I 'wiſh, Sir, you would do us the Favour to animadvert 'frequently upon the falſe Taſte the Town is in, with 'Relation to Plays as well as Operas. It certainly re-'quires a Degree of Underſtanding to play juſtly; but 'ſuch is our Condition, that we are to ſuſpend our Rea-'ſon to perform our Parts. As to Scenes of Madneſs, you 'know, Sir, there are noble Inſtances of this kind in '*Shakeſpear*; but then it is the Diſturbance of a noble 'Mind, from generous and humane Reſentments: It is 'like that Grief which we have for the Deceaſe of our 'Friends: It is no Diminution, but a Recommendation of 'human Nature, that in ſuch Incidents Paſſion gets the 'better of Reaſon; and all we can think to comfort our 'ſelves, is impotent againſt half what we feel. I will not 'mention that we had an Idiot in the Scene, and all the 'Senſe it is repreſented to have, is that of Luſt. As for my 'ſelf who have long taken pains in perſonating the Paſ-

'ſions,

ſions, I have to-night acted only an Appetite. The Part I play'd is Thirſt, but it is repreſented as written rather by a Dray-man than a Poet. I come in with a Tub about me, that Tub hung with Quart-pots, with a full Gallon at my Mouth. I am aſhamed to tell you that I pleaſed very much, and this was introduced as a Madneſs; but ſure it was not human Madneſs, for a Mule or an Aſs may have been as dry as ever I was in my Life.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient and humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *From the* Savoy *in the* Strand.

IF you can read it with dry Eyes, I give you this Trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate King *Latinus*, and believe I am the firſt Prince that dated from this Palace ſince *John of Gaunt*. Such is the Uncertainty of all human Greatneſs, that I who lately never moved without a Guard, am now preſſed as a common Soldier, and am to ſail with the firſt fair Wind againſt my Brother *Lewis of France*. It is a very hard thing to put off a Character which one has appeared in with Applauſe: This I experienced ſince the Loſs of my Diadem; for upon quarrelling with another Recruit, I ſpoke my Indignation out of my Part in *recitativo*;

——————— *Moſt audacious Slave,*
Dar'ſt thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave?

The Words were no ſooner out of my Mouth, when a Serjeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a mind to mutiny, in talking things no body underſtood. You ſee, Sir, my unhappy Circumſtances; and if by Your Mediation you can procure a Subſidy for a Prince (who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his Appearance) you will merit the Thanks of

Your Friend,

The King of *Latium*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Good of the Publick.

WITHIN two Doors of the Maſquerade lives an eminent Italian *Chirurgeon, arrived from the Carnival at* Venice,

Venice, *of great Experience in private Cures. Accommoda-tions are provided, and Perſons admitted in their Maſquing Habits.*

HE has cured ſince his coming thither, in leſs than a Fort-night, Four Scaramouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Two Turkiſh Baſſa's, Three Nuns, and a Morris-Dancer.

Venienti occurrite Morbo.

N. B. *ANY Perſon may agree by the Great, and be kept in Repair by the Year. The Doctor draws Teeth without pulling off your Mask.*

N° 23. *Tueſday, March 27.*

Sævit atrox Volſcens, nec teli conſpicit uſquam
Auctorem, nec quò ſe ardens immitere poſſit.

Virg. Æn. 9. v. 420

Fierce Volſcens *foams with Rage, and gazing round*
Deſcry'd not him, who gave the fatal Wound;
Nor knew to fix Revenge. ——— DRYDEN

THERE is nothing that more betrays a baſe unge-nerous Spirit, than the giving of ſecret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satires, that are writtten with Wit and Spirit, are like poiſoned Darts which not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. For this Reaſon I am very much troubled when I ſee the Talents of Humour and Ridicule in the Poſſeſſion of an ill-natured Man. There cannot be a greater Gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to ſtir up Sorrow in the Heart of a private Perſon, to raiſe Uneaſineſs among near Relations, and to expoſe whole Familes to Deriſion, at the ſame time that he remains unſeen and undiſcovered. If, beſides the Accompliſhments of being witty and ill-natured, a Man is vicious into the Bargain, he is one of the moſt miſchievous Creatures that can en-ter into a Civil Society. His Satire will then chiefly fall upon thoſe who ought to be the moſt exempt from it.

Virtue

Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is Praiſe-worthy, will be made the Subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It is impoſſible to enumerate the Evils which ariſe from theſe Arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other Excuſe that is or can be made for them, than that the Wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a ſecret Shame or Sorrow in the Mind of the ſuffering Perſon. It muſt indeed be confeſs'd, that a Lampoon or Satire do not carry in them Robbery or Murder; but at the ſame time, how many are there that would not rather loſe a conſiderable Sum of Money, or even Life it ſelf, than be ſet up as a Mark of Infamy and Deriſion? and in this Caſe a Man ſhould conſider, that an Injury is not to be meaſured by the Notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

THOSE who can put the beſt Countenance upon the Outrages of this Nature which are offered them, are not without their ſecret Anguiſh. I have often obſerved a Paſſage in *Socrates*'s Behaviour at his Death, in a Light wherein none of the Criticks have conſidered it. That excellent Man, entertaining his Friends, a little before he drank the Bowl of Poiſon, with a Diſcourſe on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entring upon it, ſays, that he does not believe any the moſt Comick Genius can cenſure him for talking upon ſuch a Subject at ſuch a time. This Paſſage, I think, evidently glances upon *Ariſtophanes*, who writ a Comedy on purpoſe to ridicule the Diſcourſes of that Divine Philoſopher. It has been obſerved by many Writers, that *Socrates* was ſo little moved at this piece of Buffoonry, that he was ſeveral times preſent at it being acted upon the Stage, and never expreſſed the leaſt Reſentment of it. But with Submiſſion, I think the Remark I have here made ſhews us, that this unworthy Treatment made an Impreſſion upon his Mind, though he had been too wiſe to diſcover it.

WHEN *Julius Cæſar* was lampoon'd by *Catullus*, he invited him to a Supper, and treated him with ſuch a generous Civility, that he made the Poet his Friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the ſame kind Treatment to the learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous *Latin* Poem. The Cardinal ſmiled at for him, and after ſome kind Expoſtulations upon

what

what he had written, aſſured him of his Eſteem, a diſmiſſed him with a Promiſe of the next good Abbey t ſhould fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him a few Months after. This had ſo good an Effect up the Author, that he dedicated the ſecond Edition of Book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the Paſſa which had given him Offence.

SEXTUS QUINTUS was not of ſo generous a forgiving a Temper. Upon his being made Pope, Statue of *Paſquin* was one Night dreſſed in a very di Shirt, with an Excuſe written under it, that he forced to wear foul Linen, becauſe his Laundreſs made a Princeſs. This was a Reflexion upon the Pop Siſter, who, before the Promotion of her Brother, in thoſe mean Circumſtances that *Paſquin* repreſented h As this Paſquinade made a great Noiſe in *Rome*, the P offered a conſiderable Sum of Money to any Perſon t ſhould diſcover the Author of it. The Author rely upon his Holineſs's Generoſity, as alſo on ſome priv Overtures which he had received from him, made Diſcovery himſelf; upon which the Pope gave him Reward he had promiſed, but at the ſame time, to di ble the Satiriſt for the future, ordered his Tongue to cut out, and both his Hands to be chopped of. *Are* is too trite an Inſtance. Every one knows that all Kings in *Europe* were his Tributaries. Nay, there Letter of his extant, in which he makes his Boaſts t he had laid the Sophy of *Perſia* under Contribution,

THOUGH in the various Examples which I h here drawn together, theſe ſeveral great Men beha themſelves very differently towards the Wits of the who had reproached them; they all of them plainly ſh ed that they were very ſenſible of their Reproaches, conſequently that they recived them as very great juries. For my own part, I would never truſt a M that I thought was capable of giving theſe ſecret Woun and cannot but think that he would hurt the Perſo whoſe Reputation he thus aſſaults, in his Body or in Fortune, could he do it with the ſame Security. Th is indeed ſomething very barbarous and inhuman in ordinary Scribblers of Lampoons. An innocent yo Lady ſhall be expoſed, for an unhappy Feature. A

ther of a Family turned to Ridicule, for ſome domeſtick Calamity. A Wife be made uneaſy all her Life, for a miſinterpreted Word or Action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a juſt Man, ſhall be put out of Countenance by the Repreſentation of thoſe Qualities that ſhould do him Honour. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedleſs inconſiderate Writers, that without any Malice have ſacrificed the Reputation of their Friends and Acquaintance, to a certain Levity of Temper, and a ſilly Ambition of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by a Spirit of Rallery and Satire: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured Man, than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant Humour in an Author, he is often very miſchievous without deſigning to be ſo. For which Reaſon I always lay it down as a Rule, that an indiſcreet Man is more hurtful than an ill-natur'd one; for as the latter will only attack his Enemies, and thoſe he wiſhes ill to; the other injures indifferently both Friends and Foes. I cannot forbear, on this Occaſion, tranſcribing a Fable out of Sir *Roger l'Eſtrange*, which accidentally lies before me.

'A Company of waggiſh Boys were watching of Frogs 'at the ſide of a Pond, and ſtill as any of 'em put up their 'Heads, they'd be pelting them down again with Stones. '*Children* (ſays one of the Frogs) *you never conſider that 'tho' this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

AS this Week is in a manner ſet apart and dedicated to ſerious Thoughts, I ſhall indulge my ſelf in ſuch Speculations as may not be altogether unſuitable to the Seaſon; and in the mean time, as the ſettling in our ſelves a Charitable Frame of Mind is a Work very proper for the Time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expoſe that particular Breach of Charity which has been generally overlooked by Divines, becauſe they are but few who can be guilty of it. C

N° 24. *Wedneſday, March* 28.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm;
Arreptâque manu, Quid agis dulciſſime rerum?
Hor. Sat. 9. l. 1. v.

Comes up a Fop (I knew him but by fame)
And ſeiz'd my Hand, and call'd me by Name——
——My Dear! — how doſt?

THRE are in this Town a great Number of inſignificant People, who are by no means fit for the better ſort of Converſation, and yet have an impertinent Ambition of appearing with thoſe to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the *Park*, one of them will certainly join with you, tho' you are in Company with Ladies; if you drink a Bottle, they will find your Haunts. What makes ſuch Fellows the more burdenſom, is, that they neither offend nor pleaſe ſo far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I preſume, for this Reaſon, that my Correſpondents are willing by my Means to be rid of them. The two following Letters are writ by Perſons who ſuffer by ſuch Impertinence. A worthy old Bachelor, who ſets in for his Doſe of Claret every Night at ſuch an Hour, is teazed by a Swarm of them; who becauſe they are ſure of Room and good Fire, have taken it in their Heads to keep a ſort of Club in his Company; tho' the ſober Gentleman himſelf is an utter Enemy to ſuch Meetings.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Averſion I for ſome Years have had to Clubs 'in general, gave me a perfect Reliſh for your 'Speculation on that Subject; but I have ſince been ex'tremely mortified, by the malicious World's ranking 'me amongſt the Supporters of ſuch impertinent Aſſem'blies. I beg leave to ſtate my Caſe fairly; and that 'done, I ſhall expect Redreſs from your judicious Pen.

'I am

'I am, Sir, a Bachelor of ſome ſtanding, and a Traveller; my Buſineſs, to conſult my own Humour, which I gratify without controlling other People's; I have a Room and a whole Bed to myſelf; and I have a Dog, a Fiddle, and a Gun; they pleaſe me, and injure no Creature alive. My chief Meal is a Supper, which I always make at a Tavern. I am conſtant to an Hour, and not ill-humoured; for which Reaſons, tho' I invite no Body, I have no ſooner ſupp'd, than I have a Crowd about me of that ſort of good Company that know not whither elſe to go. It is true every Man pays his Share; yet as they are Intruders, I have an undoubted Right to be the only Speaker, or at leaſt the loudeſt; which I maintain, and that to the great Emolument of my Audience. I ſometimes tell them their own in pretty free Language; and ſometimes divert them with merry Tales, according as I am in Humour. I am one of thoſe who live in Taverns to a great Age, by a ſort of regular Intemperance; I never go to Bed drunk, but always fluſter'd; I wear away very gently, am apt to be peeviſh, but never angry. *Mr.* SPECTATOR, If you have kept various Company, you know there is in every Tavern in Town ſome old Humouriſt or other, who is Maſter of the Houſe as much as he that keeps it. The Drawers are all in Awe of him; and all the Cuſtomers, who frequent his Company, yield him a ſort of comical Obedience. I do not know but I may be ſuch a Fellow as this myſelf. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a Club, becauſe ſo many Impertinents will break in upon me, and come without Appointment? *Clinch* of *Barnet* has a nightly Meeting, and ſhows to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only Actor. Why ſhould People miſcal things? If his is allow'd to be a Conſort, why mayn't mine be a Lecture? However, Sir, I ſubmit it to you, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, &c.

Tho. Kinbow.

Good Sir,

YOU and I were preſs'd againſt each other
Winter in a Crowd, in which uneaſy Poſture
ſuffer'd together for almoſt half an Hour. I tha
you for all your Civilities ever ſince, in being of
Acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the ot
Day you pull'd off your Hat to me in the *Park* wh
I was walking with my Miſtreſs. She did not li
your Air, and ſaid ſhe wondered what ſtrange Fello
I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, conſider it is
much as my Life is worth, if ſhe ſhould think we we
intimate; therefore I earneſtly intreat you for the futu
to take no manner of Notice of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,

Will. Faſhio

A like Impertinence is alſo very troubleſome to t
ſuperior and more intelligent Part of the fair Sex.
is, it ſeems, a great Inconvenience, that thoſe of t
meaneſt Capacities will pretend to make Viſits, tho' i
deed they are qualified rather to add to the Furniture
the Houſe (by filling an empty Chair) than to the Co
verſation they come into when they viſit. A Friend
mine hopes for Redreſs in this Caſe, by the Publicati
of her Letter in my Paper; which ſhe thinks thoſe
would be rid of will take to themſelves. It ſeems
be written with an Eye to one of thoſe pert giddy
thinking Girls, who upon the Recommendation only
an agreeable Perſon, and a faſhionable Air, take the
ſelves to be upon a Level with Women of the grea
Merit.

MADAM,

I TAKE this Way to acquaint you with what co
mon Rules and Forms would never permit me
tell you otherwiſe; to wit, that you and I, tho' Equ
in Quality and Fortune, are by no means ſuitable Co
panions. You are, 'tis true, very pretty, can dan
and make a very good Figure in a publick Aſſembl

but alas, Madam, you muſt go no further; Diſtance and Silence are your beſt Recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more Viſits. You come in a literal Senſe to ſee one, for you have nothing to ſay. I do not ſay this, that I would by any Means loſe your Acquaintance; but I would keep it up with the ſtricteſt Forms of Good-breeding. Let us pay Viſits, but never ſee one another: If you will be ſo good as to deny your ſelf always to me, I ſhall return the Obligation by giving the ſame Orders to my Servants. When Accident makes us meet at a third Place, we may mutually lament the Misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the ſame Party to a Benefit-Play, and ſmile at each other, and put down Glaſſes as we paſs in our Coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each other's Friendſhip as we are capable: For there are ſome People who are to be known only by Sight, with which ſort of Friendſhip I hope you will always honour,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

Mary Tueſday.

P. S. 'I ſubſcribe myſelf by the Name of the Day I keep, that my ſupernumerary Friends may know who I am.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all Miſtakes, that may happen among Gentlemen of the other End of the Town, who come but once a Week to St. James's *Coffee-houſe, either by miſcalling the Servants, or requiring ſuch things from them as are not properly within their reſpective Provinces; this is to give Notice, that* Kidney, *Keeper of the Book-Debts of the outgoing Cuſtomers, and Obſerver of thoſe who go off without paying, having reſign'd that Employment, is ſucceeded by* John Sowton; *to whoſe Place of Enterer of Meſſages and firſt Coffee-Grinder* William Bird *is promoted; and* Samuel Burdock *comes as Shoe-Cleaner in the Room of the ſaid* Bird.

N° 25. *Thurſday, March* 29.

——*Ægreſcitque medendo.* Virg. Æn. 12. v. 46.

And ſickens by the very means of Health.

THE following Letter will explain itſelf, and needs no Apology.

SIR,

'I AM one of that ſickly Tribe who are commonly 'known by the Name of *Valetudinarians*; and do 'confeſs to you, that I firſt contracted this ill Habit of Body, or rather of Mind, by the Study of 'Phyſick. I no ſooner began to peruſe Books of this 'Nature, but I found my Pulſe was irregular; and 'ſcarce ever read the Account of any Diſeaſe that I did 'not fancy myſelf afflicted with. Doctor *Sydenham*'s 'learned Treatiſe of Fevers threw me into a lingring 'Hectick, which hung upon me all the while I was 'reading that excellent Piece. I then applied myſelf 'to the Study of ſeveral Authors, who have written 'upon Phthifical Diſtempers, and by that means fell 'into a Conſumption; till at length, growing very fat, 'I was in a manner ſhamed out of that Imagination. 'Not long after this I found in myſelf all the Symptoms 'of the Gout, except Pain; but was cured of it by a 'Treatiſe upon the Gravel, written by a very Ingenious 'Author, who (as it is uſual for Phyſicians to convert 'one Diſtemper into another) eaſed me of the Gout 'by giving me the Stone. I at length ſtudied myſelf 'into a Complication of Diſtempers; but, accidentally 'taking into my Hand that Ingenious Diſcourſe written by *Sanctorius*, I was reſolved to direct myſelf by 'a Scheme of Rules, which I had collected from his 'Obſervations. The learned World are very well acquainted with that Gentleman's Invention; who, for

'the

the better carrying on of his Experiments, contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, which was ſo Artificially hung upon Springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a Pair of Scales. By this means he diſcovered how many Ounces of his Food paſs'd by Perſpiration, what Quantity of it was turned into Nouriſhment, and how much went away by the other Channels and Diſtributions of Nature.

'HAVING provided myſelf with this Chair, I uſed to Study, Eat, Drink, and Sleep in it; Inſomuch that I may be ſaid, for theſe three laſt Years, to have lived in a Pair of Scales. I compute myſelf, when I am in full Health, to be preciſely Two hundred Weight, falling ſhort of it about a Pound after a Day's Faſt, and exceeding it as much after a very full Meal; ſo that it is my continual Employment, to trim the Balance between theſe two Volatile Pounds in my Conſtitution. In my ordinary Meals I fetch myſelf up to two hundred Weight and half a Pound; and if after having dined I find myſelf fall ſhort of it, I drink juſt ſo much Small Beer, or eat ſuch a Quantity of Bread, as is ſufficient to make me weight. In my greateſt Exceſſes I do not tranſgreſs more than the other half Pound; which, for my Health's ſake, I do the firſt *Monday* in every Month. As ſoon as I find myſelf duly poiſed after Dinner, I walk till I have perſpired five Ounces and four Scruples; and when I diſcover, by my Chair, that I am ſo far reduced, I fall to my Books, and ſtudy away three Ounces more. As for the remaining Parts of the Pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and ſup by the Clock, but by my Chair; for when that informs me my Pound of Food is exhauſted, I conclude myſelf to be hungry, and lay in another with all Diligence. In my Days of Abſtinence I loſe a Pound and an half, and on ſolemn Faſts am two Pound lighter than on other Days in the Year.

'I allow myſelf, one Night with another, a Quarter of a Pound of Sleep within a few Grains more or leſs; and if upon my riſing I find that I have not conſumed my whole Quantity, I take out the reſt in my Chair. Upon an exact Calculation of what I expended and

'received the laſt Year, which I always regiſter in a 'Book, I find the Medium to be Two hundred Weight, 'ſo that I cannot diſcover that I am impaired one 'Ounce in my Health during a whole Twelvemonth. 'And yet, Sir, notwithſtanding this my great Care to 'ballaſt myſelf equally every Day, and to keep my 'Body in its proper Poiſe, ſo it is that I find myſelf in 'a ſick and languiſhing Condition. My Complexion is 'grown very ſallow, my Pulſe low, and my Body Hy. 'dropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to conſider 'me as your Patient, and to give me more certain 'Rules to walk by than thoſe I have already obſerved, 'and you will very much oblige

Your humble Servant.

THIS Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian* Epitaph written on the Monument of a *Valetudinarian*; *Stava ben, ma per ſtar Meglio ſto qui:* Which it is impoſſible to tranſlate. The Fear of Death often proves Mortal, and ſets People on Methods to ſave their Lives, which infallibly deſtroy them. This is a Reflexion made by ſome Hiſtorians, upon obſerving that there are many more thouſands killed in a Flight than in a Battle; and may be applied to thoſe Multitudes of imaginary Sick Perſons that break their Conſtitutions by Phyſick, and throw themſelves into the Arms of Death, by endeavouring to eſcape it. This Method is not only dangerous but below the Practice of a Reaſonable Creature. To conſult the Preſervation of Life, as the only End of it, To make our Health our Buſineſs, To engage in no Action that is not part of a Regimen, or Courſe of Phyſick; are Purpoſes ſo abject, ſo mean, ſo unworthy human Nature, that a generous Soul would rather die than ſubmit to them. Beſides, that a continual Anxiety for Life vitiates all the Reliſhes of it, and caſts a Gloom over the whole Face of Nature; as it is impoſſible we ſhould take Delight in any thing that we are every Moment afraid of loſing.

I do not mean, by what I have here ſaid, that I think any one to blame for taking due Care of their Health. On the contrary, as Chearfulneſs of Mind, and Capacity for Buſineſs, are in a great meaſure the Effects of a well-

well-temper'd Conſtitution, a Man cannot be at too much Pains to cultivate and preſerve it. But this Care, which we are prompted to, not only by common Senſe, but by Duty and Inſtinct, ſhould never engage us in groundleſs Fears, melancholy Apprehenſions, and imaginary Diſtempers, which are natural to every Man who is more anxious to Live than How to live. In ſhort, the Preſervation of Life ſhould be only a ſecondary Concern, and the Direction of it our Principal. If we have this Frame of Mind, we ſhall take the beſt Means to preſerve Life, without being over-ſolicitous about the Event; and ſhall arrive at that Point of Felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the Perfection of Happineſs, of neither fearing nor wiſhing for Death.

IN anſwer to the Gentleman, who tempers his Health by Ounces and by Scruples, and, inſtead of complying with thoſe natural Solicitations of Hunger and Thirſt, Drowſineſs or Love of Exerciſe, governs himſelf by the Preſcriptions of his Chair, I ſhall tell him a ſhort Fable. *Jupiter*, ſays the Mythologiſt, to reward the Piety of a certain Countryman, promiſed to give him whatever he would ask: The Countryman deſired that he might have the Management of the Weather in his own Eſtate: He obtained his Requeſt, and immediately diſtributed Rain, Snow, and Sunſhine among his ſeveral Fields, as he thought the Nature of the Soil required. At the end of the Year, when he expected to ſee a more than ordinary Crop, his Harveſt fell infinitely ſhort of that of his Neighbours: Upon which (ſays the Fable) he deſired *Jupiter* to take the Weather again into his own Hands, or that otherwiſe he ſhould utterly ruin himſelf. C

N° 26. *Friday, March* 30.

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti.
Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam,
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia ———

Hor. Od. 4. l. 1. v. 13.

With equal Foot, rich Friend, impartial Fate,
Knocks at the Cottage, and the Palace Gate:
Life's Span forbids thee to extend thy Cares,
And ſtretch thy Hopes beyond thy Years:
Night ſoon will ſeize, and you muſt quickly go
To ſtory'd Ghoſts, and Pluto's *Houſe below.*

CREECH.

WHEN I am in a ſerious Humour, I very often walk by myſelf in *Weſtminſter*-Abbey; where the Gloomineſs of the Place, and the Uſe to which it is applied, with the Solemnity of the Building, and the Condition of the People who lie in it, are apt to fill the Mind with a kind of Melancholy, or rather Thoughtfulneſs, that is not diſagreeable. I Yeſterday paſſed a whole Afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloiſters, and the Church, amuſing myſelf with the Tomb-ſtones and Inſcriptions that I met with in thoſe ſeveral Regions of the Dead. Moſt of them recorded nothing elſe of the buried Perſon, but that he was born upon one Day and died upon another: The whole Hiſtory of his Life being comprehended in thoſe two Circumſtances, that are common to all Mankind. I could not but look upon theſe Regiſters of Exiſtence, whether of Braſs or Marble, as a kind of Satire upon the departed Perſons; who had left no other Memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of ſeveral Perſons mentioned

oned in the Battles of Heroic Poems, who have ſound-g Names given them, for no other Reaſon but that ey may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but eing knocked on the Head.

Γλαύκον τε Μεδόντα τε Θερσιλόχόν τε. Hom.
Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therſilochumque. Virg.
Glaucus, and *Medon*, and *Therſilochus*.

The Life of theſe Men is finely deſcribed in Holy Writ *y the Path of an Arrow*, which is immediately cloſed p and loſt.

UPON my going into the Church, I entertained myſelf with the digging of a Grave; and ſaw in every hovel-full of it that was thrown up, the Fragment of Bone or Skull intermixt with a kind of freſh mouldering Earth that ſome time or other had a Place in the Com-poſition of an human Body. Upon this I began to conſider with myſelf what innumerable Multitudes of People lay confuſed together under the Pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends nd Enemies, Prieſts and Soldiers, Monks and Preben-aries, were crumbled amongſt one another, and blended ogether in the ſame common Maſs; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, with Old-age, Weakneſs, and Deformity, lay undiſtinguiſhed in the ſame promiſcuous Heap of Matter.

AFTER having thus ſurveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were in the Lump; I examined it more particularly by the Accounts which I found on everal of the Monuments which are raiſed in every Quarter of that ancient Fabrick. Some of them were overed with ſuch extravagant Epitaphs, that if it were poſſible for the dead Perſon to be acquainted with them, he would bluſh at the Praiſes which his Friends have beſtowed upon him. There are others ſo exceſſively Modeſt, that they deliver the Character of the Perſon departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew*, and by that means are not underſtood once in a Twelvemonth. In the Poe-tical Quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets. I

obſerved

obſerved indeed that the preſent War had filled the Church with many of theſe uninhabited Monuments, which had been erected to the Memory of Perſons whoſe Bodies were perhaps buried in the Plains of *Blenheim*, or in the Boſom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with ſeveral modern Epitaphs, which are written with great Elegance of Expreſſion and Juſtneſs of Thought, and therefore do Honour to the Living as well as to the Dead. As a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an Idea of the Ignorance or Politeneſs of a Nation from the Turn of their publick Monuments and Inſcriptions, they ſhould be ſubmitted to the Peruſal of Men of Learning and Genius before they are put in Execution. Sir *Cloudeſley Shovel*'s Monument has very often given me great Offence: Inſtead of the brave rough *Engliſh* Admiral, which was the diſtinguiſhing Character of that plain gallant Man, he is repreſented on his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dreſſed in a long Periwig, and repoſing himſelf upon Velvet Cuſhions under a Canopy of State. The Inſcription is anſwerable to the Monument; for inſtead of celebrating the many remarkable Actions he had performed in the Service of his Country, it acquaints us only with the Manner of his Death, in which it was impoſſible for him to reap any Honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to deſpiſe for want of Genius, ſhew an infinitely greater taſte of Antiquity and Politeneſs in their Buildings and Works of this Nature, than what we meet with in thoſe of our own Country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick Expence, repreſent them like themſelves; and are adorned with roſtral Crowns and naval Ornaments, with beautiful Feſtoons of Sea-weed, Shells, and Coral.

BUT to return to our Subject. I have left the Repoſitory of our *Engliſh* Kings for the Contemplation of another Day, when I ſhall find my Mind diſpoſed for ſo ſerious an Amuſement. I know that Entertainments of this Nature are apt to raiſe dark and diſmal Thoughts in timorous Minds, and gloomy Imaginations;

ations; but for my own part, though I am always rious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; nd can therefore take a View of Nature in her deep nd ſolemn Scenes, with the ſame Pleaſure as in her oſt gay and delightful ones. By this means I can mprove myſelf with thoſe Objects, which others con-ider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of he Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Deſire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Pa-ents upon a Tomb-ſtone, my Heart melts with Com-paſſion; when I ſee the Tomb of the Parents them-ſelves, I conſider the Vanity of grieving for thoſe whom we muſt quickly follow: When I ſee Kings lying by thoſe who depoſed them, when I conſider rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Conteſts and Diſputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Aſtoniſhment on the little Com-petitions, Factions, and Debates of Mankind. When I read the ſeveral Dates of the Tombs, of ſome that died Yeſterday, and ſome ſix hundred Years ago, I conſider that great Day when we ſhall all of us be Contem-poraries, and make our Appearance together. C

Saturday,

N 27. *Saturday, March* 31.

Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, dieſque
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger Annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit Cuſtodia matrum;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque Tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter id, quod
Æquè pauperibus prodeſt, Locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit.

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 20.

IMITATED.

Long as to him, who works for Debt, the Day;
Long as the Night to her, whoſe Love's away:
Long as the Year's dull Circle ſeems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty one:
So ſlow th' unprofitable Moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my Soul;
That keep me from myſelf, and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant Buſineſs to a future Day:
That Task, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The Eldeſt is a Fool, the Youngeſt Wiſe:
Which done, the Pooreſt can no Wants endure;
And which not done, the Richeſt muſt be Poor. POPE.

THERE is ſcarce a thinking Man in the World, who is involved in the Buſineſs of it, but lives under a ſecret Impatience of the Hurry and Fatigue he ſuffers, and has formed a Reſolution to fix himſelf, one time or other, in ſuch a State as is ſuitable to the End of his Being. You hear Men every Day in Converſation profeſs that all the Honour, Power and Riches, which they propoſe to themſelves, cannot give Satisfaction enough to reward them for half the Anxiety they undergo in the Purſuit, or Poſſeſſion of them. While Men are in this Temper, (which happens very frequently) how inconſiſtent are they with themſelves? They are wearied with the Toil they bear, but cannot find in their Hearts

Hearts to relinquiſh it; Retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themſelves to it: While they pant after Shade and Covert, they ſtill affect to appear in the moſt glittering Scenes of Life: but ſure this is but juſt as reaſonable as if a Man ſhould call for more Lights, when he has a mind to go to ſleep.

SINCE then it is certain that our own Hearts deceive us in the Love of the World, and that we cannot command our ſelves enough to reſign it, tho' we every Day wiſh our ſelves diſengaged from its Allurements; let us not ſtand upon a formal taking of Leave, but wean our ſelves from them, while we are in the midſt of them.

IT is certainly the general Intention of the greater Part of Mankind to accompliſh this Work, and live according to their own Approbation, as ſoon as they poſſibly can: But ſince the Duration of Life is ſo uncertain, and that has been a common Topick of Diſcourſe ever ſince there was ſuch a thing as Life it ſelf, how is it poſſible that we ſhould defer a Moment the beginning to live according to the Rules of Reaſon?

THE Man of Buſineſs has ever ſome one Point to carry and then he tells himſelf he'll bid adieu to all the Vanity of Ambition: The Man of Pleaſure reſolves to take his Leave at leaſt, and part civilly with his Miſtreſs; but the Ambitious Man is entangled every Moment in a freſh Purſuit, and the Lover ſees new Charms in the Object he fancied he could abandon. It is therefore a fantaſtical way of thinking, when we promiſe our ſelves an Alteration in our Conduct from change of Place, and difference of Circumſtances; the ſame Paſſions will attend us whereever we are 'till they are Conquered; and we can never live to our Satisfaction in the deepeſt Retirement, unleſs we are capable of living ſo in ſome meaſure amidſt the Noiſe and Buſineſs of the World.

I have ever thought Men were better known, by what could be obſerved of them from a Peruſal of their private Letters, than any other way. My Friend the Clergyman, the other Day, upon ſerious Diſcourſe with him concerning the Danger of Procraſtination, gave me the following Letters from Perſons with whom he lives in great Friendſhip and Intimacy, according to the good

Breeding

Breeding and good Senſe of his Character. The firſt is from a Man of Buſineſs, who is his Convert: The ſecond from one of whom he conceives good Hopes: The third from one who is in no State at all, but carried one way and another by ſtarts.

SIR,

'I Know not with what Words to expreſs to you the 'Senſe I have of the high Obligation you have laid 'upon me, in the Penance you enjoin'd me of doing 'ſome Good or other to a Perſon of Worth every Day 'I live. The Station I am in furniſhes me with daily 'Opportunities of this kind: And the noble Principle 'with which you have inſpired me, of Benevolence to 'all I have to deal with, quickens my Application in 'every thing I undertake. When I relieve Merit from 'Diſcountenance, when I aſſiſt a friendleſs Perſon, when 'I produce concealed Worth, I am diſpleaſed with my 'ſelf, for having deſigned to leave the World in order 'to be virtuous. I am ſorry you decline the Occaſions 'which the Condition I am in might afford me of en-'larging your Fortunes; but know I contribute more 'to your Satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the 'better Man, from the Influence and Authority you 'have over,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged and
moſt humble Servant,

R. O.

SIR,

'I AM intirely convinced of the Truth of what you 'were pleaſed to ſay to me, when I was laſt with 'you alone. You told me then of the ſilly way I was 'in; but you told me ſo, as I ſaw you loved me, other-'wiſe I could not obey your Commands in letting you 'know my Thoughts ſo ſincerely as I do at preſent. I 'know *the Creature for whom I reſign ſo much of my Cha-'racter*, is all that you ſaid of her; but then the Trifler 'has ſomething in her ſo undeſigning, and harmleſs, that 'her Guilt in one kind diſappears by the Compariſon of

'her

her Innocence in another. Will you, virtuous Men, allow no Alteration of Offences? Muſt dear *Chloe* be called by the hard Name you pious People give to common Women? I keep the ſolemn Promiſe I made you in writing to you the State of my Mind, after your kind Admonition; and will endeavour to get the better of this Fondneſs, which makes me ſo much her humble Servant, that I am almoſt aſhamed to Subſcribe my ſelf yours,

T. D.

SIR,

THERE is no State of Life ſo Anxious as that of a Man who does not live according to the Dictates of his own Reaſon. It will ſeem odd to you, when I aſſure you that my Love of Retirement firſt of all brought me to Court; but this will be no Riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed my ſelf here with a Deſign of getting ſo much Money as might enable me to purchaſe a handſom Retreat in the Country. At preſent my Circumſtances enable me, and my Duty prompts me, to paſs away the remaining Part of my Life in ſuch a Retirement as I at firſt propoſed to my ſelf; but to my great Misfortune I have intirely loſt the Reliſh of it, and ſhould now return to the Country with greater Reluctance than I at firſt came to Court. I am ſo unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are Trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greateſt Importance: In ſhort, I find a Conteſt in my own Mind between Reaſon and Faſhion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the World and out of it, at the ſame time. Let me beg of you to explain this Paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my Life, if poſſible, both to my Duty and my Inclination. I am

Your moſt humble Servant,

R. B.

Monday,

N° 28. *Monday, April* 2.

——— *Neque ſemper arcum*
Tendit Apollo. Hor. Od. 10. l. 2. v. 19.

Nor does Apollo *always bend his Bow.*

I Shall here preſent my Reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the Embelliſhment of the City, and to the driving Barbarity out of our Streets. I conſider it as a Satire upon Projectors in general, and a lively Picture of the whole Art of Modern Criticiſm.

SIR,

'OBſerving that you have Thoughts of creating certain Officers under you, for the Inſpection of ſeveral petty Enormities which you your ſelf cannot attend to; and finding daily Abſurdities hung out upon the Sign-Poſts of this City, to the great Scandal of Foreigners, as well as thoſe of our own Country, who are curious Spectators of the ſame: I do humbly propoſe, that you would be pleaſed to make me your Superintendent of all ſuch Figures and Devices as are or ſhall be made uſe of on this Occaſion; with full Powers to rectify or expunge whatever I ſhall find irregular or defective. For want of ſuch an Officer, there is nothing like ſound Literature and good Senſe to be met with in thoſe Objects, that are every where thruſting themſelves out to the Eye, and endeavouring to become viſible. Our Streets are filled with blue Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not to mention flying Pigs and Hogs in Armour, with many other Creatures more extraordinary than any in the Deſerts of *Africk*. Strange! that one who has all the Birds and Beaſts in Nature to chooſe out of, ſhould live at the Sign of an *Ens Rationis!*

MY

'MY firſt Task therefore ſhould be, like that of *Hercules*, to clear the City from Monſters. In the ſecond Place I would forbid, that Creatures of jarring and incongruous Natures ſhould be join'd together in the ſame Sign; ſuch as the Bell and the Neat's-Tongue, the Dog and the Gridiron. The Fox and Gooſe may be ſuppoſed to have met, but what has the Fox and the Seven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb and Dolphin ever meet, except upon a Sign-Poſt? As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a Conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here ſaid ſhould affect it. I muſt however obſerve to you upon this Subject, that it is uſual for a young Tradeſman, at his firſt ſetting up, to add to his own Sign that of the Maſter whom he ſerved; as the Husband, after Marriage, gives a Place to his Miſtreſs's Arms in his own Coat. This I take to have given Riſe to many of thoſe Abſurdities which are committed over our Heads; and, as I am informed, firſt occaſioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which we ſee ſo frequently joined together. I would therefore eſtabliſh certain Rules, for the determining how far one Tradeſman may *give* the Sign of another, and in what Caſes he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

'IN the third Place, I would enjoin every Shop to make uſe of a Sign which bears ſome Affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can be more inconſiſtent, than to ſee a Bawd at the Sign of the Angel, or a Tailor at the Lion? A Cook ſhould not live at the Boot, nor a Shoe-maker at the roaſted Pig; and yet for want of this Regulation, I have ſeen a Goat ſet up before the Door of a Perfumer, and the *French* King's Head at a Sword-Cutler's.

'AN ingenious Foreigner obſerves, that ſeveral of thoſe Gentlemen who value themſelves upon their Families, and overlook ſuch as are bred to Trade, bear the Tools of their Forefathers in their Coats of Arms. I will not examine how true this is in Fact: But though it may not be neceſſary for Poſterity thus to ſet up the Sign of their Forefathers, I think it highly proper for thoſe who actually profeſs the Trade, to ſhew ſome ſuch Marks of it before their Doors.

'WHEN

'WHEN the Name gives an Occasion for an ingenious Sign-Post, I would likewise advise the Owner to take that Opportunity of letting the World know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon* to have lived at the Sign of the Trout; for which Reason she has erected before her House the Figure of the Fish that is her Name-sake. Mr. *Bell* has likewise distinguished himself by a Device of the same Nature: And here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular Figure of a Bell has given Occasion to several Pieces of Wit in this kind. A Man of your Reading must know, that *Abel Drugger* gained great Applause by it in the Time of *Ben Johnson*. Our Apocryphal Heathen God is also represented by this Figure; which, in Conjunction with the Dragon, makes a very handsom Picture in several of our Streets. As for the Bell-Savage, which is the Sign of a Savage Man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the Conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old Romance translated out of the *French*; which gives an Account of a very beautiful Woman who was found in a Wilderness, and is called in the *French La belle Sauvage*; and is every where translated by our Countryman the Bell-Savage. This Piece of Philosophy will, I hope, convince you that I have made Sign-Posts my Study, and consequently qualified my self for the Employment which I solicit at your Hands. But before I conclude my Letter, I must communicate to you another Remark which I have made upon the Subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd Guess at the Humour of the Inhabitant by the Sign that hangs before his Door. A surly cholerick Fellow generally makes choice of a Bear; as Men of milder Dispositions frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a Punch-Bowl painted upon a Sign near *Charing-Cross*, and very curiously garnished, with a Couple of Angels hovering over it and squeezing a Limon into it, I had the Curiosity to ask after the Master of the House, and found, upon Inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *Agrémens* upon his Sign, that he was a *Frenchman*. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon

'upon theſe Hints to a Gentleman of your great Abili-
'ties; ſo humbly recommending myſelf to your Favour
'and Patronage,

I remain, &c.

I ſhall add to the foregoing Letter, another which came to me by the ſame Penny-Poſt.

From my own Apartment near Charing-Croſs.

Honoured Sir,

'HAVING heard that this Nation is a great En-
'courager of Ingenuity, I have brought with me
'a Rope-Dancer that was caught in one of the Woods
'belonging to the Great *Mogul*. He is by Birth a Mon-
'key; but ſwings upon a Rope, takes a Pipe of Tobacco,
'and drinks a Glaſs of Ale, like any reaſonable Crea-
'ture. He gives great Satisfaction to the Quality; and if
'they will make a Subſcription for him, I will ſend for
'a Brother of his out of *Holland* that is a very good
'Tumbler; and alſo for another of the ſame Family
'whom I deſign for my *Merry-Andrew*, as being an
'excellent Mimick, and the greateſt Droll in the Coun-
'try where he now is. I hope to have this Entertain-
'ment in a Readineſs for the next Winter; and doubt
'not but it will pleaſe more than the Opera or Puppet-
'Show. I will not ſay that a Monkey is a better Man
'than ſome of the Opera-Heroes; but certainly he is a
'better Repreſentative of a Man, than the moſt arti-
'ficial Compoſition of Wood and Wire. If you will be
'pleaſed to give me a good Word in your Paper,
'you ſhall be every Night a Spectator at my Show for
'nothing.

C *I am*, &c.

Tueſday,

N° 29. *Tueſday, April* 3.

——— *Sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque*
Suavior: ut Chio nota ſi commiſta Falerni eſt.
Hor. Sat. 10. l. 1. v. 23.

Both Tongues united ſweeter Sounds produce,
Like Chian *mix'd with the* Falernian *Juice.*

THERE is nothing that has more ſtartled our *Engliſh* Audience, than the *Italian Recitativo* at its firſt Entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully ſurpriſed to hear Generals ſinging the Word of Command, and Ladies delivering Meſſages in Muſick. Our Countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superſcription of a Letter ſet to a Tune. The famous Blunder in an old Play of *Enter a King and Two Fidlers ſolus*, was now no longer an Abſurdity; when it was impoſſible for a Hero in a Deſert, or a Princeſs in her Cloſet, to ſpeak any thing unaccompanied with Muſical Inſtruments.

BUT however this *Italian* Method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at firſt hearing, I cannot but think it much more juſt than that which prevailed in our *Engliſh* Opera before this Innovation: The Tranſition from an Air to Recitative Muſick being more natural, than the paſſing from a Song to plain and ordinary Speaking, which was the common Method in *Purcell*'s Operas.

THE only Fault I find in our preſent Practice is the making uſe of the *Italian Recitativo* with *Engliſh* Words.

TO go to the Bottom of this Matter, I muſt obſerve, that the Tone, or (as the *French* call it) the Accent of every Nation in their ordinary Speech is altogether different from that of every other People; as we may ſee even in the *Welſh* and *Scotch*, who border ſo near upon us.

s. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the Pronunciation of each particular Word, but the Sound of the whole Sentence. Thus it is very common for an *Engliſh* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them ſpeak in a Tone; and therefore he very wiſely prefers his own Countrymen, not conſidering that a Foreigner complains of the ſame Tone in an *Engliſh* Actor.

FOR this Reaſon, the Recitative Muſic, in every Language, ſhould be as different as the Tone or Accent of each Language; for otherwiſe, what may properly expreſs a Paſſion in one Language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in *Italy* knows very well, that the Cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote Affinity to the Tone of their Voices in ordinary Converſation, or, to ſpeak more properly, are only the Accents of their Language made more Muſical and Tuneful.

THUS the Notes of Interrogation, or Admiration, in the *Italian* Muſick (if one may ſo call them) which reſemble their Accents in Diſcourſe on ſuch Occaſions are not unlike the ordinary Tones of an *Engliſh* Voice when we are angry; inſomuch that I have often ſeen our Audiences extremely miſtaken as to what has been doing upon the Stage, and expecting to ſee the Hero knock down his Meſſenger, when he has been asking him a Queſtion; or fancying that he quarrels with his Friend when he only bids him Good-morrow.

FOR this Reaſon the *Italian* Artiſts cannot agree with our *Engliſh* Muſicians, in admiring *Purcell*'s Compoſitions, and thinking his Tunes ſo wonderfully adapted to his Words; becauſe both Nations do not always expreſs the ſame Paſſions by the ſame Sounds.

I am therefore humbly of Opinion, that an *Engliſh* Compoſer ſhould not follow the *Italian* Recitative too ſervilely, but make uſe of many gentle Deviations from it, in Compliance with his own Native Language. He may copy out of it all the lulling Softneſs and *Dying Falls* (as *Shakeſpear* calls them,) but ſhould ſtill remember that he ought to accommodate himſelf to an *Engliſh* Audience; and by humouring the Tone of our Voices in ordinary Converſation, have the ſame Regard to the Accent of his own Language, as thoſe Perſons had to theirs

theirs whom he profeſſes to imitate. It is obſerved that ſeveral of the ſinging Birds of our own Country learn to ſweeten their Voices, and mellow the Harſhneſs of their natural Notes, by practiſing under thoſe that come from warmer Climates. In the ſame manner I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *Engliſh* Muſick as much as may grace and ſoften it, but never intirely to annihilate and deſtroy it. Let the Infuſion be as ſtrong as you pleaſe, but ſtill let the Subject-Matter of it be *Engliſh*.

A Compoſer ſhould fit his Muſick to the Genius of the People, and conſider that the Delicacy of Hearing and Taſte of Harmony, has been formed upon thoſe Sounds which every Country abounds with: In ſhort, that Muſick is of a Relative Nature, and what is Harmony to one Ear, may be Diſſonance to another.

THE ſame Obſervations which I have made upon the Recitative Part of Muſick, may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

SIGNIOR *Baptiſt Lully* acted like a Man of Senſe in this Particular. He found the *French* Muſick extremely defective and very often barbarous: However, knowing the Genius of the People, the Humour of their Language and the prejudiced Ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Muſick and plant the *Italian* in its ſtead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable Graces and Modulations which he borrow'd from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* Muſick is now perfect in its kind; and when you ſay it is not ſo good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not pleaſe you ſo well; for there is ſcarce a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* ſuch a Preference. The Muſick of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their Pronunciation and Accent, their whole Opera wonderfully favours the Genius of ſuch a gay airy People. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds gives the Parterre frequent Opportunities of joining in Concert with the Stage. This Inclination in the Audience to Sing along with the Actors, ſo prevails with them, that I have ſometimes known the Performers on the Stage do no more in a celebrated Song, than the Clerk of a Pariſh-Church, who ſerves only to raiſe the

Pſal

Pſalm, and is afterwards drowned in the Muſick of the Congregation. Every Actor that comes on the Stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are ſo painted, that they appear as Ruddy and Cherry-cheek'd as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all Embroider'd, and acquit themſelves in a Ball better than our *Engliſh* Dancing-maſters. I have ſeen a Couple of Rivers appear in red Stockings; and *Alpheus*, inſtead of having his Head covered with Sedge and Bull-ruſhes, making Love in a fair full-bottomed Periwig, and a Plume of Feathers; but with a Voice ſo full of Shakes and Quavers, that I ſhould have thought the Murmurs of a Country Brook the much more agreeable Muſick.

I remember the laſt Opera I ſaw in that merry Nation, was the Rape of *Proſerpine*, where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting Figure, puts himſelf in a *French* Equipage, and brings *Aſcalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call Folly and Impertinence; but what the *French* look upon as Gay and Polite.

I ſhall add no more to what I have here offered, than that Muſick, Architecture, and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their Laws and Rules from the general Senſe and Taſte of Mankind, and not from the Principles of thoſe Arts themſelves; or in other Words, the Taſte is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taſte. Muſick is not deſigned to pleaſe only Chromatick Ears, but all that are capable of diſtinguiſhing harſh from diſagreeable Notes. A Man of an ordinary Ear is a Judge whether a Paſſion is expreſſed in proper Sounds, and whether the Melody of thoſe Sounds be more or leſs pleaſing. C

Nº 30. *Wedneſday, April* 4.

Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine amore Jociſque
Nil eſt Jucundum; vivas in amore Jociſque.
Hor. Ep. 6. l. 1. v. 65.

If nothing, as Mimnermus *ſtrives to prove,*
Can e'er be pleaſant without wanton Love,
Then live in wanton Love, thy Sports purſue. CREECH.

ONE common Calamity makes Men extremely affect each other, tho' they differ in every other Particular. The Paſſion of Love is the moſt general Concern among Men; and I am glad to hear by my laſt Advices from *Oxford*, that there are a Set of Sighers in that Univerſity, who have erected themſelves into a Society in Honour of that tender Paſſion. Theſe Gentlemen are of that Sort of Inamorato's, who are not ſo very much loſt to common Senſe, but that they underſtand the Folly they are guilty of; and for that Reaſon ſeparate themſelves from all other Company, becauſe they will enjoy the Pleaſure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a Man comes into the Club, he is not obliged to make any Introduction to his Diſcourſe, but at once, as he is ſeating himſelf in his Chair, ſpeaks in the Thread of his own Thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging Glance, She 'never looked ſo well in her Life as this Evening;' or the like Reflexion, without Regard to any other Member of the Society: for in this Aſſembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every Man claims the full Liberty of talking to himſelf. Inſtead of Snuff-boxes and Canes, which are uſual Helps to diſcourſe with other young Fellows, theſe have each ſome Piece of Ribbon, a broken Fan, or an old Girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair Perſon remembered by each reſpective Token. According to the Repreſentation of the Matter from my Letters, the Company appear like

ſo

ſo many Players rehearſing behind the Scenes; one is ſighing and lamenting his Deſtiny in beſeeching Terms, another declaring he will break his Chain, and another in dumb-Show ſtriving to expreſs his Paſſion by his Geſture. It is very ordinary in the Aſſembly for one of a ſudden to riſe and make a Diſcourſe concerning his Paſſion in general, and deſcribe the Temper of his Mind in ſuch a manner, as that the whole Company ſhall join in the Deſcription, and feel the Force of it. In this Caſe, if any Man has declared the Violence of his Flame in more pathetick Terms, he is made Preſident for that Night, out of reſpect to his ſuperior Paſſion.

WE had ſome Years ago in this Town a Set of People who met and dreſſed like Lovers, and were diſtinguiſhed by the Name of the *Fringe-Glove Club*; but they were Perſons of ſuch moderate Intellects, even before they were impaired by their Paſſion, that their Irregularities could not furniſh ſufficient Variety of Folly to afford daily new Impertinencies; by which Means that Inſtitution dropped. Theſe Fellows could expreſs their Paſſion in nothing but their Dreſs; but the *Oxonians* are phantaſtical now they are Lovers, in proportion to their Learning and Underſtanding before they became ſuch. The Thoughts of the ancient Poets on this agreeable Phrenzy, are tranſlated in honour of ſome modern Beauty; and *Chloris* is won To-day by the ſame Compliment that was made to *Lesbia* a thouſand Years ago. But as far as I can learn, the Patron of the Club is the renowned Don *Quixote*. The Adventures of that gentle Knight are frequently mentioned in the Society, under the Colour of laughing at the Paſſion and themſelves: But at the ſame time, tho' they are ſenſible of the Extravagances of that unhappy Warrior, they do not obſerve, that to turn all the Reading of the beſt and wiſeſt Writings into Rhapſodies of Love, is a Phrenzy no leſs diverting than that of the aforeſaid accompliſhed *Spaniard*. A Gentleman who, I hope, will continue his Correſpondence, is lately admitted into the Fraternity, and ſent me the following Letter.

SIR,

'SINCE I find you take notice of Clubs, I beg 'leave to give you an Account of one in *Oxford*, 'which you have no where mentioned, and perhaps 'never heard of. We diſtinguiſh our ſelves by the Title 'of the *Amorous Club*, are all Votaries of *Cupid*, and 'Admirers of the Fair Sex. The Reaſon that we are 'ſo little known in the World, is the Secrecy which we 'are obliged to live under in the Univerſity. Our Con'ſtitution runs counter to that of the Place wherein we 'live: For in Love there are no Doctors, and we all 'profeſs ſo high Paſſion, that we admit of no Graduates 'in it. Our Preſidentſhip is beſtowed according to the 'Dignity of Paſſion; our Number is unlimited; and our 'Statutes are like thoſe of the *Druids*, recorded in our 'own Breaſts only, and explained by the Majority of 'the Company. A Miſtreſs, and a Poem in her Praiſe, 'will introduce any Candidate: Without the latter no 'one can be admitted; for he that is not in Love enough 'to rhyme, is unqualified for our Society. To ſpeak 'diſreſpectfully of any Woman is Expulſion from our 'gentle Society. As we are at preſent all of us Gown'men, inſtead of duelling when we are Rivals, we drink 'together the Health of our Miſtreſs. The Manner of 'doing this ſometimes indeed creates Debates; on ſuch 'Occaſions we have Recourſe to the Rules of Love 'among the Ancients.

'*Nævia ſex Cyathis, ſeptem Juſtina bibatur.*
Mart. Epig. 72. l. 1.

Six Cups to *Nævia*, to *Juſtina* ſeven.

'This Method of a Glaſs to every Letter of her Name, 'occaſioned the other Night a Diſpute of ſome Warmth. 'A young Student, who is in Love with Mrs. *Elizabeth* '*Dimple*, was ſo unreaſonable as to begin her Health 'under the Name of *Elizabetha*; which ſo exaſperated 'the Club, that by common Conſent we retrench'd it to '*Betty*. We look upon a Man as no Company, that does 'not ſigh five times in a Quarter of an Hour; and look 'upon a Member as very abſurd, that is ſo much him'ſelf as to make a direct Anſwer to a Queſtion. In

fine,

'fine, the whole Aſſembly is made up of abſent Men, 'that is, of ſuch Perſons as have loſt their Locality, and 'whoſe Minds and Bodies never keep Company with 'one another. As I am an unfortunate Member of this 'diſtracted Society, you cannot expect a very regular 'Account of it; for which Reaſon, I hope you will 'pardon me that I ſo abruptly ſubſcribe my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,
humble Servant,
T. B.

'I forgot to tell you, that *Albina*, who has ſix Vota-'ries in this Club, is one of your Readers.

N° 31. *Thurſday, April* 5.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui ———

Virg. Æn. 6. v. 266.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

LAST Night, upon my going into a Coffee-houſe not far from the *Hay-market* Theatre, I diverted my ſelf for above half an Hour with over-hearing the Diſcourſe of one, who, by the Shabbineſs of his Dreſs, the Extravagance of his Conceptions, and the Hurry of his Speech, I diſcovered to be of that Species who are generally diſtinguiſhed by the Title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as ſuch by his Audience, was entertaining a whole Table of Liſtners with the Project of an Opera, which he told us had not coſt him above two or three Mornings in the Contrivance, and which he was ready to put in Execution, provided he might find his Account in it. He ſaid, that he had obſerved the great Trouble and Inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the ſeveral Shows that are exhibited in different

Quarters of the Town. The Dancing Monkies are in one Place; the Puppet-ſhow in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almoſt a whole Day's Journey from the Politer Part of the Town. By this means People of Figure are forced to loſe half the Winter after their coming to Town, before they have ſeen all the ſtrange Sights about it. In order to remedy this great Inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his Pocket the Scheme of an Opera, Entitled, *The Expedition of* Alexander *the Great*; in which he had diſpoſed all the remarkable Shows about Town, among the Scenes and Decorations of his Piece. The Thought, he confeſſed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the Hint of it from ſeveral Performances which he had ſeen upon our Stage: in one of which there was a Raree-Show; in another, a Ladder-Dance; and in others a Poſture-Man, a Moving Picture, with many Curioſities of the like Nature.

THIS *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his conſulting the Oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjurer, who has been viſited by ſo many Perſons of Quality of late Years, is to be introduced as telling him his Fortune: At the ſame time *Clinch* of *Barnet* is repreſented in another Corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *Delphos*, for Joy of his Arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be Peopled by the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon*, where *Alexander* is to fall in love with a Piece of Wax-work, that repreſents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes into that Country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were ſo exceeding fierce that they would not loſe their hold, tho' they were cut to Pieces Limb by Limb, and that they would hang upon their Prey by their Teeth when they had nothing but a Mouth left, there is to be a Scene of *Hockley in the Hole*, in which is to be repreſented all the Diverſions of that Place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot poſſibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by reaſon of the Lowneſs of the Roof. The ſeveral Woods in *Aſia*, which *Alexander* muſt be ſuppoſed to paſs through, will give the Audience a Sight of Monkies dancing upon Ropes, with many other Pleaſantries of that ludicrous Species. At the ſame time, if there chance to be any Strange Animals in Town, whether Birds

Birds or Beaſts, they may be either let looſe among the Woods, or driven acroſs the Stage by ſome of the Country People of *Aſia*. In the laſt great Battle, *Pinkethman* is to perſonate King *Porus* upon an Elephant, and is to be encountered by *Powell*, repreſenting *Alexander* the Great, upon a Dromedary, which nevertheleſs Mr. *Powell* is deſired to call by the Name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the Cloſe of this great deciſive Battle, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to ſhew the mutual Friendſhip and good Correſpondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-Show, in which the ingenious Mr. *Powell*, *Junior*, may have an Opportunity of diſplaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the Diverſion of the two Monarchs. Some at the Table urged, that a Puppet-Show was not a ſuitable Entertainment for *Alexander* the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we ſuppoſe the Conqueror touched upon that Part of *India* which is ſaid to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this Objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the Propoſal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the Reconciliation of theſe two Kings they might invite one another to Dinner, and either of them entertain his Gueſt with the *German* Artiſt, Mr. *Pinkethman*'s Heathen Gods, or any of the like Diverſions, which ſhall then chance to be in vogue.

THIS Project was received with very great Applauſe by the whole Table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his Deſign; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his Intention that the whole Opera ſhould be acted in that Language, which was a Tongue he was ſure would wonderfully pleaſe the Ladies, eſpecially when it was a little raiſed and rounded by the *Ionick* Dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole Audience, becauſe there are fewer of them who underſtand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only Difficulty that remained, was how to get Performers, unleſs we could perſuade ſome Gentlemen of the Univerſities to learn to ſing, in order to qualify themſelves for the Stage; but this Objection ſoon vaniſhed, when the Projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at preſent the only Muſicians in the *Turkiſh* Empire,

and that it would be very eaſy for our Factory at *Smyrna* to furniſh us every Year with a Colony of Muſicians, by the Opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; beſides, ſays he, if we want any ſingle Voice for any lower Part in the Opera, *Lawrence* can learn to ſpeak *Greek*, as well as he does *Italian*, in a Fortnight's time.

THE Projector having thus ſettled Matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his Seat at the Table, and planted himſelf before the Fire, where I had unluckily taken my Stand for the Convenience of overhearing what he ſaid. Whether he had obſerved me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not ſtood by me above a quarter of a Minute, but he turned ſhort upon me on a ſudden, and catching me by a Button of my Coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner: Beſides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary Genius for Muſick that lives in *Switzerland*, who has ſo ſtrong a Spring in his Fingers, that he can make the Board of an Organ ſound like a Drum, and if I could but procure a Subſcription of about ten thouſand Pound every Winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by Articles to ſet every thing that ſhould be ſung upon the *Engliſh* Stage. After this he looked full in my Face, expecting I would make an Anſwer; when by good Luck, a Gentleman that had entered the Coffee-houſe ſince the Projector applied himſelf to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiſs* Compoſitions, cry'd out with a kind of Laugh, Is our Muſick then to receive farther Improvements from *Switzerland*! This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my Button, and turned about to anſwer him. I took the Opportunity of the Diverſion which ſeemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my Penny upon the Bar, retired with ſome Precipitation. C

N° 32. *Friday, April* 6.

Nil illi larvâ aut tragicis opus eſſe Cothurnis.
Hor. Sat. 5. l. 1. v. 64.

He wants no tragic Vizor to increaſe
His natural Deformity of Face.

THE late Diſcourſe concerning the Statutes of the *Ugly Club*, having been ſo well received at *Oxford*, that, contrary to the ſtrict Rules of the Society, they have been ſo partial as to take my own Teſtimonial, and admit me into that ſelect Body; I could not reſtrain the Vanity of publiſhing to the World the Honour which is done me. It is no ſmall Satisfaction, that I have given Occaſion for the Preſident's ſhewing both his Invention and Reading to ſuch Advantage as my Correſpondent reports he did: But it is not to be doubted there were many very proper Hums and Pauſes in his Harangue, which loſe their Uglineſs in the Narration, and which my Correſpondent (begging his Pardon) has no very good Talent at repreſenting. I very much approve of the Contempt the Society has of Beauty: Nothing ought to be laudable in a Man, in which his Will is not concerned; therefore our Society can follow Nature, and where ſhe has thought fit, as it were, to mock her ſelf, we can do ſo too, and be merry upon the Occaſion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR making publick the late Trouble I gave you, 'you will find to have been the Occaſion of this: 'Who ſhould I meet at the Coffee-houſe Door t'other 'Night, but my old Friend Mr. Preſident? I ſaw ſome-'what had pleaſed him; and as ſoon as he had caſt his 'Eye upon me, "Oho, Doctor, rare News from *London*, "(ſays he); the SPECTATOR has made honourable "Mention of the Club (Man) and publiſhed to the World "his ſincere Deſire to be a Member, with a recommen-"datory Deſcription of his Phiz: And tho' our Conſti-

" tution has made no particular Proviſion for ſhort Faces,
" yet, his being an extraordinary Caſe, I believe we
" ſhall find an Hole for him to creep in at; for I aſ-
" ſure you he is not againſt the Canon; and if his Sides
" are as compact as his Joles, he need not diſguiſe him-
" ſelf to make one of us." 'I preſently called for
'the Paper, to ſee how you looked in Print; and after
'we had regaled ourſelves a while upon the pleaſant
'Image of our Proſelyte, Mr. Preſident told me I ſhould
'be his Stranger at the next Night's Club: where we
'were no ſooner come, and Pipes brought, but Mr. Pre-
'ſident began an Harangue upon your Introduction
'to my Epiſtle, ſetting forth with no leſs Volubility of
'Speech than Strength of Reaſon, " That a Specula-
" tion of this Nature was what had been long and
" much wanted; and that he doubted not but it would
" be of ineſtimable Value to the Publick, in reconciling
" even of Bodies and Souls; in compoſing and quiet-
" ing the Minds of Men under all corporal Redundan-
" cies, Deficiencies, and Irregularities whatſoever; and
" making every one ſit down content in his own Car-
" caſe, though it were not perhaps ſo mathematically
" put together as he could wiſh". And again, " How
" that for want of a due Conſideration of what you firſt
" advance, *viz.* that our Faces are not of our own choo-
" ing, People had been tranſported beyond all Good-
" Breeding, and hurried themſelves into unaccountable
" and fatal Extravagances: As, how many impartial
" Looking-Glaſſes had been cenſured and calumniated,
" nay, and ſometimes ſhivered into ten thouſand Splin-
" ters, only for a fair Repreſentation of the Truth?
" how many Headſtrings and Garters had been made
" acceſſary, and actually forfeited, only becauſe Folks
" muſt needs quarrel with their own Shadows? And
" who (continues he) but is deeply ſenſible, that one
" great Source of the Uneaſineſs and Miſery of human
" Life, eſpecially amongſt thoſe of Diſtinction, ariſes
" from nothing in the world elſe, but too ſevere a Con-
" templation of an indefeaſible Contexture of our ex-
" ternal Parts, or certain natural and invincible Diſpo-
" ſitions to be fat or lean? When a little more of
" Mr. SPECTATOR's Philoſophy would take off all

" this;

" this; and in the mean time let them obſerve, that " there's not one of their Grievances of this Sort, but " perhaps, in ſome Ages of the World, has been highly in " vogue; and may be ſo again; nay, in ſome Country " or other, ten to one is ſo at this Day. My Lady *Ample* " is the moſt miſerable Woman in the World, purely of " her own making: She even grudges her ſelf Meat and " Drink, for fear ſhe ſhould thrive by them; and is con- " ſtantly crying out, In a Quarter of a Year more I ſhall " be quite out of all manner of Shape! Now the Lady's " Misfortune ſeems to be only this, that ſhe is planted in " a wrong Soil; for, go but t'other Side of the Water, " it's a Jeſt at *Harlem* to talk of a Shape under eighteen " Stone. Theſe wiſe Traders regulate their Beauties as " they do their Butter, by the Pound; and Miſs *Croſs*, " when ſhe firſt arrived in the *Low-Countries*, was not " computed to be ſo handſom as Madam *Van Brisket* " by near half a Tun. On the other hand, there's " Squire *Lath*, a proper Gentleman of Fifteen hundred " Pound *per Annum*, as well as of an unblameable " Life and Converſation; yet would not I be the Eſquire " for half his Eſtate; for if it was as much more he'd " freely part with it all for a pair of Legs to his Mind: " whereas in the Reign of our firſt King *Edward* of " glorious Memory, nothing more modiſh than a Brace " of your fine taper Supporters; and his Majeſty, without " an Inch of Calf, managed Affairs in Peace and War " as laudably as the braveſt and moſt politick of his " Anceſtors; and was as terrible to his Neighbours un- " der the Royal Name of *Long-ſhanks*, as *Cœur de Lion* " to the *Saracens* before him. If we look farther back " into Hiſtory, we ſhall find that *Alexander* the Great " wore his Head a little over the left Shoulder; and " then not a Soul ſtirred out 'till he had adjuſted his " Neck-bone; the whole Nobility addreſſed the Prince " and each other obliquely, and all Matters of Impor- " tance were concerted and carried on in the *Macedonian* " Court with their Polls on one Side. For about the " firſt Century nothing made more Noiſe in the World " than *Roman* Noſes, and then not a Word of them " 'till they revived again in Eighty eight. Nor is it ſo " very long ſince *Richard* the Third ſet up half the

" Backs

" Backs of the Nation; and high Shoulders, as well as
" high Noſes, were the Top of the Faſhion. But to
" come to our ſelves, Gentlemen, tho' I find by my
" quinquennial Obſervations, that we ſhall never get
" Ladies enough to make a Party in our own Country,
" yet might we meet with better Succeſs among ſome
" of our Allies. And what think you if our Board ſat
" for a *Dutch* Piece? Truly I am of Opinion, that as
" odd as we appear in Fleſh and Blood, we ſhould be
" no ſuch ſtrange things in Metzo-Tinto. But this
" Project may reſt 'till our Number is complete; and
" this being our Election Night, give me leave to pro-
" poſe Mr. SPECTATOR. You ſee his Inclina-
" tions, and perhaps we may not have his Fellow.

' I found moſt of them (as is uſual in all ſuch Caſes)
' were prepared; but one of the Seniors (whom by the
' by Mr. Preſident had taken all this Pains to bring
' over) ſat ſtill, and cocking his Chin, which ſeemed
' only to be levelled at his Noſe, very gravely declared,
" That in caſe he had had ſufficient Knowledge of you,
" no Man ſhould have been more willing to have ſerved
" you; but that he, for his Part, had always had
" regard to his own Conſcience, as well as other Peo-
" ples Merit; and he did not know but that you might
" be a handſom Fellow; for as for your own Certi-
" ficate, it was every Body's Buſineſs to ſpeak for
" themſelves." ' Mr. Preſident immediately retorted,
" A handſom Fellow! why he is a Wit (Sir) and you
" know the Proverb:" and to eaſe the old Gentleman
' of his Scruples, cried, " That for Matter of Merit it
" was all one, you might wear a Mask." ' This threw
' him into a Pauſe, and he looked deſirous of three
' Days to conſider on it; but Mr. Preſident improved
' the Thought, and followed him up with an old Story,
" That Wits were privileged to wear what Masks they
" pleaſed in all Ages; and that a Vizard had been the
" conſtant Crown of their Labours, which was gene-
" rally preſented them by the Hand of ſome Satyr,
" and ſometimes of *Apollo* himſelf:" ' For the Truth of
' which he appealed to the Frontiſpiece of ſeveral
' Books, and particularly to the *Engliſh Juvenal*, to
' which he referred him; and only added; ' " That ſuch
" Authors

Authors were the *Larvati*, or *Larvâ donati* of the Ancients." 'This cleared up all, and in the Concluſion you were choſe Probationer; and Mr. Preſident put round your Health as ſuch, proteſting, "That though indeed he talked of a Vizard, he did not believe all the while you had any more Occaſion for it than the Cat-a-mountain;" 'ſo that all you have to do now is to pay your Fees, which here are very reaſonable, if you are not impoſed upon; and you may ſtile your ſelf *Informis Societatis Socius:* Which I am deſired to acquaint you with; and upon the ſame I beg you to accept of the Congratulation of,

SIR,

Oxford, March 21. *Your obliged humble Servant,* A. C.

N° 33. *Saturday, April 7.*

Fervidus tecum Puer, & ſolutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parùm comis ſine te Juventas,
Mercuriuſque. Hor. Od. 30. l. 1. v. 5.

The Graces with their Zones unloos'd;
The Nymphs, their Beauties all expos'd;
From every Spring, and every Plain;
Thy pow'rful, hot, and winged Boy;
And Youth, that's dull without thy Joy;
And Mercury *compoſe thy Train.* CREECH.

A Friend of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne*; The Former is one of the greateſt Beauties of the Age in which ſhe lives, he Latter no way remarkable for any Charms in her erſon. Upon this one Circumſtance of their Outward orm, the Good and Ill of their Life ſeems to turn. *Læitia* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any thing lſe but Commendations of her Features and Complexion, y which means ſhe is no other than Nature made her, a very

a very beautiful Out-side. The Conſciouſneſs of her Charms has rendered her inſupportably Vain and Inſolent, towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almoſt Twenty before one civil Thing had ever been ſaid to her, found her ſelf obliged to acquire ſome Accompliſhments to make up for the want of thoſe Attractions which ſhe ſaw in her Siſter. Poor *Daphne* was ſeldom ſubmitted to in a Debate wherein ſhe was concerned; her Diſcourſe had nothing to recommend it but the good Senſe of it, and ſhe was always under a Neceſſity to have very well conſidered what ſhe was to ſay before ſhe uttered it; while *Lætitia* was liſtened to with Partiality, and Approbation ſat in the Countenances of thoſe ſhe converſed with, before ſhe communicated what ſhe had to ſay. Theſe Cauſes have produced ſuitable Effects, and *Lætitia* is as inſipid a Companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of Favour, has ſtudied no Art to pleaſe; *Daphne*, deſpairing of any Inclination toward her Perſon, has depended only on her Merit. *Lætitia* has always ſomething in her Air that is ſullen, grave, and diſconſolate. *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A Young Gentleman ſaw *Lætitia* this Winter at a Play, and became her Captive. His Fortune was ſuch, that he wanted very little Introduction to ſpeak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmoſt Freedom into the Family, where a conſtrained Behaviour, ſevere Looks and diſtant Civilities, were the higheſt Favours he could obtain of *Lætitia*; while *Daphne* uſed him with the Good-humour, Familiarity, and Innocence of a Siſter. Inſomuch that he would often ſay to her, *Dear* Daphne, *wert thou but as Handſom as* Lætitia —— She received ſuch Language with that ingenuous and pleaſing Mirth which is natural to a Woman without Deſign. He ſtill ſigh'd in vain for *Lætitia*, but found certain Relief in the agreeable Converſation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty Impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with repeated Inſtances of Good-humour he had obſerved in *Daphne*, he one Day told the latter, that he had ſomething to ſay to her he hoped ſhe would be pleaſed with —— *Faith, Daphne*, continued he, *I am in Love with thee, and deſpiſe thy Siſter ſincerely.* The Manner

Manner of his declaring himſelf gave his Miſtreſs Occaſion for a very hearty Laughter. —— *Nay*, ſays he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your Father.* He did ſo; the Father received his Intelligence with no leſs Joy than Surpriſe, and was very glad he had now no Care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at his Leiſure. I do not know any thing that has pleaſed me ſo much a great while, as this Conqueſt of my Friend *Daphne*'s. All her Acquaintance congratulate her upon her Chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating Murderer her Siſter. As it is an Argument of a light Mind, to think the worſe of our ſelves for the Imperfections of our Perſons, it is equally below us to value our ſelves upon the Advantages of them. The Female World ſeem to be almoſt incorrigibly gone aſtray in this Particular; for which Reaſon, I ſhall recommend the following Extract out of a Friend's Letter to the Profeſs'd Beauties, who are a People almoſt as unſufferable as the Profeſs'd Wits.

MONSIEUR St. *Evremont* has concluded one of his Eſſays with affirming; that the laſt Sighs of a handſom Woman are not ſo much for the Loſs of her Life as of her Beauty. Perhaps this Rallery is purſued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious Remark, that Woman's ſtrongeſt Paſſion is for her own Beauty, and that ſhe values it as her favourite Diſtinction. From hence it is that all Arts, which pretend to improve or preſerve it, meet with ſo general a Reception among the Sex. To ſay nothing of many falſe Helps, and Contraband Wares of Beauty, which are daily vended in this great Mart, there is not a Maiden Gentlewoman, of a good Family in any Country of *South-Britain*, who has not heard of the Virtues of *May*-dew, or is unfurniſhed with ſome Receipt or other in Favour of her Complexion; and I have known a Phyſician of Learning and Senſe, after eight Years Study in the Univerſity, and a Courſe of Travels into moſt Countries in *Europe*, owe the firſt raiſing of his Fortunes to a Coſmetick Waſh.

'THIS has given me Occaſion to conſider how ſo univerſal a Diſpoſition in Womankind, which ſprings

'from

'from a laudable Motive, the Desire of Pleasing, and proceeds upon an Opinion, not altogether groundless, that Nature may be helped by Art, may be turned to their Advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable Service to take them out of the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true Secret and Art of improving Beauty.

'IN order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few Preliminary Maxims, *viz.*

'THAT no Woman can be Handsom by the Force of Features alone, any more than she can be Witty only by the Help of Speech.

'THAT Pride destroys all Symmetry and Grace, and Affectation is a more terrible Enemy to fine Faces than the Small-Pox.

'THAT no Woman is capable of being Beautiful who is not incapable of being False.

'AND, That what would be Odious in a Friend, is Deformity in a Mistress.

'FROM these few Principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true Art of assisting Beauty consists in Embellishing the whole Person by the proper Ornaments of virtuous and commendable Qualities. By this Help alone it is, that those who are the Favourites Work of Nature, or, as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it, the Porcelain Clay of human Kind, become animated, and are in a Capacity of exerting their Charms: And those who seem to have been neglected by her, like Models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what She has left imperfect.

'IT is, methinks, a low and degrading Idea of that Sex, which was created to refine the Joys, and soften the Cares of Humanity, by the most agreeable Participation, to consider them merely as Objects of Sight. This is abridging them of their natural Extent of Power, to put them upon a Level with their Pictures at *Kneller*'s. How much nobler is the Contemplation of Beauty heightened by Virtue, and commanding our Esteem and Love, while it draws our Observation! How faint and spiritless are the Charms of a Coquette,

'when

when compar'd with the real Lovelineſs of *Sophronia*'s Innocence, Piety, Good-humour, and Truth; Virtues which add a new Softneſs to her Sex, and even beautify her Beauty! That Agreeableneſs which muſt otherwiſe have appeared no longer in the modeſt Virgin, is now preſerved in the tender Mother, the prudent Friend, and the faithful Wife. Colours artfully ſpread upon Canvas may entertain the Eye, but not affect the Heart; and ſhe who takes no Care to add to the natural Graces of her Perſon any excelling Qualities, may be allowed ſtill to amuſe, as a Picture, but not to triumph as a Beauty.

'WHEN *Adam* is introduced by *Milton*, deſcribing *Eve* in Paradiſe, and relating to the Angel the Impreſſions he felt upon ſeeing her at her firſt Creation, he does not repreſent her like a *Grecian Venus*, by her Shape or Features, but by the Luſtre of her Mind which ſhone in them, and gave them their Power of charming.

Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In all her Geſtures Dignity and Love!

'WITHOUT this irradiating Power the proudeſt Fair One ought to know, whatever her Glaſs may tell her to the contrary, that her moſt perfect Features are Uninformed and Dead.

'I cannot better cloſe this Moral, than by a ſhort Epitaph written by *Ben Johnſon*, with a Spirit which nothing could inſpire but ſuch an Object as I have been deſcribing;

Underneath this Stone doth lie
As much Virtue as cou'd die;
Which when alive did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as cou'd live.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

R. B.

Mor

N° 34. *Monday, April 9.*

——— *parcit*
Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera ———.
Juv. Sat. 15. l. 159

From ſpotted Skins the Leopard does refrain.
TATE

THE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily compoſed of ſuch Perſons as are engaged in different Ways of Life, and deputed as it were out of the moſt conſpicuous Claſſes of Mankind: By this Means I am furniſhed with the greateſt Variety of Hints and Materials, and know every thing that paſſes in the different Quarters and Diviſions, not only of this great City but of the whole Kingdom. My Readers too have the Satisfaction to find that there is no Rank or Degree among them who have not their Repreſentative in the Club, and that there is always ſomebody preſent who will take care of their reſpective Intereſts, that nothing may be written or publiſhed to the Prejudice or Infringement of their juſt Rights and Privileges.

I laſt Night ſat very late in Company with this ſelect Body of Friends, who entertained me with ſeveral Remarks which they and others had made upon theſe my Speculations, as alſo with the various Succeſs which they had met with among their ſeveral Ranks and Degrees of Readers. WILL HONEYCOMB told me, in the ſofteſt manner he could, that there were ſome Ladies (but for your Comfort, ſays WILL, they are not thoſe of the moſt Wit) that were offended at the Liberties I had taken with the Opera and the Puppet-Show; That ſome of them were likewiſe very much ſurpriſed, that I ſhould think ſuch ſerious Points as the Dreſs and Equipage of Perſons of Quality, proper Subjects for Rallery.

HE was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEPORT took him up ſhort, and told him, That the Papers he hinted at had done great good in the City, and that their Wives and Daughters were the better for them.

An

d further added, That the whole City thought themes very much obliged to me for declaring my geneIntentions to ſcourge Vice and Folly as they appear Multitude, without condeſcending to be a Publiſher particular Intrigues and Cuckoldoms. In ſhort, ſays ANDREW, if you avoid that fooliſh beaten Road of ng upon Aldermen and Citizens, and employ your upon the Vanity and Luxury of Courts, your Paper t needs be of general Uſe.

UPON this my Friend the TEMPLAR told Sir ANZW, That he wondred to hear a Man of his Senſe after that manner; that the City had always been Province for Satire; and that the Wits of King *Charles*'s ne jeſted upon nothing elſe during his whole Reign. then ſhewed, by the Examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *leau*, and the beſt Writers of every Age, that the Follies he Stage and Court had never been accounted too ſad for Ridicule, how great ſoever the Perſons might be patronized them. But after all, ſays he, I think your llery has made too great an Excurſion, in attacking eral Perſons of the Inns of Court; and I do not beve you can ſhew me any Precedent for your Behavi- in that Particular.

MY good Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, who d ſaid nothing all this while, began his Speech with a h! and told us, That he wondred to ſee ſo many Men Senſe ſo very ſerious upon Fooleries. Let our good end, ſays he, attack every one that deſerves it: I uld only adviſe you, Mr. SPECTATOR, applying ſelf to me, to take care how you meddle with Coun- Squires: They are the Ornaments of the *Engliſh* Na-; Men of Good Heads and ſound Bodies! and let tell you, ſome of them take it ill of you, that you ntion Fox-hunters with ſo little Reſpect.

CAPTAIN SENTRY ſpoke very ſparingly on this caſion. What he ſaid was only to commend my Pruce in not touching upon the Army, and adviſed me continue to act diſcreetly in that Point.

BY this time I found every Subject of my Speculans was taken away from me, by one or other of the ab; and began to think my ſelf in the Condition of good Man that had one Wife who took a Diſlike to

his

his gray Hairs, and another to his black, 'till by th picking out what each of them had an Averſion they left his Head altogether bald and naked.

WHILE I was thus muſing with my ſelf, my w thy Friend the Clergyman, who, very luckily for was at the Club that Night, undertook my Cauſe. told us, that he wondred any Order of Perſons ſho think themſelves too conſiderable to be adviſed: Tha was not Quality, but Innocence, which exempted M from Reproof: That Vice and Folly ought to be attac ed where-ever they could be met with, and eſpecia when they were placed in high and conſpicuous Stati of Life. He further added, That my Paper would o ſerve to aggravate the Pains of Poverty, if it chiefly e poſed thoſe who are already depreſſed, and in ſome m ſure turned into Ridicule, by the Meanneſs of their C ditions and Circumſtances. He afterwards proceeded take notice of the great Uſe this Paper might be o the Publick, by reprehending thoſe Vices which are t trivial for the Chaſtiſement of the Law, and too fanta cal for the Cogniſance of the Pulpit. He then adv me to proſecute my Undertaking with Chearfulneſs, a aſſured me, that whoever might be diſpleaſed with I ſhould be approved by all thoſe whoſe Praiſes do H nour to the Perſons on whom they are beſtowed.

THE whole Club pays a particular Deference to t Diſcourſe of this Gentleman, and are drawn into w he ſays, as much by the candid ingenuous Manner w which he delivers himſelf, as by the Strength of Arg ment and Force of Reaſon which he makes uſe WILL HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that what had ſaid was right; and that for his Part, he would n inſiſt upon the Quarter which he had demanded for t Ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the City with the ſa Frankneſs. The TEMPLAR would not ſtand out; a was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: W all agreed that I ſhould be at Liberty to carry the W into what Quarter I pleaſed; provided I continued combat with Criminals in a Body, and to aſſault t Vice without hurting the Perſon.

THIS Debate, which was held for the Good Mankind, put me in mind of that which the *Roman* T

umvir

irate were formerly engaged in, for their Deſtruc-
. Every Man at firſt ſtood hard for his Friend, 'till
found that by this Means they ſhould ſpoil their
ſcription: And at length, making a Sacrifice of all
r Acquaintance and Relations, furniſhed out a very
nt Execution.

HAVING thus taken my Reſolutions to march on
ly in the Cauſe of Virtue and good Senſe, and to an-
their Adverſaries in whatever Degree or Rank of
they may be found; I ſhall be deaf for the future to
he Remonſtrances that ſhall be made to me on this
ount. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I ſhall repri-
d him very freely: If the Stage becomes a Nurſery
olly and Impertinence, I ſhall not be afraid to ani-
vert upon it. In ſhort, if I meet with any thing in
, Court, or Country, that ſhocks Modeſty or good
ners, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt Endeavours to make an
mple of it. I muſt however intreat every particular
on, who does me the Honour to be a Reader of
Paper, never to think himſelf, or any one of his
nds or Enemies, aimed at in what is ſaid: For I
niſe him, never to draw a faulty Character which
not fit at leaſt a Thouſand People; or to publiſh a
e Paper, that is not written in the Spirit of Bene-
nce, and with a Love to Mankind. C

35. *Tueſday, April* 10.

Riſu inepto res ineptior nulla eſt. Mart.
Nothing ſo fooliſh as the Laugh of Fools.

AMONG all kinds of Writing, there is none in
which Authors are more apt to miſcarry than in
Works of Humour, as there is none in which they
more ambitious to excel. It is not an Imagination
teems with Monſters, an Head that is filled with ex-
agant Conceptions, which is capable of furniſhing the
ld with Diverſions of this nature; and yet if we look
the Productions of ſeveral Writers, who ſet up for
Men

Men of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what natural Diſtortions of Thought, do we meet with? they ſpeak Nonſenſe, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of abſurd inconſiſtent Ideas, they are not able to read over to themſelves without laughing. Theſe poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themſelves the Reputation of Wits and Humouriſts, by ſuch monſtrous Conceits as moſt qualify them for *Bedlam*; not conſidering that Humour ſhould always lie under the Check of Reaſon, and that it requires the Direction of the niceſt Judgment, ſo much the more as it indulges it ſelf in the moſt boundleſs Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be obſerved in this ſort of Compoſitions, as well as in other; and a certain Regularity of Thought which may diſcover the Writer to be a Man of Senſe, at the ſame time that he appears altogether given up to Caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unſkilful Author, I cannot be ſo barbarous as to divert my ſelf with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to be merry at any thing he writes.

THE deceaſed Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himſelf a great deal of the Talent which I am treating of, repreſents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much ſurpriſed to hear one ſay that breaking of Windows was not Humour; and I queſtion not but ſeveral *Engliſh* Readers will be as much ſtartled to hear me affirm, that many of the raving incoherent Pieces, which are often ſpread among us, under odd Chimerical Titles, are rather the Offſpring of a Diſtempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

IT is indeed much eaſier to deſcribe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwiſe than, as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato's* manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by ſuppoſing Humour to be a Perſon, deduce to him all his Qualifications, according to the following Genealogy. TRUTH was the Founder of the Family, and the Father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the Father of WIT, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line called MIRTH, by whom he had Iſſue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngeſt of this Illuſtrious Family

d deſcended from Parents of ſuch different Diſpoſitions, very various and unequal in his Temper; ſometimes ou ſee him putting on grave Looks and a ſolemn Ha-t, ſometimes airy in his Behaviour and fantaſtick in his reſs: Inſomuch that at different times he appears as rious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. ut as he has a great deal of the Mother in his Conſti-tion, whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make is Company laugh.

BUT ſince there is an Impoſtor abroad, who takes pon him the Name of this young Gentleman, and would illingly paſs for him in the World; to the end that ell-meaning Perſons may not be impoſed upon by heats, I would deſire my Readers, when they meet ith this Pretender, to look into his Parentage, and to amine him ſtrictly, whether or no he be remotely al-ed to TRUTH, and lineally deſcended from GOOD ENSE; if not, they may conclude him a Counterfeit. hey may likewiſe diſtinguiſh him by a loud and ex-ſſive Laughter, in which he ſeldom gets his Company join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR generally oks ſerious, while every Body laughs about him; FALSE UMOUR is always laughing, whilſt every Body about im looks ſerious. I ſhall only add, if he has not in him Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would paſs for the ffſpring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH ithout WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether purious, and a Cheat.

THE Impoſtor, of whom I am ſpeaking, deſcends riginally from FALSHOOD, who was the Mother f NONSENSE, who was brought to Bed of a on called FRENZY, who married one of the Daugh-ers of FOLLY, commonly known by the Name of AUGHTER, on whom he begot that Monſtrous nfant of which I have been here ſpeaking. I ſhall ſet own at length the Genealogical Table of FALSE UMOUR, and, at the ſame time, place under it he Genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the Reader ay at one View behold their different Pedigrees and elations.

FALS-

FALSHOOD.
NONSENSE.
FRENZY.——LAUGHTER.
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.
GOOD SENSE.
WIT.——MIRTH.
HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning ſeveral of the Children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Iſland. But as this would be a very invidious Task, I ſhall only obſerve in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

Firſt of all, HE is exceedingly given to little Apish Tricks and Buffooneries.

Secondly, HE ſo much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he expoſes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice; or on the contrary, Virtue and Wiſdom, Pain and Poverty.

Thirdly, HE is wonderfully unlucky, inſomuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For having but ſmall Talents, he muſt be merry where he *can*, not where he *ſhould*.

Fourthly, BEING intirely void of Reaſon, he purſues no Point either of Morality or Inſtruction, but is Ludicrous only for the ſake of being ſo.

Fifthly, BEING incapable of having any thing but Mock-Repreſentations, his Ridicule is always Perſonal, and aimed at the vicious Man, or the Writer; not at the Vice, or at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of Falſe Humouriſts; but as one of my principal Deſigns in this Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit, which diſcovers it ſelf in the Writings of the preſent Age, I ſhall not ſcruple, for the future, to ſingle out any of the ſmall Wits, that infeſt the World with ſuch Compoſitions as

e ill-natured, immoral, and abſurd. This is the only xception which I ſhall make to the general Rule I have reſcribed myſelf, of *attacking Multitudes*: Since every oneſt Man ought to look upon himſelf as in a natural tate of War with the Libeller, and Lampooner, and to nnoy them where-ever they fall in his way. This is ut retaliating upon them, and treating them as they eat others. C

N° 36. *Wedneſday, April* 11.

——— *Immania monſtra*
Perferimus ——— Virg. Æn. 3. v. 583.
Things the moſt out of Nature we endure.

I SHALL not put myſelf to any farther Pains for this Day's Entertainment, than barely to publiſh the Letters and Titles of Petitions from the Play-houſe, with e Minutes I have made upon the Latter for my Conuct in relation to them.

Drury-Lane, April the 9th.

UPON reading the Project which is ſet forth in one of your late Papers, of making an Alliance between all the Bulls, Bears, Elephants, and Lions, which are ſeparately expoſed to publick View in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; together with the other Wonders, Shows, and Monſters, whereof you made reſpective Mention in the ſaid Speculation; We, the chief Actors of this Playhouſe, met and ſat upon the ſaid Deſign. It is with great Delight that we expect the Execution of this Work; and in order to contribute to it, we have given Warning to all our Ghoſts to get their Livelihoods where they can, and not to appear among us after Day-break of the 16th Inſtant. We are reſolved to take this Opportunity to part with every thing which does not contribute to the Repreſentation of human Life; and ſhall make a free Gift of all animated Utenſils to your Projector. The Hangings you

« formerly mentioned are run away; as are likewise a
« Set of Chairs, each of which was met upon two Leg
« going through the *Roſe* Tavern at Two this Morning
« We hope, Sir, you will give proper Notice to the Tow
« that we are endeavouring at theſe Regulations; an
« that we intend for the future to ſhew no Monſters
« but Men who are converted into ſuch by their own In-
« duſtry and Affectation. If you will pleaſe to be at th
« Houſe to-night, you will ſee me do my Endeavour t
« ſhew ſome unnatural Appearances which are in vogu
« among the Polite and Well-bred. I am to repreſen
« in the Character of a fine Lady Dancing, all the Diſtor
« tions which are frequently taken for Graces in Mie
« and Geſture. This, Sir, is a Specimen of the Metho
« we ſhall take to expoſe the Monſters which come with
« in the Notice of a regular Theatre; and we deſir
« nothing more groſs may be admitted by you Spectator
« for the future. We have caſhiered three Companie
« of Theatrical Guards, and deſign our Kings ſhall fo
« the future make Love, and ſit in Council, without a
« Army; and wait only your Direction, whether yo
« will have them reinforce King *Porus*, or join the Troop
« of *Macedon*. Mr. *Penkethman* reſolves to conſult h
« *Pantheon* of Heathen Gods in oppoſition to the Orac
« of *Delphos*, and doubts not but he ſhall turn the For
« tunes of *Porus*, when he perſonates him. I am deſire
« by the Company to inform you, that they ſubmit it t
« your Cenſures; and ſhall have you in greater Vene
« ration than *Hercules* was in of old, if you can driv
« Monſters from the Theatre; and think your Merit wi
« be as much greater than his, as to convince is mor
« than to conquer.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

T. D

SIR,

« WHEN I acquaint you with the great and unex-
« pected Viciſſitudes of my Fortune, I doubt no
« but I ſhall obtain your Pity and Favour. I have fo
« many Years laſt paſt been Thunderer to the Play-houſe
« and have not only made as much Noiſe out of th

« Cloud

Clouds as any Predeceſſor of mine in the Theatre that ever bore that Character, but alſo have deſcended and ſpoke on the Stage as the bold Thunderer in the *Rehearſal*. When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me further, and make me a Ghoſt. I was contented with this for theſe two laſt Winters; but they carry their Tyranny ſtill further, and not ſatisfied that I am baniſhed from above Ground, they have given me to underſtand that I am wholly to depart their Dominions, and taken from me even my ſubterraneous Employment. Now, Sir, what I deſire of you is, that if your Undertaker thinks fit to uſe Fire-Arms, (as other Authors have done) in the Time of *Alexander*, I may be a Canon againſt *Porus*, or elſe provide for me in the Burning of *Perſepolis*, or what other Method you ſhall think fit.

Salmoneus of *Covent-Garden*.

THE Petition of all the Devils of the Play-houſe in behalf of themſelves and Families, ſetting forth their Expulſion from thence, with Certificates of their good Life and Converſation, and praying Relief.

The Merit of this Petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, *who made them Devils.*

THE Petition of the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, to command the Pioneers in the Expedition of *Alexander*.

Granted.

THE Petition of *William Bullock*, to be *Hepheſtion* to *Penkethman the Great*.

Granted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Widow Gentlewoman, well born both by Father and Mother's Side, being the Daughter of Thomas Prater, *once an eminent Practitioner in the Law, and of* Letitia Tattle, *a Family well known in all Parts of this Kingdom, having been reduced by Misfortunes to wait on ſeveral great Perſons, and for ſome time to be Teacher at a Boarding-School of young Ladies, giveth Notice to the Publick, That ſhe hath lately taken a Houſe near* Bloomsbury-Square, *com-*

modiously ſituated next the Fields in a good Air; where ſhe teaches all ſorts of Birds of the loquacious Kinds, as Parrots, Starlings, Magpies, and others, to imitate human Voices in greater Perfection than ever yet was practiſed. They are not only inſtructed to pronounce Words diſtinctly, and in a proper Tone and Accent, but to ſpeak the Language with great Purity and Volubility of Tongue, together with all the faſhionable Phraſes and Compliments now in uſe either at Tea-Tables or viſiting Days. Thoſe that have good Voices may be taught to ſing the newest Opera-Airs, and, if required, to ſpeak either Italian *or* French, *paying ſomething extraordinary above the common Rates. They whoſe Friends are not able to pay the full Prices may be taken as Half-Boarders. She teaches ſuch as are deſigned for the Diverſion of the Publick, and to act in enchanted Woods on the Theatres, by the Great. As ſhe has often obſerved with much Concern how indecent an Education is uſually given theſe innocent Creatures, which in ſome Meaſure is owing to their being placed in Rooms next the Street, where, to the great Offence of chaſte and tender Ears, they learn Ribaldry, obſcene Songs, and immodeſt Expreſſions from Paſſengers, and idle People, as alſo to cry Fiſh and Card-matches, with other uſeleſs Parts of Learning to Birds who have rich Friends, ſhe has fitted up proper and neat Apartments for them in the back Part of her ſaid Houſe; where ſhe ſuffers none to approach them but herſelf, and a Servant-Maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom ſhe provided on purpoſe to prepare their Food and cleanſe their Cages; having found by long Experience how hard a thing it is for thoſe to keep Silence who have the Uſe of Speech, and the Dangers her Scholars are expoſed to by the ſtrong Impreſſions that are made by harſh Sounds and vulgar Dialects. In ſhort if they are Birds of any Parts or Capacity, ſhe will undertake to render them ſo accompliſhed in the Compaſs of a Twelvemonth, that they ſhall be fit Converſation for ſuch Ladies as love to chooſe their Friends and Companions out of this Species.* R

Thurſday,

Nº 37. *Thurſday, April* 12.

——— *Non illa colo calathiſve Minervæ*
Fœmineas aſſueta manus ———

Virg. Æn. 7. v. 805.

Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd.
DRYDEN.

SOME Months ago, my Friend Sir ROGER, being in the Country, incloſed a Letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I ſhall here call by the Name of *Leonora*, and as it contained Matters of Conſequence, deſired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyſhip pretty early in the Morning, and was deſired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, 'till ſuch time as ſhe was in a Readineſs to receive me. The very Sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great Curioſity to ſee it; and as it was ſome time before the Lady came to me, I had an Opportunity of turning over a great many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order. At the End of the *Folios* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble Piece of Architecture. The *Quartos* were ſeparated from the *Octavos* by a Pile of ſmaller Veſſels, which roſe in a delightful Pyramid. The *Octavos* were bounded by Tea-Diſhes of all Shapes, Colours and Sizes, which were ſo diſpoſed on a wooden Frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the fineſt Strokes of Sculpture, and ſtained with the greateſt Variety of Dyes. That Part of the Library which was deſigned for the Reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other looſe Papers, was incloſed in a kind of Square, conſiſting of one of the prettieſt Groteſque Works that ever I ſaw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thouſand other odd Figures in *China* Ware. In the midſt of the Room

modiously ſituated next the Fields in a good Air; where ſhe teaches all ſorts of Birds of the loquacious Kinds, as Parrots, Starlings, Magpies, and others, to imitate human Voices in greater Perfection than ever yet was practiſed. They are not only inſtructed to pronounce Words diſtinctly, and in a proper Tone and Accent, but to ſpeak the Language with great Purity and Volubility of Tongue, together with all the faſhionable Phraſes and Compliments now in uſe either at Tea-Tables or viſiting Days. Thoſe that have good Voices may be taught to ſing the newest Opera-Airs, and, if required, to ſpeak either Italian *or* French, *paying ſomething extraordinary above the common Rates. They whoſe Friends are not able to pay the full Prices may be taken as Half-Boarders. She teaches ſuch as are deſigned for the Diverſion of the Publick, and to act in enchanted Woods on the Theatres, by the Great. As ſhe has often obſerved with much Concern how indecent an Education is uſually given theſe innocent Creatures, which in ſome Meaſure is owing to their being placed in Rooms next the Street, where, to the great Offence of chaſte and tender Ears, they learn Ribaldry, obſcene Songs, and immodeſt Expreſſions from Paſſengers, and idle People, as alſo to cry Fiſh and Card-matches, with other uſeleſs Parts of Learning to Birds who have rich Friends, ſhe has fitted up proper and neat Apartments for them in the back Part of her ſaid Houſe; where ſhe ſuffers none to approach them but herſelf, and a Servant-Maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom ſhe provided on purpoſe to prepare their Food and cleanſe their Cages; having found by long Experience how hard a thing it is for thoſe to keep Silence who have the Uſe of Speech, and the Dangers her Scholars are expoſed to by the ſtrong Impreſſions that are made by harſh Sounds and vulgar Dialects. In ſhort if they are Birds of any Parts or Capacity, ſhe will undertake to render them ſo accompliſhed in the Compaſs of a Twelvemonth, that they ſhall be fit Converſation for ſuch Ladies as love to chooſe their Friends and Companions out of this Species.* R

Thurſday,

Nº 37. *Thurſday, April* 12.

——— *Non illa colo calathiſve Minervæ*
Fœmineas aſſueta manus ———

Virg. Æn. 7. v. 805.

Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd.
DRYDEN.

SOME Months ago, my Friend Sir ROGER, being in the Country, incloſed a Letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I ſhall here call by the Name of *Leonora*, and as it contained Matters of Conſequence, deſired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyſhip pretty early in the Morning, and was deſired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, 'till ſuch time as ſhe was in a Readineſs to receive me. The very Sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great Curioſity to ſee it; and as it was ſome time before the Lady came to me, I had an Opportunity of turning over a great many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order. At the End of the *Folios* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble Piece of Architecture. The *Quartos* were ſeparated from the *Octavos* by a Pile of ſmaller Veſſels, which roſe in a delightful Pyramid. The *Octavos* were bounded by Tea-Diſhes of all Shapes, Colours and Sizes, which were ſo diſpoſed on a wooden Frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the fineſt ſtrokes of Sculpture, and ſtained with the greateſt Variety of Dyes. That Part of the Library which was deſigned for the Reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other looſe Papers, was incloſed in a kind of Square, conſiſting of one of the prettieſt Groteſque Works that ever I ſaw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thouſand other odd Figures in *China* Ware. In the midſt of the Room

was a little Japan Table, with a Quire of gilt Pa upon it, and on the Paper a Silver Snuff-box made the Shape of a little Book. I found there were seve other counterfeit Books upon the upper Shelves, wh were carved in Wood, and ſerved only to fill up t Number like Fagots in the muſter of a Regiment. was wonderfully pleaſed with ſuch a mixt kind of Fu niture, as ſeemed very ſuitable both to the Lady and t Scholar, and did not know at firſt whether I ſhould fan myſelf in a Grotto, or in a Library.

UPON my looking into the Books, I found th were ſome few which the Lady had bought for h own uſe, but that moſt of them had been got to ther, either becauſe ſhe had heard them praiſed, or cauſe ſhe had ſeen the Authors of them. Amo ſeveral that I examined, I very well remember th that follow.

Ogleby's *Virgil.*
Dryden's *Juvenal.*
Caſſandra.
Cleopatra.
Aſtræa.
Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s Works.
The *Grand Cyrus*; with a Pin ſtuck in one of middle Leaves.
Pembroke's *Arcadia.*
Locke of Human Underſtanding; with a Paper Patches in it.
A Spelling Book.
A Dictionary for the Explanation of hard Words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir *William Temple*'s Eſſays.
Father *Malbranche*'s Search after Truth, tranſl into *Engliſh.*
A Book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
Culpepper's Midwifery.
The Ladies Calling.
Tales in Verſe by Mr. *Durfey*: Bound in Red Leat gilt on the Back, and doubled down in ſeveral Place

All the Claſſick Authors in Wood.
A Set of *Elzevers* by the ſame Hand.
Clelia: Which opened of it ſelf in the Place that deſcribes two Lovers in a Bower.
Baker's Chronicle.
Advice to a Daughter.
The New *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.
Mr. *Steele*'s Chriſtian Hero.
A Prayer Book: With a Bottle of *Hungary* Water by the ſide of it.
Dr. *Sacheverell*'s Speech.
Fielding's Trial.
Seneca's Morals.
Taylor's holy Living and Dying.
La Ferte's Inſtructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket-Book of theſe, and ſeveral other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my preſenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unſpeakable Grace, that ſhe hoped Sir ROGER was in good Health: I anſwered *Yes*, for I hate long Speeches, and after a Bow or two retired.

LEONORA was formerly a celebrated Beauty, and ſtill a very lovely Woman. She has been a Widow for two or three Years, and being unfortunate in her firſt Marriage, has taken a Reſolution never to venture upon a ſecond. She has no Children to take care of, and leaves the Management of her Eſtate to my good friend Sir ROGER. But as the Mind naturally ſinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls aſleep, that is not agitated by ſome Favourite Pleaſures and Purſuits, *Leonora* has turned all the Paſſions of her Sex into a Love of Books and Retirement. She converſes chiefly with Men, (as ſhe has often ſaid herſelf) but it is only in their Writings; and admits of very few Male-Viſitants, except my Friend Sir ROGER, whom ſhe hears with great Pleaſure, and without Scandal. As her Reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular Turn of Thinking, and diſcovers itſelf even in her Houſe, her Gardens, and her Furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an Hour together with a Deſcription of her Country-Seat, which is ſituated in a kind of

Wilderneſs, about an hundred Miles diſtant from *Lond* and looks like a little Enchanted Palace. The Roc about her are ſhaped into Artificial Grottoes cover with Wood-Bines and Jeſſamines. The Woods are into ſhady Walks, twiſted into Bowers, and filled w Cages of Turtles. The Springs are made to run and Pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur w agreeably. They are likewiſe collected into a Beau Lake, that is inhabited by a couple of Swans, a empties itſelf by a little Rivulet which runs through Green Meadow, and is known in the Family by Name of *The Purling Stream*. The Knight likewiſe t me, that this Lady preſerves her Game better than a of the Gentlemen in the Country, not (ſays Sir Roo that ſhe ſets ſo great a Value upon her Partridges a Pheaſants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. ſhe ſays that every Bird which is killed in her Grot will ſpoil a Conſort, and that ſhe ſhall certainly miſs the next Year.

WHEN I think how odly this Lady is improved Learning, I look upon her with a mixture of Admi tion and Pity. Amidſt theſe Innocent Entertainm which ſhe has formed to herſelf, how much more luable does ſhe appear than thoſe of her Sex, who ploy themſelves in Diverſions that are leſs Reaſona tho' more in Faſhion? What Improvements would Woman have made, who is ſo Suſceptible of Impreſſ from what ſhe reads, had ſhe been guided to ſuch Bo as have a tendency to enlighten the Underſtanding rectify the Paſſions, as well as to thoſe which are little more uſe than to divert the Imagination?

BUT the manner of a Lady's Employing herſelf fully in Reading ſhall be the Subject of another Pa in which I deſign to recommend ſuch particular Bo as may be proper for the Improvement of the S And as this is a Subject of a very nice Nature, I deſire my Correſpondents to give me their Thou upon it.

Frid

N° 38. *Friday, April* 13.

——— *Cupias non placuiſſe nimis.* Mart.

One wou'd not pleaſe too much.

A Late Converſation, which I fell into, gave me an Opportunity of obſerving a great deal of Beauty in a very handſom Woman, and as much Wit in an ingenious Man, turned into Deformity in the one, and Abſurdity in the other, by the meer Force of Affectation. The Fair One had ſomething in her Perſon upon which her Thoughts were fixed, that ſhe attempted to ſhew to Advantage in every Look, Word, and Geſture. The Gentleman was as diligent to do Juſtice to his fine Parts, as the Lady to her beauteous Form: You might ſee his Imagination on the Stretch to find out ſomething uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while ſhe writhed herſelf into as many different Poſtures to engage him. When ſhe laughed, her Lips were ſo ſever at a greater Diſtance than ordinary to ſhew her Teeth; her Fan was to point to ſomewhat at a Diſtance, that in the Reach ſhe may diſcover the Roundneſs of her Arm; then ſhe is utterly miſtaken in what ſhe ſaw, calls back, ſmiles at her own Folly, and is ſo wholly diſcompoſed, that her Tucker is to be adjuſted, her Boſom expoſed, and the whole Woman put into new Airs and Graces. While ſhe was doing all this, the Gallant had time to think of ſomething very pleaſant to ſay next to her, or make ſome unkind Obſervation on ſome other Lady to feed her Vanity. Theſe unhappy Effects of Affectation, naturally led me to look into that ſtrange State of Mind which ſo generally diſcolours the Behaviour of moſt People we meet with.

THE learned Dr. *Burnet*, in his Theory of the Earth, takes the Occaſion to obſerve, That every Thought is attended with Conſciouſneſs and Repreſentativeneſs; the Mind has nothing preſented to it but what is imme-

mediately follow'd by a Reflexion or Conſcience, whic
tells you whether that which was ſo preſented is grac
ful or unbecoming. This Act of the Mind diſcovers
ſelf in the Geſture, by a proper Behaviour in tho
whoſe Conſciouſneſs goes no further than to direct the
in the juſt Progreſs of their preſent Thought or Actio
but betrays an Interruption in every ſecond Though
when the Conſciouſneſs is employed in too fondly a
proving a Man's own Conceptions; which ſort of Co
ſciouſneſs is what we call Affectation.

AS the Love of Praiſe is implanted in our Boſo
as a ſtrong Incentive to worthy Actions, it is a ve
difficult Task to get above a Deſire of it for thin
that ſhould be wholly indifferent. Women, who
Hearts are fixed upon the Pleaſure they have in the Co
ſciouſneſs that they are the Objects of Love and Adm
ration, are ever changing the Air of their Countenanc
and altering the Attitude of their Bodies, to ſtrike t
Hearts of their Beholders with new Senſe of their Beau
The dreſſing Part of our Sex, whoſe Minds are t
ſame with the fillier Part of the other, are exac
in the like uneaſy Condition to be regarded for a we
tied Cravat, an Hat cocked with an unuſual Briskneſs
very well-choſen Coat, or other Inſtances of Me
which they are impatient to ſee unobſerved.

BUT this apparent Affectation, ariſing from an
governed Conſciouſneſs, is not ſo much to be wondered
in ſuch looſe and trivial Minds as theſe: But when y
ſee it reign in Characters of Worth and Diſtinction, it
what you cannot but lament, not without ſome Indig
tion. It creeps into the Heart of the wiſe Man as well
that of the Coxcomb. When you ſee a Man of Senſe lo
about for Applauſe, and diſcover an itching Inclinati
to be commended; lay Traps for a little Incenſe, ev
from thoſe whoſe Opinion he values in nothing but
own Favour; Who is ſafe againſt this Weakneſs?
who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The b
way to get clear of ſuch a light Fondneſs for Applau
is to take all poſſible Care to throw off the Love of
upon Occaſions that are not in themſelves laudable,
as it appears, we hope for no Praiſe from them. Of t
Nature are all Graces in Mens Perſons, Dreſs and bo

Depo

eportment; which will naturally be winning and at-ctive if we think not of them, but loſe their Force in roportion to our Endeavour to make them ſuch.

WHEN our Conſciouſneſs turns upon the main eſign of Life, and our Thoughts are employed upon e chief Purpoſe either in Buſineſs or Pleaſure, we all never betray an Affectation, for we cannot be uilty of it: But when we give the Paſſion for Praiſe unbridled Liberty, our Pleaſure in little Perfections obs us of what is due to us for great Virtues, and orthy Qualities. How many excellent Speeches and oneſt Actions are loſt, for want of being indifferent here we ought? Men are oppreſſed with regard to eir Way of ſpeaking and acting, inſtead of having their houghts bent upon what they ſhould do or ſay; and by at means bury a Capacity for great things, by their ar of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, annot be called Affectation; but it has ſome Tincture f it, at leaſt ſo far, as that their Fear of erring in a ing of no Conſequence, argues they would be too uch pleaſed in performing it.

IT is only from a thorough Diſregard to himſelf in ch Particulars, that a Man can act with a laudable fficiency: His Heart is fixed upon one Point in view; nd he commits no Errors, becauſe he thinks nothing an rror but what deviates from that Intention.

THE wild Havock Affectation makes in that Part f the World which ſhould be moſt polite, is viſible here-ever we turn our Eyes: It puſhes Men not only nto Impertinencies in Converſation, but alſo in their remeditated Speeches. At the Bar it torments the ench, whoſe Buſineſs it is to cut off all Superfluities in hat is ſpoken before it by the Practitioner; as well as veral little Pieces of Injuſtice which ariſe from the aw it ſelf. I have ſeen it make a Man run from e Purpoſe before a Judge, who was, when at the Bar imſelf, ſo cloſe and logical a Pleader, that with all the omp of Eloquence in his Power, he never ſpoke a Word too much.

IT might be born even here, but it often aſcends e Pulpit it ſelf; and the Declaimer, in that ſacred lace, is frequently ſo impertinently witty, ſpeaks of

the

the laſt Day it ſelf with ſo many quaint Phraſes, th
there is no Man who underſtands Rallery, but m
reſolve to ſin no more: Nay, you may behold h
ſometimes in Prayer, for a proper Delivery of the gre
Truths he is to utter, humble himſelf with ſo very we
turned Phraſe, and mention his own Unworthineſs
a Way ſo very becoming, that the Air of the pret
Gentleman is preſerved, under the Lowlineſs of t
Preacher.

I ſhall end this with a ſhort letter I writ the oth
Day to a very witty Man, over-run with the Fault I a
ſpeaking of.

Dear SIR,

'I Spent ſome time with you the other Day, a
'I muſt take the Liberty of a Friend to tell you
'the unſufferable Affectation you are guilty of in all y
'ſay and do. When I gave you an Hint of it, y
'asked me whether a Man is to be cold to what
'Friends think of him? No; but Praiſe is not
'be the Entertainment of every Moment: He t
'hopes for it muſt be able to ſuſpend the Poſſeſſi
'of it till proper Periods of Life, or Death it ſelf.
'you would not rather be commended than be Prai
'worthy, contemn little Merits; and allow no Man
'be ſo free with you, as to praiſe you to your Fa
'Your Vanity by this means will want its Food.
'the ſame time your Paſſion for Eſteem will be m
'fully gratified; Men will praiſe you in their Actio
'Where you now receive one Compliment, you w
'then receive twenty Civilities. Till then you will ne
'have of either, further than,

SIR,

T *Your humble Servant.*

Saturd

N° 39. *Saturday, April* 14.

Multa ferò, ut placem genus irritabile Vatum,
Cùm ſcribo ——— Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in Peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhiming Race. POPE.

AS a perfect Tragedy is the nobleſt Production of human Nature, ſo it is capable of giving the Mind one of the moſt delightful and moſt improving entertainments. A virtuous Man (ſays *Seneca*) ſtruggling with Misfortunes, is ſuch a Spectacle as Gods might look upon with Pleaſure: and ſuch a Pleaſure it is which one meets with in the Repreſentation of a well-written Tragedy. Diverſions of this kind wear out of our Thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cheriſh and cultivate that Humanity which is the Ornament of our Nature. They ſoften Inſolence, ſooth Affliction, and ſubdue the Mind to the Diſpenſations of Providence.

IT is no Wonder therefore that in all the polite Nations of the World, this part of the *Drama* has met with a publick Encouragement.

THE modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, in the Intricacy and Diſpoſition of the Fable; but, what a Chriſtian Writer would be aſhamed to own, falls infinitely ſhort of it in the moral Part of the Performance.

THIS I may ſhew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute ſomething towards the Improvement of the *Engliſh* Tragedy, I ſhall take notice, in this and in other following Papers, of ſome particular Parts in it that ſeem liable to Exception.

ARISTOTLE obſerves, that the *Iambick* Verſe in the *Greek* Tongue was the moſt proper for Tragedy: Becauſe at the ſame time that it lifted up the Diſcourſe from proſe, it was that which approached nearer to it than any

any other kind of Verſe. For, ſays he, we may obſerv that Men in ordinary Diſcourſe very often ſpeak *Iam bicks*, without taking notice of it. We may make th ſame Obſervation of our *Engliſh* Blank Verſe, which ofte enters into our common Diſcourſe, though we do no attend to it, and is ſuch a due Medium between Rhym and Proſe, that it ſeems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy I am therefore very much offended when I ſee a Play i Rhyme; which is as abſurd in *Engliſh*, as a Tragedy o *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. Th Soleciſm is, I think, ſtill greater in thoſe Plays that hav ſome Scenes in Rhyme and ſome in Blank Verſe, whic are to be looked upon as two ſeveral Languages; o where we ſee ſome particular Similes dignified wit Rhyme, at the ſame time that every thing about the lies in Blank Verſe. I would not however debar the Poe from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleaſes every Ac of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have th ſame Effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a lon *Recitativo*, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*. Beſide that we ſee a Diverſity of Numbers in ſome Parts of th Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the Ear from bein tired with the ſame continued Modulation of Voice. Fo the ſame Reaſon I do not diſlike the Speeches in ou *Engliſh* Tragedy that cloſe with an *Hemiſtick*, or hal Verſe, notwithſtanding the Perſon who ſpeaks after begins a new Verſe, without filling up the preceding one nor with abrupt Pauſes and Breakings-off in the middl of a Verſe, when they humour any Paſſion that is ex preſſed by it.

SINCE I am upon this Subject, I muſt obſerve that our *Engliſh* Poets have ſucceeded much better in the Stile than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their Lan guage is very often Noble and Sonorous, but the Sens either very trifling or very common. On the contrary in the Ancient Tragedies, and indeed in thoſe of *Corneille* and *Racine*, tho' the Expreſſions are very great, it is the Thought that bears them up and ſwells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble Sentiment that is depreſſed with homely Language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the Sound and Energy of Ex preſſion. Whether this Defect in our Tragedies may ariſe from

om want of Genius, Knowledge, or Experience in the riters, or from their Compliance with the vicious Taſte their Readers, who are better Judges of the Language an of the Sentiments, and conſequently reliſh the one ore than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe might rectify the Conduct both of the one and of the her, if the Writer laid down the whole Contexture of Dialogue in plain *Engliſh*, before he turned it into ank Verſe; and if the Reader, after the Peruſal of a ene, would conſider the naked Thought of every eech in it, when diveſted of all its Tragick Ornaments. this means, without being impoſed upon by Words, e may judge impartially of the Thought, and conſider hether it be natural or great enough for the Perſon that ters it, whether it deſerves to ſhine in ſuch a Blaze of Elo- ence, or ſhew itſelf in ſuch a Variety of Lights as are nerally made uſe of by the Writers of our *Engliſh* ragedy.

I muſt in the next place obſerve, that when our houghts are great and juſt, they are often obſcured by e ſounding Phraſes, hard Metaphors, and forced Ex- reſſions in which they are clothed. *Shakeſpear* is often ry faulty in this Particular. There is a fine Obſervation *Ariſtotle* to this Purpoſe, which I have never ſeen uoted. The Expreſſion, ſays he, ought to be very much boured in the unactive Parts of the Fable, as in De- riptions, Similitudes, Narrations, and the like; in hich the Opinions, Manners, and Paſſions of Men are not epreſented; for theſe (namely the Opinions, Manners, nd Paſſions) are apt to be obſcured by Pompous Phraſes nd Elaborate Expreſſions. *Horace*, who copied moſt of is Criticiſms after *Ariſtotle*, ſeems to have had his Eye n the foregoing Rule, in the following Verſes:

Et Tragicus plerùmque dolet Sermone pedeſtri:
Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor Spectantis tetigiſſe querelâ. Ars Poet. v. 95.

Tragedians too lay by their State, to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus*, exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantick Words.

ROSCOMMON.

AMONG

AMONG our modern *English* Poets, there is no who was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee*; if inst of favouring the Impetuosity of his Genius, he had strained it, and kept it within its proper Bounds. Thoughts are wonderfully suited to Tragedy, but quently lost in such a Cloud of Words, that it is hard see the Beauty of them: There is an infinite Fire in Works, but so involved in Smoke, that it does not pear in half its Lustre. He frequently succeeds in Passionate Parts of the Tragedy, but more particula where he slackens his Efforts, and eases the Stile those Epithets and Metaphors, in which he so mu abounds. What can be more Natural, more Soft, or m Passionate, than that Line in *Statira*'s Speech, where describes the Charms of *Alexander*'s Conversation?

Then he would talk --- Good Gods! how he would tal

THAT unexpected Break in the Line, and turn the Description of his Manner of Talking into an Ad ration of it, is inexpressibly Beautiful, and wonderfu suited to the fond Character of the Person that speaks There is a Simplicity in the Words, that outshines utmost Pride of Expression.

OTWAY has followed Nature in the Language his Tragedy, and therefore shines in the Passionate Pa more than any of our *English* Poets. As there is someth Familiar and Domestick in the Fable of his Trage more than in those of any other Poet, he has little Po but great Force in his Expressions. For which Rea tho' he has admirably succeeded in the tender melting Part of his Tragedies, he sometimes falls i too great a Familiarity of Phrase in those Parts, wh by *Aristotle*'s Rule, ought to have been raised and s ported by the Dignity of Expression.

IT has been observed by others, that this Poet founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* on so wron Plot, that the greatest Characters in it are those of Re and Traitors. Had the Hero of his Play discovered same good Qualities in the Defence of his Country, t he shewed for its Ruin and Subversion, the Audie could not enough pity and admire him: But as he is represented, we can only say of him what the *Rom*

Histori

istorian says of *Catiline*, that his Fall would have been
orious (*si pro Patriâ sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in
e Service of his Country. C

No 40. *Monday, April* 16.

Ac ne fortè putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cùm rectè tractant alii, laudare malignè;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; & modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 208.

IMITATED.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise maliguly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the Times,
To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes.
'Tis he, who gives my Breast a thousand Pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than Magick Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my Heart;
And snatch me, o'er the Earth, or thro' the Air,
To Thebes, *to* Athens, *when he will, and where.* POPE.

THE *English* Writers of Tragedy are possessed with a Notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent Person in Distress, they ought not to ve him 'till they have deliver'd him out of his Troubles, made him triumph over his Enemies. This Error they ve been led into by a ridiculous Doctrine in modern iticism, that they are obliged to an equal Distribu- n of Rewards and Punishments, and an impartial Exe- ion of Poetical Justice. Who were the first that ablished this Rule I know not; but I am sure it has Foundation in Nature, in Reason, or in the Practice the Ancients. We find that Good and Evil happen alike

alike to all Men on this Side the Grave; and as
principal Deſign of Tragedy is to raiſe Commiſera
and Terror in the Minds of the Audience, we ſhall de
this great End, if we always make Virtue and Innoce
happy and ſucceſsful. Whatever Croſſes and Diſappo
ments a good Man ſuffers in the Body of the Trage
they will make but ſmall Impreſſion on our Minds, w
we know that in the laſt Act he is to arrive at the En
his Wiſhes and Deſires. When we ſee him engaged in
Depth of his Afflictions, we are apt to comfort our ſelv
becauſe we are ſure he will find his way out of the
and that his Grief, how great ſoever it may be at p
ſent, will ſoon terminate in Gladneſs. For this Reaſon
ancient Writers of Tragedy treated Men in their Pla
as they are dealt with in the World, by making Vir
ſometimes happy and ſometimes miſerable, as they fo
it in the Fable which they made choice of, or as it mi
affect their Audience in the moſt agreeable manner. *A*
ſtotle conſiders the Tragedies that were written in eit
of theſe Kinds, and obſerves, that thoſe which en
unhappily had always pleaſed the People, and car
away the Prize in the publick Diſputes of the Stage, fr
thoſe that ended happily. Terror and Commiſerati
leave a pleaſing Anguiſh in the Mind; and fix the Au
ence in ſuch a ſerious Compoſure of Thought, as
much more laſting and delightful than any little tranſi
Starts of Joy and Satisfaction. Accordingly, we fi
that more of our *Engliſh* Tragedies have ſucceeded,
which the Favourites of the Audience ſink under th
Calamities, than thoſe in which they recover the
ſelves out of them. The beſt Plays of this kind
the *Orphan*, *Venice Preſerved*, *Alexander the Gr*
Theodoſius, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &
King Lear is an admirable Tragedy of the ſame kin
as *Shakeſpear* wrote it; but as it is reformed accordi
to the chimerical Notion of Poetical Juſtice, in my hum
Opinion it has loſt half its Beauty. At the ſame time
muſt allow, that there are very noble Tragedies, wh
have been framed upon the other Plan, and have en
happily; as indeed moſt of the good Tragedies, wh
have been written ſince the ſtarting of the abovem
tioned Criticiſm, have taken this Turn: As the *Mour*
Br

…ile, Tamerlane, Ulyſſes, Phædra and *Hippolitus*, with …ſt of Mr. *Dryden*'s. I muſt alſo allow, that many of …*kſpear*'s, and ſeveral of the celebrated Tragedies of …tiquity, are caſt in the ſame Form. I do not there…e diſpute againſt this way of writing Tragedies, but …inſt the Criticiſm that would eſtabliſh this as the only …thod; and by that means would very much cramp …*Engliſh* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong Bent to …Genius of our Writers.

THE Tragi-Comedy, which is the Product of the …*gliſh* Theatre, is one of the moſt monſtrous Inven…ns that ever entered into a Poet's Thoughts. An Au…r might as well think of weaving the Adventures of …*neas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing ſuch …motly Piece of Mirth and Sorrow. But the Abſurdity …theſe Performances is ſo very viſible, that I ſhall not …ſt upon it.

THE ſame Objections which are made to Tragi…medy, may in ſome meaſure be applied to all Trage…s that have a double Plot in them; which are likewiſe …re frequent upon the *Engliſh* Stage, than upon any …er: For though the Grief of the Audience, in ſuch …rformances, be not changed into another Paſſion, as in …agi-Comedies; it is diverted upon another Object, …ich weakens their Concern for the principal Action, …d breaks the Tide of Sorrow, by throwing it into dif…rent Channels. This Inconvenience, however, may in …great meaſure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the …lful Choice of an Under-Plot, which may bear ſuch a …ar Relation to the principal Deſign, as to contribute …wards the Completion of it, and be concluded by the …me Cataſtrophe.

THERE is alſo another Particular, which may be …ckoned among the Blemiſhes, or rather the falſe Beau…s, of our *Engliſh* Tragedy: I mean thoſe particular …peeches which are commonly known by the Name of …*ants*. The warm and paſſionate Parts of a Tragedy, …e always the moſt taking with the Audience; for which …eaſon we often ſee the Players pronouncing, in all the …iolence of Action, ſeveral Parts of the Tragedy which …e Author writ with great Temper, and deſigned that …ey ſhould have been ſo acted. I have ſeen *Powell* very often

often raiſe himſelf a loud Clap by this Artifice. The
that were acquainted with this Secret, have given
quent Occaſion for ſuch Emotions in the Actor, by
ding Vehemence to Words where there was no Pa
or inflaming a real Paſſion into Fuſtian. This hath
the Mouths of our Heroes with Bombaſt; and given
ſuch Sentiments, as proceed rather from a Swelling
a Greatneſs of Mind. Unnatural Exclamations, C
Vows, Blaſphemies, a Defiance of Mankind, and an
raging of the Gods, frequently paſs upon the Audi
for tow'ring Thoughts, and have accordingly met
infinite Applauſe.

I ſhall here add a Remark, which I am afraid our
gick Writers may make an ill uſe of. As our Heroe
generally Lovers, their Swelling and Bluſtring upon
Stage very much recommends them to the fair Pa
their Audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleaſe
ſee a Man inſulting Kings, or affronting the Gods in
Scene, and throwing himſelf at the Feet of his Mi
in another. Let him behave himſelf inſolently tow
the Men, and abjectly towards the Fair One, and
ten to one but he proves a Favourite of the Bo
Dryden and *Lee*, in ſeveral of their Tragedies, have p
tiſed this Secret with good Succeſs.

BUT to ſhew how a *Rant* pleaſes beyond the
juſt and natural Thought that is not pronounced
Vehemence, I would deſire the Reader, when he
the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, to obſerve how quietly the
is diſmiſſed at the End of the third Act, after having
nounced the following Lines, in which the Thoug
very natural, and apt to move Compaſſion;

To you, good Gods, I make my laſt Appeal;
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal.
If in the Maze of Fate I blindly run,
And backward tread thoſe Paths I ſought to ſhun;
Impute my Errors to your own Decree:
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free.

Let us then obſerve with what Thunder-claps of
plauſe he leaves the Stage, after the Impieties
Execrations at the End of the fourth Act; and
will wonder to ſee an Audience ſo curſed and ſo ple
at the ſame time;

hat as oft I have at Athens *ſeen,*
[Where, by the way, there was no Stage till many
Years after *Oedipus.*]
Stage ariſe, and the big Clouds deſcend;
now, in very Deed, I might behold
s pond'rous Globe, and all yon marble Roof,
t like the Hands of Jove, *and cruſh Mankind.*
all the Elements, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ving ſpoken of Mr. Powell, *as ſometimes raiſing him-*
pplauſe from the ill Taſte of an Audience; I muſt do
he Juſtice to own, that he is excellently formed for a
dian, and, when he pleaſes, deſerves the Admiration
beſt Judges; as I doubt not but he will in in the
elt of Mexico, *which is acted for his own Benefit*
rrow Night. C

41. *Tueſday, April* 17.

— *Tu non inventa reperta es.*
Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 654.
ſound, is worſe than loſt. ADDISON.

OMPASSION for the Gentleman who writes the following Letter, ſhould not prevail upon me to fall upon the Fair Sex, if it were not that I find re frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such tures are not to be tolerated in Civil Society; and k his Misfortune ought to be made publick, as a ng for other Men always to Examine into what dmire.

R,

UPPOSING you to be a Perſon of general Knowledge, I make my Application to you on y particular Occaſion. I have a great mind to be my Wife, and hope, when you conſider my Caſe,

you

'you will be of Opinion I have very juſt Pretenſio
'a Divorce. I am a mere Man of the Town, and
'very little Improvement, but what I have got
'Plays. I remember in *The Silent Woman*, the Le
'Dr. *Cutberd*, or Dr. *Otter* (I forget which) make
'of the Cauſes of Separation to be *Error Perſonæ*,
'a Man marries a Woman, and finds her not to b
'ſame Woman whom he intended to marry, but
'ther. If that be Law, it is, I preſume, exactly my
'For you are to know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that
'are Women who do not let their Husbands ſee
'Faces till they are married.

'NOT to keep you in ſuſpence, I mean plainly
'Part of the Sex who paint. They are ſome of th
'exquiſitely skilful this Way, that give them but a
'rable Pair of Eyes to ſet up with, and they will
'Boſom, Lips, Cheeks, and Eyebrows, by their ow
'duſtry. As for my Dear, never Man was ſo enam
'as I was of her fair Forehead, Neck, and Arms, a
'as the bright Jet of her Hair; but to my great
'niſhment I find they were all the Effects of Art:
'Skin is ſo tarniſhed with this Practice, that whe
'firſt wakes in a Morning, ſhe ſcarce ſeems young e
'to be the Mother of her whom I carried to Be
'Night before. I ſhall take the Liberty to part wit
'by the firſt Opportunity, unleſs her Father will
'her Portion ſuitable to her real, not her aſſumed,
'tenance. This I thought fit to let him and her
'by your Means.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient

Humble Ser

I cannot tell what the Law, or the Parents o
Lady will do for this Injured Gentleman, but mu
low he has very much Juſtice on his Side. I ha
deed very long obſerved this Evil, and diſtinguiſhed
of our Women who wear their own, from thoſe i
rowed Complexions, by the *Picts* and the *Britiſh*.
does not need any great Diſcernment to judge whi
which. The *Britiſh* have a lively animated Aſpect
Picts, tho' never ſo Beautiful, have dead uninformed
tena

ances. The Muſcles of a real Face ſometimes ſwell
ſoft Paſſion, ſudden Surpriſe, and are fluſhed with
eable Confuſions according as the Objects before
n, or the Ideas preſented to them, affect their Ima-
ation. But the *Pict* behold all things with the ſame
, whether they are Joyful or Sad; the ſame fixed
enſibility appears upon all Occaſions. A *Pict*, tho' ſhe
s all that Pains to invite the Approach of Lovers,
obliged to keep them at a certain Diſtance; a Sigh
Languiſhing Lover, if fetched too near her, would
olve a Feature; and a Kiſs ſnatched by a Forward
, might transfer the Complexion of the Miſtreſs to
Admirer. It is hard to ſpeak of theſe falſe Fair
s, without ſaying ſomething uncomplaiſant, but I
ld only recommend to them to conſider how they
coming into a Room new Painted; they may aſſure
mſelves, the near Approach of a Lady who uſes this
ctice is much more offenſive.

WILL HONEYCOMB told us, one Day, an Ad-
ture he once had with a *Pict*. This Lady had Wit, as
ll as Beauty, at Will; and made it her Buſineſs to
n Hearts, for no other Reaſon but to rally the Tor-
nts of her Lovers. She would make great Advances
inſnare Men, but without any manner of Scruple
ak off when there was no Provocation. Her Ill-Na-
e and Vanity made my Friend very eaſily Proof
ainſt the Charms of her Wit and Converſation; but
beauteous Form, inſtead of being blemiſhed by her
lhood and Inconſtancy, every Day increaſed upon
n, and ſhe had new Attractions every time he ſaw her.
hen ſhe obſerved WILL irrevocably her Slave, ſhe
gan to uſe him as ſuch, and after many Steps to-
rds ſuch a Cruelty, ſhe at laſt utterly baniſhed him.
e unhappy Lover ſtrove in vain, by ſervile Epiſtles,
revoke his Doom; till at length he was forced to
laſt Refuge, a round Sum of Money to her Maid.
is corrupt Attendant placed him early in the Morning
hind the Hangings in her Miſtreſs's Dreſſing-Room.
ſtood very conveniently to obſerve, without being
n. The *Pict* begins the Face ſhe deſigned to wear
t Day, and I have heard him proteſt ſhe had worked
full half Hour before he knew her to be the ſame

Wo-

Woman. As soon as he saw the Dawn of that Com plexion, for which he had so long languished, he thoug fit to break from his Concealment, repeating that *Cowley*:

Th' adorning Thee with so much Art,
Is but a barb'rous Skill;
'Tis like the Pois'ning of a Dart,
Too apt before to kill.

THE *Pict* stood before him in the utmost Confusio with the prettiest Smirk imaginable on the finished ha of her Face, pale as Ashes on the other. HONEYCOM seized all her Gally-pots and Washes, and carried off h Handkerchief full of Brushes, Scraps of *Spanish* Wo and Phials of Unguents. The Lady went into t Country, the Lover was cured.

IT is certain no Faith ought to be kept with Cheat and an Oath made to a *Pict* is of it self void. I woul therefore exhort all the *British* Ladies to single them ou nor do I know any but *Lindamira* who should be e empt from Discovery; for her own Complexion is delicate, that she ought to be allowed the covering with Paint, as a Punishment for choosing to be the wor Piece of Art extant, instead of the Masterpiece of Na ture. As for my part, who have no Expectations fro Women, and consider them only as they are Part of th Species, I do not half so much fear offending a Beaut as a Woman of Sense; I shall therefore produce sever Faces which have been in Publick this many Years, an never appeared. It will be a very pretty Entertainmen in the Play-house, (when I have abolished this Custom to see so many Ladies, when they first lay it down *incog.* in their own Faces.

IN the mean time, as a Pattern for improving the Charms, let the Sex study the agreeable *Statira*. He Features are enlivened with the Chearfulness of her Mind and Good-humour gives an Alacrity to her Eyes. She Graceful without affecting an Air, and Unconcerne without appearing Careless. Her having no manner Art in her Mind, makes her want none in her Person.

HOW like is this Lady, and how unlike is a *Pict* to that Description Dr. *Donne* gives of his Mistress?

--- *He*

——— Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one would almoſt ſay her Body thought.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young Gentlewoman of about Nineteen Years of Age
red in the Family of a Perſon of Quality lately deceaſed
ho Paints the fineſt Fleſh-colour, wants a Place, and is
be heard of at the Houſe of Minheer Groteſque *a* Dutch
ainter in Barbican.

N. B. *She is alſo well-skilled in the Drapery-part, and*
ts on Hoods, and mixes Ribbons ſo as to ſuit the Colours
the Face with great Art and Succeſs. R

№ 42. *Wedneſday, April* 18.

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Tuſcum;
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum ſtetit in Scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſanè. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 202.

IMITATED.

Loud as the Wolves, on Orcas' *ſtormy Steep,*
Howl to the Roarings of the Northern Deep:
Such is the Shout, the long-applauding Note,
At Quin's *high Plume, or* Oldfield's *Petticoat;*
Or when from Court a Birth-day Suit beſtow'd
Sinks the loſt Actor in the tawdry Load.
Booth *enters* —— *hark! the univerſal Peal!* ——
But has he ſpoken? — Not a Syllable. ———
What ſhook the Stage, and made the People ſtare? ——
Cato's *long Wig, flow'r'd Gown, and lacquer'd Chair.*

POPE.

ARISTOTLE has obſerved, That ordinary Writers in Tragedy endeavour to raiſe Terror and Pity in their Audience, not by proper Sentiments and Expreſſions, but by the Dreſſes and Decorations of the Stage.

Woman. As ſoon as he ſaw the Dawn of that Complexion, for which he had ſo long languiſhed, he thought fit to break from his Concealment, repeating that of *Cowley*:

Th' adorning Thee with ſo much Art,
Is but a barb'rous Skill;
'Tis like the Pois'ning of a Dart,
Too apt before to kill.

THE *Pict* ſtood before him in the utmoſt Confuſion, with the prettieſt Smirk imaginable on the finiſhed ſide of her Face, pale as Aſhes on the other. HONEYCOMB ſeized all her Gally-pots and Waſhes, and carried off his Handkerchief full of Bruſhes, Scraps of *Spaniſh* Wool, and Phials of Unguents. The Lady went into the Country, the Lover was cured.

IT is certain no Faith ought to be kept with Cheats, and an Oath made to a *Pict* is of it ſelf void. I would therefore exhort all the *Britiſh* Ladies to ſingle them out, nor do I know any but *Lindamira* who ſhould be exempt from Diſcovery; for her own Complexion is ſo delicate, that ſhe ought to be allowed the covering it with Paint, as a Puniſhment for chooſing to be the worſt Piece of Art extant, inſtead of the Maſterpiece of Nature. As for my part, who have no Expectations from Women, and conſider them only as they are Part of the Species, I do not half ſo much fear offending a Beauty as a Woman of Senſe; I ſhall therefore produce ſeveral Faces which have been in Publick this many Years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty Entertainment in the Play-houſe, (when I have aboliſhed this Cuſtom) to ſee ſo many Ladies, when they firſt lay it down, *incog.* in their own Faces.

IN the mean time, as a Pattern for improving their Charms, let the Sex ſtudy the agreeable *Statira*. Her Features are enlivened with the Chearfulneſs of her Mind, and Good-humour gives an Alacrity to her Eyes. She is Graceful without affecting an Air, and Unconcerned without appearing Careleſs. Her having no manner of Art in her Mind, makes her want none in her Perſon.

HOW like is this Lady, and how unlike is a *Pict* to that Deſcription Dr. *Donne* gives of his Miſtreſs?

--- *He*

——— *Her pure and eloquent Blood*
Spoke in her Cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one would almoſt ſay her Body thought.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young Gentlewoman of about Nineteen Years of Age (bred in the Family of a Perſon of Quality lately deceaſed) who Paints the fineſt Fleſh-colour, wants a Place, and is to be heard of at the Houſe of Minheer Groteſque *a* Dutch *Painter in* Barbican.

N. B. *She is alſo well-skilled in the Drapery-part, and puts on Hoods, and mixes Ribbons ſo as to ſuit the Colours of the Face with great Art and Succeſs.* R

N° 42. *Wedneſday, April* 18.

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Tuſcum;
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum ſtetit in Scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſanè. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 202.

IMITATED.

Loud as the Wolves, on Orcas' *ſtormy Steep,*
Howl to the Roarings of the Northern Deep:
Such is the Shout, the long-applauding Note,
At Quin's *high Plume, or* Oldfield's *Petticoat;*
Or when from Court a Birth-day Suit beſtow'd
Sinks the loſt Actor in the tawdry Load.
Booth *enters* —— *hark! the univerſal Peal!* ——
But has he ſpoken? — Not a Syllable. ———
What ſhook the Stage, and made the People ſtare? ——
Cato's *long Wig, flow'r'd Gown, and lacquer'd Chair.*

POPE.

ARISTOTLE has obſerved, That ordinary Writers in Tragedy endeavour to raiſe Terror and Pity in their Audience, not by proper Sentiments and Expreſſions, but by the Dreſſes and Decorations of the Stage.

There is ſomething of this kind very ridiculous in the *Engliſh* Theatre. When the Author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; When he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our Tragick Artifices, I am the moſt offended at thoſe which are made uſe of to inſpire us with magnificent Ideas of the Perſons that ſpeak. The ordinary Method of making an Hero is to clap a huge Plume of Feathers upon his Head, which riſes ſo very high, that there is often a greater Length from his Chin to the Top of his Head, than to the Sole of his Foot. One would believe, that we thought a great Man and a tall Man the ſame thing. This very much embarraſſes the Actor, who is forced to hold his Neck extremely ſtiff and ſteady all the while he ſpeaks; and notwithſtanding any Anxieties which he pretends for his Miſtreſs, his Country, or his Friends, one may ſee by his Action, that his greateſt Care and Concern is to keep the Plume of Feathers from falling off his Head. For my own part, when I ſee a Man uttering his Complaints under ſuch a Mountain of Feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatick, than a diſtreſſed Hero. As theſe ſuperfluous Ornaments upon the Head make a great Man, a Princeſs generally receives her Grandeur from thoſe additional Incumbrances that fall into her Tail: I mean the broad ſweeping Train that follows her in all her Motions, and finds conſtant Employment for a Boy who ſtands behind her to open and ſpread it to Advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this Sight, but I muſt confeſs, my Eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's Part; and as for the Queen, I am not ſo attentive to any thing ſhe ſpeaks, as to the right adjuſting of her Train, leſt it ſhould chance to trip up her Heels, or incommode her, as ſhe walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my Opinion, a very odd Spectacle, to ſee a Queen venting her Paſſion in a diſordered Motion, and a little Boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the Tail of her Gown. The Parts that the two Perſons act on the Stage at the ſame Time, are very different: The Princeſs is afraid leſt ſhe ſhould incur the Diſpleaſure of the King her Father, or loſe the Hero her Lover, whilſt her Attendant is only concerned leſt ſhe ſhould entangle her Feet in her Petticoat.

W

WE are told, That an ancient Tragick Poet, to move e Pity of his Audience for his exiled Kings and diſ- eſſed Heroes, uſed to make the Actors repreſent them Dreſſes and Clothes that were thread-bare and decayed. his Artifice for moving Pity, ſeems as ill-contrived, as t we have been ſpeaking of to inſpire us with a great ea of the Perſons introduced upon the Stage. In ſhort, would have our Conceptions raiſed by the Dignity of ought and Sublimity of Expreſſion, rather than by a ain of Robes or a Plume of Feathers.

ANOTHER mechanical Method of making great en, and adding Dignity to Kings and Queens, is to ac- mpany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or ee Shifters of Scenes, with the two Candle-ſnuffers, ke up a complete Body of Guards upon the *Engliſh* ge; and by the Addition of a few Porters dreſſed in Coats, can repreſent above a dozen Legions. I have metimes ſeen a couple of Armies drawn up together n the Stage, when the Poet has been diſpoſed to do nour to his Generals. It is impoſſible for the Reader's gination to multiply twenty Men into ſuch prodigious ltitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thou- d Soldiers are fighting in a Room of forty or fifty rds in Compaſs. Incidents of ſuch a nature ſhould be l, not repreſented.

——————— *Non tamen intùs*
Digna geri promes in ſcenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, que mox narret facundia præſens.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 182.

Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgment only will relate.
ROSCOMMON.

ſhould therefore, in this Particular, recommend to Countrymen the Example of the *French* Stage, where Kings and Queens always appear unattended, and e their Guards behind the Scenes. I ſhould likewiſe lad if we imitated the *French* in baniſhing from our e the Noiſe of Drums, Trumpets, and Huzza's; ch is ſometimes ſo very great, that when there is a

Battle in the *Hay-Market* Theatre, one may hear it a far as *Charing-Croſs*.

I have here only touched upon thoſe Particulars whic are made uſe of to raiſe and aggrandize the Perſons of Tragedy; and ſhall ſhew in another Paper the ſeve Expedients which are practiſed by Authors of a vulg Genius to move Terror, Pity, or Admiration, in the Hearers.

THE Tailor and the Painter often contribute to t Succeſs of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affe ordinary Minds as much as Speeches; and our Actors a very ſenſible, that a well-dreſſed Play has ſometim brought them as full Audiences, as a well-written on The *Italians* have a very good Phraſe to expreſs this A of impoſing upon the Spectators by Appearances: th call it the *Fourberia della Scena*, *The Knavery or trick Part of the Drama*. But however the Show and Outſi of the Tragedy may work upon the Vulgar, the mo underſtanding Part of the Audience immediately ſee th it and deſpiſe it.

A good Poet will give the Reader a more lively I of an Army or a Battle in a Deſcription, than if he ac ally ſaw them drawn up in Squadrons and Battalions engaged in the Confuſion of a Fight. Our Minds ſhould opened to great Conceptions, and inflamed with glori Sentiments, by what the Actor ſpeaks, more than what he appears. Can all the Trappings or Equip of a King or Hero, give *Brutus* half that Pomp Majeſty which he receives from a few Lines in *Sh ſpear?*



Thur

N° 43. *Thurſday, April* 19.

Hæ tibi erunt artes; paciſque imponere morem,
Parcere Subjectis, & debellare Superbos.
Virg. Æn. 6. v. 853.

Be theſe thy Arts; to bid Contention ceaſe,
Chain up ſtern War, and give the Nations Peace;
O'er ſubject Lands extend thy gentle Sway,
And teach with iron Rod the Haughty to obey.

THERE are Crowds of Men, whoſe great Misfortune it is that they were not bound to Mechanick Arts or Trades; it being abſolutely neceſſary for em to be led by ſome continual Task or Employment. heſe are ſuch as we commonly call dull Fellows; Perns, who for want of ſomething to do, out of a certain acancy of Thought, rather than Curioſity, are ever eddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot ve you a Notion of them better than by preſenting you ith a Letter from a Gentleman, who belongs to a Soety of this Order of Men, reſiding at *Oxford*.

Oxford, April 13, 1711.

SIR, *Four o' clock in the Morning.*

IN ſome of your late Speculations, I find ſome Sketches towards an Hiſtory of Clubs: But you ſeem to me to ſhew them in ſomewhat too ludicrous a Light. I have well weighed that Matter, and think, that the moſt important Negotiations may beſt be carried on in ſuch Aſſemblies. I ſhall, therefore, for the Good of Mankind (which, I truſt, you and I are equally concerned for) propoſe an Inſtitution of that Nature for Example ſake.

'I muſt confeſs the Deſign and Tranſactions of too many Clubs are trifling, and manifeſtly of no conſequence to the Nation or Publick Weal: Thoſe I'll give

'you up. But you must do me then the Justice to own
'that nothing can be more useful or laudable, than the
'Scheme we go upon. To avoid Nicknames and Witti-
'cisms, we call ourselves *The Hebdomadal Meeting*: Our
'President continues for a Year at least, and sometimes
'four or five: We are all Grave, Serious, Designing
'Men, in our Way: We think it our Duty, as far as in
'us lies, to take care the Constitution receives no Harm
'—— *Ne quid detrimenti Res capiat publica* —— To
'censure Doctrines or Facts, Persons or Things, which
'we don't like; To settle the Nation at home, and to
'carry on the War abroad, where and in what manner
'we see fit. If other People are not of our Opinion
'we can't help that. 'Twere better they were. More-
'over, we now and then condescend to direct, in some
'measure, the little Affairs of our own University.

'VERILY, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, we are much of-
'fended at the Act for importing *French* Wines: A Bottle
'or two of good solid Edifying Port at honest *George's*
'made a Night chearful, and threw off Reserve. But
'this plaguy *French* Claret will not only cost us more
'Money, but do us less Good: Had we been aware of it
'before it had gone too far, I must tell you, we would
'have petitioned to be heard upon that Subject. But let
'that pass.

'I must let you know likewise, good Sir, that we
'look upon a certain Northern Prince's March, in Con-
'junction with Infidels, to be palpably against our Good
'will and Liking; and for all Monsieur *Palmquist*, his
'most dangerous Innovation; and we are by no means
'yet sure, that some People are not at the Bottom on't.
'At least my own private Letters leave room for a Po-
'litician, well versed in matters of this Nature, to suspect
'as much, as a penetrating Friend of mine tells me.

'WE think we have at last done the Business with
'the Malecontents in *Hungary*, and shall clap up a
'Peace there.

WHAT the Neutrality Army is to do, or what
'the Army in *Flanders*, and what two or three other
'Princes, is not yet fully determined among us; and we
'wait impatiently for the coming in of the next *Dyer*,
'who, you must know, is our Authentick Intelligencer
'of

our *Ariſtotle* in Politicks. And 'tis indeed but fit there ſhould be ſome Dernier Reſort, the abſolute Decider of all Controverſies.

'WE were lately informed, that the Gallant Train'd-Bands had patroll'd all Night long about the Streets of *London:* We indeed could not imagine any Occaſion for it, we gueſſed not a Tittle on't aforehand, we were in nothing of the Secret; and that City Tradeſmen, or their Apprentices ſhould do Duty, or work, during the Holidays, we thought abſolutely impoſſible. But *Dyer* being poſitive in it, and ſome Letters from other People, who had talked with ſome who had it from thoſe who ſhould know, giving ſome Countenance to it, the Chairman reported from the Committee, appointed to examine into that Affair, That 'twas Poſſible there might be ſomething in't. I have much more to ſay to you, but my two good Friends and Neighbours, *Dominick* and *Slyboots,* are juſt come in, and the Coffee's ready. I am, in the mean time,

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your Admirer and Humble Servant,

Abraham Froth.

YOU may obſerve the Turn of their Minds tends only to Novelty, and not Satisfaction in any thing. It would be Diſappointment to them, to come to Certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them, and put an end to their Inquiries, which dull Fellows do not make for Information, but for Exerciſe. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently ſee, to wit, that dull Fellows prove very good Men of Buſineſs. Buſineſs relieves them from their own natural Heavineſs, by furniſhing them with what to do; whereas Buſineſs to Mercurial Men, is an Interruption from their real Exiſtence and Happineſs. Tho' the dull Part of Mankind are harmleſs in their Amuſements, it were to be wiſhed they had no Vacant Time, becauſe they uſually undertake ſomething that makes their Wants conſpicuous, by their manner of applying them. You ſhall ſeldom find a dull Fellow of good Education, but if he happens to have any Leiſure

upon his Hands) will turn his Head to one of those two Amusements, for all Fools of Eminence, Politicks or Poetry. The former of these Arts, is the Study of all dull People in general; but when Dulness is lodged in a Person of a quick Animal Life, it generally exerts it self in Poetry. One might here mention a few Military Writers, who give great Entertainment to the Age, by reason that the Stupidity of their Heads is quickned by the Alacrity of their Hearts. This Constitution in a dull Fellow, gives Vigour to Nonsense, and makes the Puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. The *British Prince*, that Celebrated Poem, which was written in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and deservedly called by the Wits of that Age *Incomparable*, was the Effect of such an happy Genius as we are speaking of. From among many other Distichs no less to be quoted on this Account, I cannot but recite the two following Lines;

A painted Vest Prince Voltager *had on,*
Which from a Naked Pict *his Grandsire won.*

HERE if the Poet had not been Vivacious, as well as Stupid, he could not, in the Warmth and Hurry of Nonsense, have been capable of forgetting that neither Prince *Voltager*, nor his Grandfather, could strip a Naked Man of his Doublet; but a Fool of a colder Constitution would have staid to have Flea'd the *Pict*, and made Buff of his Skin, for the Wearing of the Conqueror.

TO bring these Observations to some useful Purpose of Life, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise Nations, wherein every Man learns some Handicraft-Work. Would it not employ a Beau prettily enough, if instead of eternally playing with a Snuff-box, he spent some part of his Time in making one? Such a Method as this would very much conduce to the publick Emolument, by making every Man living good for something; for there would then be no one Member of Human Society, but would have some little Pretension for some Degree in it; like him who came to *Will*'s Coffee-house, upon the Merit of having writ a Posy of a Ring. R

Friday,

N° 44. *Friday, April* 20.

Tu, quid ego & populus mecum deſideret, audi.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 153.

Now hear what ev'ry Auditor expects. ROSCOMMON.

AMONG the ſeveral Artifices which are put in Practice by the Poets to fill the Minds of an Audience with Terror, the firſt Place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made uſe of at the Deſcending of a God, or the Riſing of a Ghoſt, at the Vaniſhing of a Devil, or at the Death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into ſeveral Tragedies with good Effect; and have ſeen the whole Aſſembly in a very great Alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *Engliſh* Theatre ſo much as a Ghoſt, eſpecially when he appears in a bloody Shirt. A Spectre has very often ſaved a Play, though he has done nothing but ſtalked acroſs the Stage, or roſe through a Cleft of it, and ſunk again without ſpeaking one Word. There may be a proper Seaſon for theſe ſeveral Terrors; and when they only come in as Aids and Aſſiſtances to the Poet, they are not only to be excuſed, but to be applauded. Thus the ſounding of the Clock in *Venice Preſerved*, makes the Hearts of the whole Audience quake; and conveys a ſtronger Terror to the Mind than it is poſſible for Words to do. The Appearance of the Ghoſt in *Hamlet* is a Maſter-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the Circumſtances that can create either Attention or Horror. The Mind of the Reader is wonderfully prepared for his Reception by the Diſcourſes that precede it: His Dumb Behaviour at his firſt Entrance, ſtrikes the Imagination very ſtrongly; but every time he enters, he is ſtill more terrifying. Who can read the Speech with which young *Hamlet* accoſts him, without trembling?

Hor. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*
Ham. *Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend us!*
Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blaſts from Hell;
Be thy Events wicked or charitable;
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable Shape
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: *Oh! Anſwer me,*
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearſed in Death,
Have burſt their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws
To caſt thee up again! What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarſe again in complete Steel
Reviſit'ſt thus the Glimpſes of the Moon,
Making Night hideous?

I do not therefore find fault with the Artifices abovementioned when they are introduced with Skill, and accompanied by proportionable Sentiments and Expreſſions in the Writing.

FOR the moving of Pity, our principal Machine is the Handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we ſhould not know very often that the Perſons are in Diſtreſs by any thing they ſay, if they did not from time to time apply their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes. Far be it from me to think of baniſhing this Inſtrument of Sorrow from the Stage; I know a Tragedy could not ſubſiſt without it: All that I would contend for, is to keep it from being miſapplied. In a word, I would have the Actor's Tongue ſympathize with his Eyes.

A diſconſolate Mother, with a Child in her Hand, has frequently drawn Compaſſion from the Audience, and has therefore gained a Place in ſeveral Tragedies. A Modern Writer, that obſerved how this had took in other Plays, being reſolved to double the Diſtreſs, and melt his Audience twice as much as thoſe before him had done, brought a Princeſs upon the Stage with a little Boy in one Hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good Effect. A third Poet being reſolved to out-write all his Predeceſſors, a few Years ago introduced three Children

Children with great Succeſs: And as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the moſt obdurate Hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the firſt Perſon that appears upon the Stage is an afflicted Widow in her mourning Weeds, with half a Dozen fatherleſs Children attending her, like thoſe that uſually hang about the Figure of Charity. Thus ſeveral Incidents that are beautiful in a good Writer, become ridiculous by falling into the Hands of a bad one.

BUT among all our Methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none ſo abſurd and barbarous, and what more expoſes us to the Contempt and Ridicule of our Neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is ſo very frequent upon the *Engliſh* Stage. To delight in ſeeing Men ſtabbed, poiſoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the Sign of a cruel Temper: And as this is often practiſed before the *Britiſh* Audience, ſeveral *French* Criticks, who think theſe are grateful Spectacles to us, take Occaſion from them to repreſent us as a People that delight in Blood. It is indeed very odd, to ſee our Stage ſtrowed with Carcaſes in the laſt Scene of a Tragedy; and to obſerve in the Wardrobe of the Play-houſe ſeveral Daggers, Poniards, Wheels, Bowls for Poiſon, and many other Inſtruments of Death. Murders and Executions are always tranſacted behind the Scenes in the *French* Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the Manners of a polite and civilized People: But as there are no Exceptions to this Rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them into Abſurdities almoſt as ridiculous as that which falls under our preſent Cenſure. I remember in the famous Play of *Corneille*, written upon the Subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young Hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (inſtead of being congratulated by his Siſter for his Victory, being upbraided by her for having ſlain her Lover) in the Height of his Paſſion and Reſentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate ſo brutal an Action, it would be the doing of it on a ſudden, before the Sentiments of Nature, Reaſon or Manhood could take place in him. However to avoid *publick Bloodſhed*, as ſoon as his Paſſion is wrought to its Height, he follows his Siſter the whole length of the Stage, and for-

forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the Scenes. I muſt confeſs, had he murdered her before the Audience, the Indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold Blood. To give my Opinion upon this Caſe, the Fact ought not to have been repreſented, but to have been told, if there was any Occaſion for it.

IT may not be unacceptable to the Reader to ſee how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate Circumſtances. *Oreſtes* was in the ſame Condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakeſpear*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken Poſſeſſion of his Kingdom in Conſpiracy with the Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his Father's Death upon thoſe who filled his Throne, conveys himſelf by a beautiful Stratagem into his Mother's Apartment, with a Reſolution to kill her. But becauſe ſuch a Spectacle would have been too ſhocking for the Audience, this dreadful Reſolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for Mercy; and the Son anſwering her, that ſhe ſhewed no Mercy to his Father; after which ſhe ſhrieks out that ſhe is wounded, and by what follows we find that ſhe is ſlain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are Speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other Inſtances of this Nature to be met with in thoſe of the Ancients: And I believe my Reader will agree with me, that there is ſomething infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing tranſacted before the Audience. *Oreſtes* immediately after meets the Uſurper at the Entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy Thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he ſhould live ſome Time in his preſent Bitterneſs of Soul before he would diſpatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that Part of the Palace where he had ſlain his Father, whoſe Murder he would revenge in the very ſame Place where it was committed. By this means the Poet obſerves that Decency which *Horace* afterwards eſtabliſhed by a Rule, of forbearing to commit Parricides or unnatural Murders before the Audience.

Na

Nec coram populo natos Medea *trucidet.*
Ars. Poet. v. 185.

Let not *Medea* draw her murd'ring Knife,
And ſpill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage.
ROSCOMMON.

The *French* have therefore refin'd too much upon *Horace*'s Rule, who never deſigned to baniſh all Kinds of Death from the Stage; but only ſuch as had too much Horror in them, and which would have a better Effect upon the Audience when tranſacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the Practice of the ancient Poets, who were very ſparing of their publick Executions, and rather choſe to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an Effect upon the Audience. At the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that though the devoted Perſons of the Tragedy were ſeldom ſlain before the Audience, which has generally ſomething ridiculous in it, their Bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it ſomething melancholy or terrifying; ſo that the killing on the Stage does not ſeem to have been avoided only as an Indecency, but alſo as an Improbability.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet;*
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne *vertatur,* Cadmus *in anguem:*
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 185.

Medea muſt not draw her murd'ring Knife,
Nor *Atreus* there his horrid Feaſt prepare:
Cadmus and *Progne*'s Metamorphoſis,
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatſoever contradicts my Senſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe. ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the ſeveral Dramatick Inventions which are made uſe of by the ignorant Poets to ſupply the Place of Tragedy, and by the Skilful to improve it; ſome of which I could wiſh intirely rejected, and the reſt to be uſed with Caution. It would be an endleſs Task to conſider Comedy in the ſame Light,

and

and to mention the innumerable Shifts that ſmall Wits put in practice to raiſe a Laugh. *Bullock* in a ſhort Coat and *Norris* in a long one, ſeldom fail of this Effect. In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brimm'd Hat are different Characters. Sometimes the Wit of the Scene lies in a Shoulder-belt, and Sometimes in a Pair of Whiskers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his Head peeping out of a Barrel, was thought a very good Jeſt in King *Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the firſt Wits of that Age. But becauſe Ridicule is not ſo delicate as Compaſſion, and becauſe the Objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than thoſe that make us weep, there is a much greater Latitude for comick than tragick Artifices, and by Conſequence a much greater Indulgence to be allowed them.

N° 45. *Saturday, April* 21.

Natio Comœda eſt ——— Juv. Sat. 3. v. 100

The Nation is a Company of Players.

THERE is nothing which I more deſire than a ſafe and honourable Peace, tho' at the ſame time I am very apprehenſive of many ill Conſequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politicks but our Manners. What an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What Peals of Laughter and Impertinence ſhall we be expoſed to? For the Prevention of theſe great Evils, I could heartily wiſh that there was an Act of Parliament for Prohibiting the Importation of *French* Fopperies.

THE Female Inhabitants of our Iſland have already received very ſtrong Impreſſions from this ludicrous Nation, tho' by the Length of the War (as there is no Evil which has not ſome good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when ſome of our well-bred Country-Women kept their

Val

let de Chambre, becauſe, forſooth, a Man was much ore handy about them than one of their own Sex. I y ſelf have ſeen one of theſe Male *Abigails* tripping out the Room with a Looking-glaſs in his Hand, and mbing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. Whether or no there was any Truth in the Story of a dy's being got with Child by one of theſe her Hand-aids I cannot tell, but I think at preſent the whole ce of them is extinct in our own Country.

ABOUT the time that ſeveral of our Sex were taken to this kind of Service, the Ladies likewiſe brought up e Faſhion of receiving Viſits in their Beds. It was then ok'd upon as a piece of Ill-breeding for a Woman refuſe to ſee a Man, becauſe ſhe was not ſtirring; and Porter would have been thought unfit for his Place, at could have made ſo aukward an Excuſe. As I love ſee every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my iend WILL HONEYCOMB to carry me along with n to one of theſe Travelled Ladies, deſiring him, at the ne time, to preſent me as a Foreigner who could not eak *Engliſh*, that ſo I might not be obliged to bear a rt in the Diſcourſe. The Lady, tho' willing to appear dreſt, had put on her beſt Looks, and painted herſelf r our Reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice Diſ-der, as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her oulders was ruffled with great Care. For my Part, I n ſo ſhocked with every thing that looks immodeſt the Fair Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my e from her when ſhe moved in her Bed, and was in the eateſt Confuſion imaginable every time ſhe ſtirred a g or an Arm. As the Coquettes, who introduced this ſtom, grew old, they left it off by Degrees; well know-g that a Woman of Threeſcore may kick and tumble r Heart out without making any Impreſſions.

SEMPRONIA is at preſent the moſt profeſt Ad-rer of the *French* Nation, but is ſo modeſt as to admit r Viſitants no farther than her Toilet. It is a very odd ght that beautiful Creature makes, when ſhe is talking liticks with her Treſſes flowing about her Shoulders, d examining that Face in the Glaſs, which does ſuch ecution upon all the Male Standers-by. How prettily es ſhe divide her Diſcourſe between her Woman and her

her Viſitants? What ſprightly Tranſitions does ſhe make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pincuſhion? How have I been pleaſed to ſee her interrupted in an Account of her Travels, by a Meſſage to her Footman; and holding her Tongue in the midſt of a Moral Reflexion, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

THERE is nothing which expoſes a Woman to greater Dangers, than that Gaiety and Airineſs of Temper, which are natural to moſt of the Sex. It ſhould be therefore the Concern of every wiſe and virtuous Woman, to keep this Sprightlineſs from degenerating into Levity. On the contrary, the whole Diſcourſe and Behaviour of the *French* is to make the Sex more Fantaſtical, or, (as they are pleaſed to term it) *more awakened*, than is conſiſtent either with Virtue or Diſcretion. To ſpeak Loud in Publick Aſſemblies, to let every one hear you talk of Things that ſhould only be mentioned in Private or in Whiſper, are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. At the ſame time a Bluſh is unfaſhionable, and Silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be ſpoken. In ſhort, Diſcretion and Modeſty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the greateſt Ornaments of the Fair Sex, are conſidered as the Ingredients of narrow Converſation and Family Behaviour.

SOME Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed my ſelf under a Woman of Quality that is ſince Dead; who, as I found by the Noiſe ſhe made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the riſing of the Curtain, ſhe broke out into a loud Soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their firſt Appearance, asked a Lady that ſat three Boxes from her, on her Right-hand, if thoſe Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the fineſt Speeches of the Play, ſhe ſhook her Fan at another Lady, who ſat as far on her Left hand, and told her with a Whiſper, that might be heard all over the Pit, We muſt not expect to ſee *Balloon* to night. Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his Name, who ſat three Seats before me, ſhe asked him whether *Macbeth*'s Wife was ſtill alive; and before he could give an Anſwer, fell a talking of the Ghoſt of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little Audience

to herſelf, and fixed the Attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere of her Impertinence, and planted my ſelf in one of the remoteſt Corners of the Pit.

THIS pretty Childiſhneſs of Behaviour is one of the moſt refined Parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in Perfection by Ladies that do not Travel for their Improvement. A natural and unconſtrained Behaviour has ſomething in it ſo agreeable, that it is no Wonder to ſee People endeavouring after it. But at the ſame time, it is ſo very hard to hit, when it is not Born with us, that People often make themſelves Ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* Author tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his Time, thought it Ill-breeding, and a kind of Female Pedantry, to pronounce an hard Word right; for which Reaſon they took frequent occaſion to uſe hard Words, that they might ſhew their Politeneſs in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of ſome Quality at Court, having accidentally made uſe of an hard Word in a proper Place, and pronounced it right, the whole Aſſembly was out of Countenance for her.

I muſt however be ſo juſt as to own, that there are many Ladies who have Travelled ſeveral Thouſands of Miles without being the worſe for it, and have brought Home with them all the Modeſty, Diſcretion, and good Senſe that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great Numbers of *Travelled* Ladies, who have lived all their Days within the Smoke of *London*. I have known a Woman that never was out of the Pariſh of *St. James's* betray as many Foreign Fopperies in her Carriage, as ſhe could have Gleaned up in half the Countries of *Europe*. C

Monday,

N° 46. *Monday, April* 23.

Non bene junctarum diſcordia ſemina rerum.
Ovid. Met. l. 1. v.

The jarring Seeds of ill-conſorted Things.

WHEN I want Materials for this Paper, it is my Cuſtom to go abroad in queſt of Game; and when I meet any proper Subject, I take the firſt Opportunity of ſetting down an Hint of it upon Paper. At the ſame time I look into the Letters of my Correſpondents, and if I find any thing ſuggeſted in them that may afford Matter of Speculation, I likewiſe enter a Minute of it in my Collection of Materials. By this Means I frequently carry about me a whole Sheet full of Hints, that would look like a Rhapſody of Non-ſenſe to any Body but my ſelf: There is nothing in them but Obſcurity and Confuſion, Raving and Inconſiſtency. In ſhort, they are my Speculations in the firſt Principles, that (like the World in its Chaos) are void of all Light, Diſtinction, and Order.

ABOUT a Week ſince there happened to me a very odd Accident, by Reaſon of one of theſe my Papers of Minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd's* Coffee-houſe, where the Auctions are uſually kept. Before I miſſed it, there was a Cluſter of People who had found it, and were diverting themſelves with it at one End of the Coffee-houſe: It had raiſed ſo much Laughter among them before I had obſerved what they were about, that I had not the Courage to own it. The Boy of the Coffee-houſe, when they had done with it, came it about in his Hand, asking every Body if they had dropped a written Paper; but no Body challenging it, he was ordered by thoſe merry Gentlemen who had before peruſed it, to get up into the Auction Pulpit, and read it to the whole Room, that if any one would own it, they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the Pulpit, and with a very audible Voice read as follows.

MINUTE

MINUTES.

Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's Country Seat --- *Yes*, I hate long Speeches ---- Query, if a good Chriſtian ay be a Conjurer ---- *Childermas-day*, Saltſeller, Houſe-og, Screech-Owl, Cricket ---- Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of *Lon-n*, in the good Ship called the *Achilles*. *Yarico* ------ *Egreſcitque medendo* ---- Ghoſts ---- The Lady's Library Lion by Trade a Tailor ---- Dromedary called *Bu-ſhalus* ---- Equipage the Lady's *ſummum bonum* ------ *arles Lillie* to be taken notice of ---- Short Face a Re-f to Envy ---- Redundancies in the three Profeſſions King *Latinus* a Recruit ---- Jew devouring an Ham Bacon--- *Weſtminſter-Abbey* ---- *Grand Cairo* ---- Pro-aſtination ---- *April* Fools ---- Blue Boars, Red Lions, ogs in Armour ---- Enter a King and two Fidlers *ſolus* Admiſſion into the Ugly Club ---- Beauty, how im-oveable ---- Families of true and falſe Humour --- he Parrot's School-Miſtreſs ---- Face half *Pict* half *itiſh* ---- No Man to be an Hero of a Tragedy under Foot --- Club of Sighers--- Letters from Flower-Pots, ow-chairs, Tapeſtry-Figures, Lion, Thunder ----- he Bell rings to the Puppet-Show ---- Old-Woman th a Beard married to a ſmock-faced Boy ---- My next at to be turned up with Blue ---- Fable of Tongs and idiron ---- Flower Dyers ---- the Soldier's Prayer ---- ank ye for nothing, ſays the Gally-Pot ---- *Pactolus* Stockings, with golden Clocks to them ---- Bamboos, dgels, Drum-ſticks ---- Slip of my Landlady's eldeſt ughter ---- The black Mare with a Star in her Fore-d ---- The Barber's Pole ---- WILL HONEYCOMB's at-pocket ---- *Cæſar*'s Behaviour and my own in Pa-el Circumſtances --- Poem in Patch-work ---- *Nulli vis eſt percuſſus Achilles* -- The Female Conventicler The Ogle-Maſter.

THE reading of this Paper made the whole Coffee-uſe very merry; ſome of them concluded it was writ-by a Madman, and others by ſome Body that had en taking Notes out of the Spectator. One who had Appearance of a very ſubſtantial Citizen, told us, with eral politick Winks and Nods, that he wiſhed there s no more in the Paper than what was expreſſed in it:

it: That for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to ſignify ſomething more than what was uſually meant by thoſe Words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better than to carry the Paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the Name of the outlandiſh Man with the golden Clock in his Stockings. A young *Oxford* Scholar, who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-houſe, diſcover'd to us who this *Pactolus* was; and by that Means turned the whole Scheme of this worthy Citizen into Ridicule. While they were making their ſeveral Conjectures upon this innocent Paper, I reach'd out my Arm to the Boy as he was coming out of the Pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon me; but after having caſt a curſory Glance over it, and ſhook my Head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twiſted it into a kind of Match and lit my Pipe with it. My profound Silence, together with the Steadineſs of my Countenance, and the Gravity of my Behaviour during this whole Tranſaction, raiſed a very loud Laugh on all Sides of me; but as I had eſcaped all Suſpicion of being the Author, I was very well ſatisfied, and applying my ſelf to my Pipe and the *Poſt-man*, took no farther Notice of any thing that paſſed about me.

MY Reader will find, that I have already made uſe of above half the Contents of the foregoing Paper; and will eaſily ſuppoſe, that thoſe Subjects which are yet untouched, were ſuch Proviſions as I had made for his future Entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this Accident, I ſhall only give him the Letters which relate to the two laſt Hints. The firſt of them I ſhould not have publiſhed, were I not informed that there is many an Husband who ſuffers very much in his private Affairs by the indiſcreet Zeal of ſuch a Partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous Inſcription quoted by the Biſhop of *Salisbury* in his Travels; *Dum nimis pia eſt, facta eſt impia: Through too much Piety ſhe became Impious.*

SIR

SIR,

I AM one of thoſe unhappy Men that are plagued with a Goſpel-Goſſip, ſo common among Diſſenters (eſpecially Friends) Lectures in the Morning, Church-Meetings at Noon, and Preparation Sermons at Night, take up ſo much of her Time, 'tis very rare ſhe knows what we have for Dinner, unleſs when the Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Siſters it ſeems; while others, really ſuch, are deemed no Relations. If at any time I have her Company alone, ſhe is a meer Sermon Popgun, repeating and diſcharging Texts, Proofs, and Applications ſo perpetually, that however weary I may go to Bed, the Noiſe in my Head will not let me ſleep 'till towards Morning. The Miſery of my Caſe, and great Numbers of ſuch Sufferers plead your Pity and ſpeedy Relief, otherwiſe muſt expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into Want, unleſs the Happineſs of being ſooner talked to Death prevent it.

I am, &c.

R. G.

THE ſecond Letter relating to the Ogling Maſter, runs thus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM an *Iriſh* Gentleman, that have travelled many Years for my Improvement; during which time I have accompliſhed myſelf in the whole Art of Ogling, as it is at preſent practiſed in all the polite Nations of *Europe*. Being thus qualified I intend, by the Advice of my Friends, to ſet up for an Ogling-Maſter. I teach the Church Ogle in the Morning, and the Play-houſe Ogle by Candle-light. I have alſo brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I teach in the Duſk of the Evening, or in any Hour of the Day by darkning one of my Windows. I have a Manuſcript by me called *The Complete Ogler*, which I ſhall be ready to ſhew you upon any Occaſion. In the mean time, I beg you will publiſh the Subſtance of this Letter in an Advertiſement, and you will very much oblige,

Your, &c.

N° 47. *Tuesday, April* 24.

Ride, si sapis ——— Mart.
Laugh, if you're wise.

MR. *Hobbs*, in his Discourse of Human Nature, which, in my humble Opinion, is much the best of all his Works, after some very curious Observations upon Laughter, concludes thus: 'The Passion of 'Laughter is nothing else but sudden Glory arising from 'some sudden Conception of some Eminency in our 'selves by Comparison with the Infirmity of others, or 'with our own formerly: For Men laugh at the Follies 'of themselves past, when they come suddenly to Re-'membrance, except they bring with them any present 'Dishonour.

ACCORDING to this Author therefore, when we hear a Man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very Merry, we ought to tell him he is very Proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this Matter, we shall meet with many Observations to confirm us in his Opinion. Every one laughs at some Body that is in an inferior State of Folly to himself. It was formerly the Custom for every great House in *England* to keep a tame Fool dressed in Petticoats, that the Heir of the Family might have an Opportunity of joking upon him and diverting himself with his Absurdities. For the same Reason Idiots are still in request in most of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great Magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed Fools in his Retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their Jests upon.

THE *Dutch* who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in several of their Streets what they call the Sign of the *Gaper*, that is the Head of an Idiot dressed in a Cap and Bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner: This is a standing Jest at *Amsterdam*.

THUS

THUS every one diverts himſelf with ſome Perſon r other that is below him in Point of Underſtanding, nd triumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilſt he as ſuch Objects of Deriſion before his Eyes. Mr. *Dennis* as very well expreſſed this in a Couple of humorous ines, which are part of a Tranſlation of a Satire in Monſieur *Boileau*.

Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

Mr. *Hobbs*'s Reflexion gives us the Reaſon why the ſignificannt People above-mentioned are Stirrers up of aughter among Men of a groſs Taſte: But as the more nderſtanding Part of Mankind do not find their Riſibi- y affected by ſuch ordinary Objects, it may be worth e while to examine into the ſeveral Provocatives of aughter in Men of ſuperior Senſe and Knowledge.

IN the firſt Place I muſt obſerve, that there is a Set merry Drolls, whom the common People of all Coun- ies admire, and ſeem to love ſo well, *that they could t them*, according to the old Proverb: I mean thoſe rcumforaneous Wits whom every Nation calls by the ame of that Diſh of Meat which it loves beſt. In *Hol- nd* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean ottages*; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies*; and in *Great-Britain*, *ack Puddings*. Theſe merry Wags, from whatſoever ood they receive their Titles, that they may make eir Audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's Coat, d commit ſuch Blunders and Miſtakes in every Step ey take, and every Word they utter, as thoſe who ten to them would be aſhamed of.

BUT this little Triumph of the Underſtanding, under e Diſguiſe of Laughter, is no where more viſible than that Cuſtom which prevails every where among us on e firſt Day of the preſent Month, when every Body kes it in his Head to make as many Fools as he can. In oportion as there are more Follies diſcovered, ſo there more Laughter raiſed on this Day than on any other in e whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a Haber- ſher by Trade, and a very ſhallow conceited Fellow, akes his Boaſts that for theſe ten Years ſucceſſively he s not made leſs than an hundred *April* Fools. My Land-

lady

lady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago, for ſending every one of her Children upon ſome *Sleeveleſs Errand*, as ſhe terms it. Her eldeſt Son went to buy an Half-penny worth of Incle at a Shoemaker's; the eldeſt Daughter was diſpatched half a Mile to ſee a Monſter; and in ſhort, the whole Family of innocent Children made *April* Fools. Nay my Landlady herſelf did not eſcape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon theſe Conceits ever ſince.

THIS Art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one Day in a Twelve-month; but there is an ingenious Tribe of Men ſprung up of late Years, who are for making *April* Fools every Day in the Year. Theſe Gentlemen are commonly diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Biters*; a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at thoſe Miſtakes which are of their own Production.

THUS we ſee, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chooſes his Fool out of a lower or higher Claſs of Mankind; or, to ſpeak in a more Philoſophical Language, That ſecret Elation and Pride of Heart, which is generally called Laughter, ariſes in him, from his comparing himſelf with an Object below him, whether it ſo happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial Fool. It is indeed very poſſible, that the Perſons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiſer Men than our ſelves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they muſt fall ſhort of us in thoſe Reſpects which ſtir up this Paſſion.

I am afraid I ſhall appear too Abſtracted in my Speculations, if I ſhew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying ſome Oddneſs or Infirmity in his own Character, or in the Repreſentation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a Brute or even at an inanimate thing, it is at ſome Action or Incident that bears a remote Analogy to any Blunder or Abſurdity in reaſonable Creatures.

BUT to come into common Life: I ſhall paſs by the Conſideration of thoſe Stage Coxcombs that are able to ſhake a whole Audience, and take notice of a particular ſort of Men who are ſuch Provokers of Mirth in Converſation, that it is impoſſible for a Club or Merry-meeting to ſubſiſt without them; I mean thoſe honeſt Gentlemen

that are always expoſed to the Wit and Rallery of their Well-wiſhers and Companions; that are pelted by Men, Women, and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a word, ſtand as *Butts* in Converſation, for every one to ſhoot at that pleaſes. I know ſeveral of theſe *Butts* who are Men of Wit and Senſe, though by ſome odd Turn of Humour, ſome unlucky Caſt in their Perſon or Behaviour, they have always the Misfortune to make the Company merry. The Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridiculous Side of his Character. A ſtupid *Butt* is only fit for the Converſation of ordinary People: Men of Wit require one that will give them Play, and beſtir himſelf in the abſurd Part of his Behaviour. A *Butt* with theſe Accompliſhments frequently gets the Laugh of his Side, and turns the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falſtaff* was an Hero of this Species, and gives a good Deſcription of himſelf in his Capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all ſorts* (ſays that merry Knight) *take a Pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only Witty in my ſelf, but the Cauſe that Wit is in other Men.* C

N° 48. *Wedneſday, April* 25.

—— Per multas aditum ſibi ſæpè figuras
Repperit —————— Ovid. Met. l. 14. v. 652.
Thro' various Shapes he often finds Acceſs.

MY Correſpondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their Letters. The moſt effectual Way will be to publiſh ſome of them that are upon important Subjects; which I ſhall introduce with a Letter of my own that I writ a Fortnight ago to a Fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary Member.

To the Preſident and Fellows of the *Ugly Club*.

May it pleaſe your Deformities,

'I Have received the Notification of the Honour you have done me, in admitting me into your Society. 'I acknowledge my Want of Merit, and for that Reaſon ſhall endeavour at all Times to make up my own 'Failures, by introducing and recommending to the 'Club Perſons of more undoubted Qualifications than I 'can pretend to. I ſhall next Week come down in the 'Stage-Coach, in order to take my Seat at the Board; 'and ſhall bring with me a Candidate of each Sex. The 'Perſons I ſhall preſent to you, are an old Beau and a 'modern *Pict*. If they are not ſo eminently gifted by 'Nature as our Aſſembly expects, give me leave to ſay 'their acquired Uglineſs is greater than any that has 'ever appeared before you. The Beau has varied his 'Dreſs every Day of his Life for theſe thirty Years laſt 'paſt, and ſtill added to the Deformity he was born 'with. The *Pict* has ſtill greater Merit towards us, and 'has, ever ſince ſhe came to Years of Diſcretion, de'ſerted the handſom Party, and taken all poſſible Pains 'to acquire the Face in which I ſhall preſent her to your 'Conſideration and Favour. I am, Gentlemen,

Your moſt Obliged Humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

P. S. 'I deſire to know whether you admit People 'of Quality.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *April* 17.

'TO ſhew you there are among us of the vain weak Sex, ſome that have Honeſty and Fortitude 'enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought 'ſo; I apply my ſelf to you, to beg your Intereſt and 'Recommendation to the *Ugly Club*. If my own Word 'will not be taken, (tho' in this Caſe a Woman's may) 'I can bring credible Witneſs of my Qualifications for 'their Company, whether they inſiſt upon Hair, Fore'head, Eyes, Cheeks, or Chin; to which I muſt add, 'that I find it eaſier to lean to my left Side, than my 'right.

right. I hope I am in all reſpects agreeable: And for Humour and Mirth, I'll keep up to the Preſident himſelf. All the Favour I'll pretend to is, that as I am the firſt Woman has appeared deſirous of good Company and agreeable Converſation, I may take and keep the upper End of the Table. And indeed I think they want a Carver, which I can be after as ugly a Manner as they can wiſh. I deſire your Thoughts of my Claim as ſoon as you can. Add to my Features the Length of my Face, which is full half Yard; tho' I never knew the Reaſon of it till you gave one for the Shortneſs of yours. If I knew a Name ugly enough to belong to the above deſcribed Face, I would feign one; but, to my unſpeakable Misfortune, my Name is the only diſagreeable Prettineſs about me; ſo pr'ythee make one for me that ſignifies all the Deformity in the World: You underſtand *Latin*, but be ſure bring it in with my being in the Sincerity of my Heart,

Your moſt frightful Admirer,
and Servant,

Hecatiſſa.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Read your Diſcouſe upon Affectation, and from the Remarks made in it examined my own Heart ſo ſtrictly, that I thought I had found out its moſt ſecret avenues, with a Reſolution to be aware of you for the future. But alas! to my Sorrow I now underſtand, that I have ſeveral Follies which I do not know the root of. I am an old Fellow, and extremely troubled with the Gout; but having always a ſtrong Vanity towards being pleaſing in the Eyes of Women, I never have a Moment's Eaſe, but I am mounted in high-heel'd Shoes with a glaſed Wax-leather Inſtep. Two days after a ſevere Fit I was invited to a Friend's houſe in the City, where I believed I ſhould ſee Ladies; and with my uſual Complaiſance crippled my ſelf to wait upon them: A very ſumptuous Table, agreeable Company, and kind Reception, were but ſo many unfortunate Additions to the Torment I was in. A Gentleman of the Family obſerved my Condition; and

'ſoon after the Queen's Health, he in the Preſence of 'the whole Company, with his own Hands, degraded me 'into an old Pair of his own Shoes. This Operation, be-'fore fine Ladies, to me (who am by Nature a Coxcomb) 'was ſuffered with the ſame Reluctance as they admit 'the Help of Men in their greateſt Extremity. The Re-'turn of Eaſe made me forgive the rough Obligation 'laid upon me, which at that time relieved my Body 'from a Diſtemper, and will my Mind for ever from a 'Folly. For the Charity received I return my Thanks 'this way.

Your moſt humble Servant.

SIR, *Epping, April* 18.

'WE have your Papers here the Morning they come 'out, and we have been very well entertained 'with your laſt, upon the falſe Ornaments of Perſons 'who repreſent Heroes in a Tragedy. What made your 'Speculation come very ſeaſonably among us is, that we 'have now at this Place a Company of Strollers, who 'are very far from offending in the impertinent Splendor 'of the Drama. They are ſo far from falling into theſe 'falſe Gallantries, that the Stage is here in its Original 'Situation of a Cart. *Alexander* the Great was acted by 'a Fellow in a Paper Cravat. The next Day, the Earl 'of *Eſſex* ſeemed to have no Diſtreſs but his Poverty: 'And my Lord *Foppington* the ſame Morning wanted any 'better means to ſhew himſelf a Fop, than by wearing 'Stockings of different Colours. In a word, tho' they 'have had a full Barn for many Days together, our Iti-'nerants are ſtill ſo wretchedly poor, that without you 'can prevail to ſend us the Furniture you forbid at the 'Play-houſe, the Heroes appear only like ſturdy Beggars, 'and the Heroines Gipſies. We have had but one Part 'which was performed and dreſſed with Propriety, and 'that was Juſtice *Clodpate*: This was ſo well done that 'it offended Mr. Juſtice *Overdo*, who, in the midſt of our 'whole Audience, was (like *Quixote* in the Puppet-Show) 'ſo highly provok'd, that he told them, If they would 'move Compaſſion, it ſhould be in their own Perſons, 'and not in the Characters of diſtreſſed Princes and Po-'tentates: He told them, If they were ſo good at

'finding

'finding the way to People's Hearts, they ſhould do it 'at the End of Bridges or Church-Porches, in their 'proper Vocation of Beggars. This, the Juſtice ſays, 'they muſt expect, ſince they could not be contented to 'act Heathen Warriors, and ſuch Fellows as *Alexan-* 'der, but muſt preſume to make a Mockery of one 'of the *Quorum*. R

Your Servant.

N° 49. *Thurſday, April* 26.

——— *Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.* Mart.

Men and their Manners I deſcribe.

IT is very natural for a Man who is not turned for Mirthful Meetings of Men, or Aſſemblies of the fair Sex, to delight in that ſort of Converſation which we find in Coffee-houſes. Here a Man, of my Temper, is in his Element; for if he cannot talk, he can ſtill be more agreeable to his Company, as well as pleaſed in himſelf, in being only an Hearer. It is a Secret known but to few, yet of no ſmall uſe in the Conduct of Life, that when you fall into a Man's Converſation, the firſt thing you ſhould conſider is, whether he has a greater Inclination to hear you, or that you ſhould hear him. The latter is the more general Deſire, and I know very able Flatterers that never ſpeak a Word in Praiſe of the Perſons from whom they obtain daily Favours, but ſtill practiſe a skilful Attention to whatever is uttered by thoſe with whom they converſe. We are very curious to obſerve the Behaviour of great Men and their Clients; but the ſame Paſſions and Intereſts move Men in lower Spheres; and I (that have nothing elſe to do but make Obſervations) ſee in every Pariſh, Street, Lane, and Alley of this Populous City, a little Potentate that has his Court and his Flatterers who lay Snares for his Affection and Favour, by the ſame Arts that are practiſed upon Men in higher Stations.

IN the Place I moſt uſually frequent, Men differ rather in the Time of Day in which they make a Figure, than in any real Greatneſs above one another. I, who am at the Coffee-houſe at Six in a Morning, know that my Friend *Beaver* the Haberdaſher has a Levy of more undiſſembled Friends and Admirers, than moſt of the Courtiers or Generals of *Great-Britain*. Every Man about him has, perhaps, a News-Paper in his Hand; but none can pretend to gueſs what Step will be taken in any one Court of *Europe*, 'till Mr. *Beaver* has thrown down his Pipe, and declares what Meaſures the Allies muſt enter into upon this new Poſture of Affairs. Our Coffee-houſe is near one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Audience and Admiration of his Neighbours from Six 'till within a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupted by the Students of the Houſe; ſome of whom are ready dreſs'd for *Weſtminſter*, at eight in a Morning, with Faces as buſy as if they were retained in every Cauſe there; and others come in their Night-gowns to ſaunter away their Time, as if they never deſigned to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Objects which move both my Spleen and Laughter ſo effectually, as theſe young Fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire*'s, *Searl*'s, and all other Coffee-houſes adjacent to the Law, who riſe early for no other purpoſe but to publiſh their Lazineſs. One would think theſe young *Virtuoſo*'s take a gay Cap and Slippers, with a Scarf and Party-coloured Gown, to be Enſigns of Dignity; for the vain Things approach each other with an Air, which ſhews they regard one another for their Veſtments. I have obſerved that the Superiority among theſe proceeds from an Opinion of Gallantry and Faſhion: The Gentleman in the Strawberry Saſh, who preſides ſo much over the reſt, has, it ſeems, ſubſcribed to every Opera this laſt Winter, and is ſuppoſed to receive Favours from one of the Actreſſes.

WHEN the Day grows too buſy for theſe Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the Pleaſures of their *Deſhabille*, with any manner of Confidence, they give place to Men who have Buſineſs or good Senſe in their Faces, and come to the Coffee-houſe either to tranſact Affairs or enjoy Converſation. The Perſons to whoſe Behaviour and Diſcourſe I have moſt regard, are ſuch as are between

theſe two ſorts of Men: Such as have not Spirits too active to be happy and well pleaſed in a private Condition, nor Complexions too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of theſe ſort of Men conſiſt the worthier Part of Mankind; of theſe are all good Fathers, generous Brothers, ſincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reaſon than Imagination: Which is the Cauſe that there is no Impatience or Inſtability in their Speech or Action. You ſee in their Countenances they are at home, and in quiet Poſſeſſion of the preſent Inſtant, as it paſſes, without deſiring to quicken it by gratifying any Paſſion, or proſecuting any new Deſign. Theſe are the Men formed for Society, and thoſe little Communities which we expreſs by the Word *Neighbourhoods*.

THE Coffee-houſe is the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to reliſh calm and ordinary Life. *Eubulus* preſides over the middle Hours of the Day, when this Aſſembly of Men meet together. He enjoys a great Fortune handſomly, without lanching into Expence; and exerts many noble and uſeful Qualities, without appearing in any publick Employment. His Wiſdom and Knowledge are ſerviceable to all that think fit to make uſe of them; and he does the Office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the Profits which attend ſuch Offices, but alſo without the Deference and Homage which are uſually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is diſpleaſing to him. The greateſt Gratitude you can ſhew him, is to let him ſee you are the better Man for his Services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

IN the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at legal Value, conſiderable Sums, which he might highly increaſe by rolling in the publick Stocks. He does not conſider in whoſe Hands his Money will improve moſt, but where it will do moſt Good.

EUBULUS has ſo great an Authority in his little Diurnal Audience, that when he ſhakes his Head at any Piece of publick News, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with a good Stomach and chearful Aſpect, when *Eubulus* ſeems

to intimate that Things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is ſo great, that when they are in other Company they ſpeak and act after him; are wiſe in his Sentences, and are no ſooner ſat down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or deſpond, as they ſaw him do at the Coffee-houſe. In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* as ſoon as his Back is turned.

HAVING here given an Account of the ſeveral Reigns that ſucceed each other from Day-break till Dinner-time, I ſhall mention the Monarchs of the Afternoon on another Occaſion, and ſhut up the whole Series of them with the Hiſtory of *Tom* the Tyrant; who, as firſt Miniſter of the Coffee-houſe, takes the Government upon him between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night, and gives his Orders in the moſt Arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the Diſpoſition of Liquors, Coal and Cinders. R

N° 50. *Friday, April 27.*

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.
Juv. Sat. 14. v. 321.

Good Senſe and Nature always ſpeak the ſame.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this Country about a Twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully ſtruck with the Sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, ſince their Departure, employed a Friend to make many Inquiries of their Landlord the Upholſterer, relating to their Manners and Converſation, as alſo concerning the Remarks which they made in this Country: For, next to the forming a right Notion of ſuch Strangers, I ſhould be deſirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

THE Upholſterer finding my Friend very inquiſitive about theſe his Lodgers, brought him ſome time ſince a little

little Bundle of Papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow*, and, as he supposes, left behind by some Mistake. These Papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd Observations, which I find this little Fraternity of Kings made during their Stay in the Isle of *Great Britain*. I shall present my Reader with a short Specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the Article of *London* are the following Words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of St. *Paul*.

'On the most rising Part of the Town there stands a 'huge House, big enough to contain the whole Nation 'of which I am King. Our good Brother *E Tow O Koam*, 'King of the *Rivers*, is of Opinion it was made by the 'Hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. 'The Kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe 'that it was created with the Earth, and produced on 'the same Day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own 'part, by the best Information that I could get of this 'Matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was 'fashioned into the Shape it now bears by several Tools 'and Instruments of which they have a wonderful Va'riety in this Country. It was probably at first an huge 'mis-shapen Rock that grew upon the Top of the Hill, 'which the Natives of the Country (after having cut it 'into a kind of regular Figure) bored and hollowed with 'incredible Pains and Industry, 'till they had wrought 'in it all those beautiful Vaults and Caverns into which 'it is divided at this Day. As soon as this Rock was 'thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious 'Number of Hands must have been employed in chip'ping the Out-side of it, which is now as smooth as the 'Surface of a Pebble; and is in several Places hewn 'out into Pillars that stand like the Trunks of so many 'Trees bound about the Top with Garlands of Leaves. 'It is probable that when this great Work was begun, 'which must have been many hundred Years ago, there 'was some Religion among this People; for they give 'it the Name of a Temple, and have a Tradition that 'it was designed for Men to pay their Devotions in. And 'indeed there are several Reasons which make us think

'that the Natives of this Country had formerly am
'them ſome ſort of Worſhip; for they ſet apart ev
'ſeventh Day as ſacred: But upon my going into
'of theſe holy Houſes on that Day, I could not obſe
'any Circumſtance of Devotion in their Behavio
'There was indeed a Man in black who was mou
'above the reſt, and ſeemed to utter ſomething wit
'great deal of Vehemence; but as for thoſe underne
'him, inſtead of paying their Worſhip to the Deity
'the Place, they were moſt of them bowing and cur
'ing to one another, and a conſiderable Number of th
'faſt aſleep.

'THE Queen of the Country appointed two Me
'attend us, that had enough of our Language to m
'themſelves underſtood in ſome few Particulars. But
'ſoon perceived theſe two were great Enemies to
'another, and did not always agree in the ſame St
'We could make a ſhift to gather out of one of th
'that this Iſland was very much infeſted with a m
'ſtrous Kind of Animals, in the Shape of Men, cal
'*Whigs*; and he often told us, that he hoped we ſho
'meet with none of them in our Way, for that if
'did, they would be apt to knock us down for be
'Kings.

'OUR other Interpreter uſed to talk very much o
'kind of Animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a Mo
'ſter as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill for be
'Foreigners. Theſe two Creatures, it ſeems, are bo
'with a ſecret Antipathy to one another, and eng
'when they meet as naturally as the Elephant and
'Rhinoceros. But as we ſaw none of either of theſe Sp
'cies, we are apt to think that our Guides deceived
'with Miſrepreſentations and Fictions, and amuſed
'with an Account of ſuch Monſters as are not really
'their Country.

'THESE Particulars we made a ſhift to pick
'from the Diſcourſe of our Interpreters; which we p
'together as well as we could, being able to underſta
'but here and there a Word of what they ſaid, and a
'terwards making up the Meaning of it among
'ſelves. The Men of the Country are very cunning
'ingenious in handicraft Works, but withal ſo very id
'

that we often ſaw young luſty raw-boned Fellows carried up and down the Streets in little covered Rooms by a Couple of Porters, who are hired for that Service. Their Dreſs is likewiſe very barbarous, for they almoſt ſtrangle themſelves about the Neck, and bind their Bodies with many Ligatures, that we are apt to think are the Occaſion of ſeveral Diſtempers among them, which our Country is intirely free from. Inſtead of thoſe beautiful Feathers with which we adorn our Heads, they often buy up a monſtrous Buſh of Hair, which covers their Heads, and falls down in a large Fleece below the Middle of their Backs; with which they walk up and down the Streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own Growth.

'WE were invited to one of their publick Diverſions, where we hoped to have ſeen the great Men of their Country running down a Stag or pitching a Bar, that we might have diſcovered who were the Perſons of the greateſt Abilities among them; but inſtead of that they conveyed us into a huge Room lighted up with abundance of Candles, where this lazy People ſat ſtill above three Hours to ſee ſeveral Feats of Ingenuity performed by others, who it ſeems were paid for it.

'AS for the Women of the Country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our Remarks upon them at a Diſtance. They let the Hair of their Heads grow to a great length; but as the Men make a great ſhow with Heads of Hair that are none of their own, the Women, who they ſay have very fine Heads of Hair, tie it up in a Knot, and cover it from being ſeen. The Women look like Angels, and would be more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black Spots that are apt to break out in their Faces, and ſometimes riſe in very odd Figures. I have obſerved that thoſe little Blemiſhes wear off very ſoon; but when they diſappear in one part of the Face, they are very apt to break out in another, inſomuch that I have ſeen a Spot upon the Forehead in the Afternoon, which was upon the Chin in the Morning.

THE Author then proceeds to ſhew the Abſurdity of Breeches and Petticoats, with many other curious Obſervations,

vations, which I ſhall reſerve for another Occaſion. I cannot however conclude this Paper without taking notice, That amidſt theſe wild Remarks there now and then appears ſomething very reaſonable. I cannot likewiſe forbear obſerving, that we are all guilty in ſome meaſure of the ſame narrow way of Thinking, which we meet with in this Abſtract of the *Indian* Journal, when we fancy the Cuſtoms, Dreſſes, and Manners of other Countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not reſemble thoſe of our own. C

N° 51. *Saturday, April* 28.

Torquet ab Obſcenis jam nunc Sermonibus Aurem.
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 127.

He from the Taſte obſcene reclaims our Youth. POPE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY Fortune, Quality, and Perſon are ſuch as render me as conſpicuous as any young Woman in Town. It is in my Power to enjoy it in all its Vanities, but I have, from a very careful Education, contracted a great Averſion to the forward Air and Faſhion which is practiſed in all publick Places and Aſſemblies. I attribute this very much to the Stile and Manners of our Plays. I was laſt Night at the *Funeral*, where a confident Lover in the Play, ſpeaking of his Miſtreſs, cries out ----- *Oh that* Harriot! *to fold theſe Arms about the Waſte of that beauteous, ſtruggling, and at laſt yielding Fair!* Such an Image as this ought, by no means, to be preſented to a chaſte and regular Audience. I expect your Opinion of this Sentence, and recommend to your Conſideration, as a SPECTATOR, the Conduct of the Stage at preſent with Relation to Chaſtity and Modeſty.

I am, S I R,

Your conſtant Reader and Well-wiſher.

THE

THE Complaint of this young Lady is ſo juſt, that the Offence is great enough to have diſpleaſed Perſons who cannot pretend to that Delicacy and Modeſty, of which ſhe is Miſtreſs. But there is a great deal to be ſaid in behalf of an Author: If the Audience would but conſider the Difficulty of keeping up a ſprightly Dialogue for five Acts together, they would allow a Writer, when he wants Wit, and can't pleaſe any otherwiſe, to help it out with a little Smuttineſs. I will anſwer for the Poets, that no one ever writ Bawdry for any other Reaſon but Dearth of Invention. When the Author cannot ſtrike out of himſelf any more of that which he has ſuperior to thoſe who make up the Bulk of his Audience, his natural Recourſe is to that which he has in common with them; and a Deſcription which gratifies a ſenſual Appetite will pleaſe, when the Author has nothing about him to delight a refined Imagination. It is to ſuch a Poverty, we muſt impute this and all other Sentences in Plays, which are of this Kind, and which are commonly termed Luſcious Expreſſions.

THIS Expedient, to ſupply the Deficiencies of Wit, has been uſed more or leſs, by moſt of the Authors who have ſucceeded on the Stage; tho' I know but one who has profeſſedly writ a Play upon the Baſis of the Deſire of multiplying our Species, and that is the polite Sir *George Etherege*; if I underſtand what the Lady would be at, in the Play called *She would if She could*. Other Poets have, here and there, given an Intimation that there is this Deſign, under all the Diſguiſes and Affectations which a Lady may put on; but no Author, except this, has made ſure Work of it, and put the Imaginations of the Audience upon this one Purpoſe, from the Beginning to the End of the Comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be, that all who go to this Piece would if they could, or that the Innocents go to it, to gueſs only what *She would if She could*, the Play has always been well received.

IT lifts an heavy empty Sentence, when there is added to it a laſcivious Geſture of Body; and when it is too low to be raiſed even by that, a flat Meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers, who want *Genius*, never fail of keeping this Secret in reſerve, to create a

Laugh,

Laugh, or raiſe a Clap. I, who know nothing of Women but from ſeeing Plays, can give great Gueſſes at the whole Structure of the fair Sex, by being innocently placed in the Pit, and inſulted by the Petticoats of their Dancers; the Advantages of whoſe pretty Perſons are a great Help to a dull Play. When a Poet flags in writing luſciouſly, a pretty Girl can move laſciviouſly, and have the ſame good Conſequence for the Author. Dull Poets in this Caſe uſe their Audiences, as dull Paraſites do their Patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with their Wit or Humour, they bait their Ears with ſomething which is agreeable to their Temper, though below their Underſtanding. *Apicius* cannot reſiſt being pleaſed, if you give him an Account of a delicious Meal; or *Clodius*, if you deſcribe a wanton Beauty: Tho' at the ſame time, if you do not awake thoſe Inclinations in them, no Men are better Judges of what is juſt and delicate in Converſation. But as I have before obſerved, it is eaſier to talk to the Man, than to the Man of Senſe.

IT is remarkable, that the Writers of leaſt Learning are beſt skilled in the luſcious Way. The Poeteſſes of the Age have done Wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the Lady who writ *Ibrahim*, for introducing a preparatory Scene to the very Action, when the Emperor throws his Handkerchief as a Signal for his Miſtreſs to follow him into the moſt retired Part of the Seraglio. It muſt be confeſſed his *Turkiſh* Majeſty went off with a good Air, but, methought, we made but a ſad Figure who waited without. This ingenious Gentlewoman, in this piece of Bawdry, refined upon an Author of the ſame Sex, who, in the *Rover*, makes a Country Squire ſtrip to his Holland Drawers. For *Blunt* is diſappointed, and the Emperor is underſtood to go on to the utmoſt. The Pleaſantry of Stripping almoſt Naked has been ſince practiſed (where indeed it ſhould have begun) very ſucceſsfully at *Bartholomew* Fair.

IT is not here to be omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned Female Compoſitions, the *Rover* is very frequently ſent on the ſame Errand; as I take it, above once every Act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they ſay, the Men-Authors draw themſelves in their chief Characters, and the Women-Writers may be allowed the

ſame

ſame Liberty. Thus, as the Male Wit gives his Hero a good Fortune, the Female gives her Heroine a good Gallant, at the End of the Play. But, indeed, there is hardly a Play one can go to, but the Hero or fine Gentleman of it ſtruts off upon the ſame Account, and leaves us to conſider what good Office he has put us to, or to employ ourſelves as we pleaſe. To be plain, a Man who frequents Plays would have a very reſpectful Notion of himſelf, were he to recollect how often he has been uſed as a Pimp to raviſhing Tyrants, or ſucceſsful Rakes. When the Actors make their *Exit* on this good Occaſion, the Ladies are ſure to have an examining Glance from the Pit, to ſee how they reliſh what paſſes; and a few lewd Fools are very ready to employ their Talents upon the Compoſure or Freedom of their Looks. Such Incidents as theſe make ſome Ladies wholly abſent themſelves from the Play-houſe; and others never miſs the firſt Day of a Play, leſt it ſhould prove too luſcious to admit their going with any Countenance to it on the ſecond.

IF Men of Wit, who think fit to write for the Stage, inſtead of this pitiful way of giving Delight, would turn their Thoughts upon raiſing it from good natural Impulſes as are in the Audience, but are choked up by Vice and Luxury, they would not only pleaſe, but befriend us at the ſame time. If a Man had a mind to be new in his way of Writing, might not he who is now repreſented as a fine Gentleman, tho' he betrays the Honour and Bed of his Neighbour and Friend, and lies with half the Women in the Play, and is at laſt rewarded with her of the beſt Character in it; I ſay, upon giving the Comedy another Caſt, might not ſuch a one divert the Audience quite as well, if at the Cataſtrophe he were found out for a Traitor, and met with Contempt accordingly? There is ſeldom a Perſon devoted to above one Darling Vice at a time, ſo that there is room enough to catch at Mens Hearts to their Good and Advantage, if the Poets will attempt it with the Honeſty which becomes their Characters.

THERE is no Man who loves his Bottle or his Miſtreſs, in a manner ſo very abandoned, as not to be capable of reliſhing an agreeable Character, that is no way a Slave

Slave to either of thoſe Purſuits. A Man that is Temperate, Generous, Valiant, Chaſte, Faithful and Honeſt may, at the ſame time, have Wit, Humour, Mirth, Good breeding, and Gallantry. While he exerts theſe latter Qualities, twenty Occaſions might be invented to ſhew he is Maſter of the other noble Virtues. Such Characters would ſmite and reprove the Heart of a Man of Senſe when he is given up to his Pleaſures. He would ſee he has been miſtaken all this while, and be convinced that a ſound Conſtitution and an innocent Mind are the true Ingredients for becoming and enjoying Life. All Men of true Taſte would call a Man of Wit, who ſhould turn his Ambition this way, a Friend and Benefactor to his Country; but I am at a loſs what Name they would give him, who makes uſe of his Capacity for contrary Purpoſes.

N° 52. *Monday, April* 30.

Omnes ut Tecum meritis pro Talibus annos
Exigat, & pulchrâ faciat Te prole parentem.
Virg. Æn. 1. v. 7[illegible]

To crown thy Worth, ſhe ſhall be ever thine,
And make thee Father of a beauteous Line.

AN ingenious Correſpondent, like a ſprightly Wife, will always have the laſt Word. I did not think my laſt Letter to the deformed Fraternity would have occaſioned any Anſwer, eſpecially ſince I had promiſed them ſo ſudden a Viſit: But as they think they cannot ſhew too great a Veneration for my Perſon, they have already ſent me up an Anſwer. As to the Propoſal of a Marriage between my ſelf and the matchleſs *Hecatiſſa*, I have but one Objection to it; which is, That all the Society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be ſure of keeping a Woman's Heart long, where ſhe may have ſo much Choice? I am the more alarmed at this, becauſe the Lady ſeems particularly ſmitten with Men of their Make.

I believe I ſhall ſet my Heart upon her; and think ne- the worſe of my Miſtreſs for an Epigram a ſmart Fel- y writ, as he thought, againſt her; it does but the more ommend her to me. At the ſame time I cannot but over that his Malice is ſtoln from *Martial.*

Tacta places, Audita places, ſi non videare
Tota places, neutro, ſi videare, places.

Whilſt in the Dark on thy ſoft Hand I hung,
And heard the tempting *Siren* in thy Tongue,
What Flames, what Darts, what Anguiſh I endur'd!
But when the Candle enter'd I was cur'd.

YOUR Letter to us we have received, as a ſignal Mark of your Favour and brotherly Affection. We ſhall be heartily glad to ſee your ſhort Face in *Oxford:* And ſince the Wiſdom of our Legiſlature has been immortalized in your Speculations, and our perſonal Deformities in ſome ſort by you recorded to all Poſterity; we hold our ſelves in Gratitude bound to receive, with the higheſt Reſpect, all ſuch Perſons as for their extraordinary Merit you ſhall think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the Board. As for the Pictiſh Damſel, we have an eaſy Chair prepared at the upper End of the Table; which we doubt not but ſhe will grace with a very hideous Aſpect, and much better become the Seat in the native and unaffected Uncomelineſs of her Perſon, than with all the ſuperficial Airs of the Pencil, which (as you have very ingeniouſly obſerved) vaniſh with a Breath, and the moſt innocent Adorer may deface the Shrine with a Salutation, and, in the literal Senſe of our Poets, ſnatch and imprint his balmy Kiſſes, and devour her melting Lips: In ſhort, the only Faces of the Pictiſh Kind that will endure the Weather, muſt be of Dr. *Carbuncle*'s Die; tho' his, in truth, has coſt him a World the Painting; but then he boaſts with *Zeuxes, In æternitatem pingo*; and oft jocoſely tells the Fair Ones, would they acquire Colours that would ſtand kiſſing, they muſt no longer Paint but Drink for a Complexion: A Maxim that in this our Age has been purſued with no ill Succeſs; and has been as admirable in its Effects, as the famous Coſmetick men-

tioned

'tioned in the *Poſt-man*, and invented by the renowne
'*Britiſh Hippocrates* of the Peſtle and Mortar; makin
'the Party, after a due Courſe, roſy, hale, and airy; an
'the beſt and moſt approved Receipt now extant for th
'Fever of the Spirits. But to return to our Female Can
'didate, who, I underſtand, is returned to her ſelf, an
'will no longer hang out falſe Colours; as ſhe is the fir
'of her Sex that has done us ſo great an Honour, ſhe wi
'certainly, in a very ſhort time, both in Proſe and Ver
'be a Lady of the moſt celebrated Deformity now liv
'ing; and meet with Admirers here as frightful as he
'ſelf. But being a long-headed Gentlewoman, I am a
'to imagine ſhe has ſome further Deſign than you hav
'yet penetrated; and perhaps has more mind to th
'SPECTATOR than any of his Fraternity, as th
'Perſon of all the World ſhe could like for a Paramou
'And if ſo, really I cannot but applaud her Choice
'and ſhould be glad if it might lie in my Power, to effe
'an amicable Accommodation betwixt two Faces of ſuc
'different Extremes, as the only poſſible Expedien
'to mend the Breed, and rectify the Phyſiognomy
'the Family on both Sides. And again, as ſhe is a La
'of a very fluent Elocution, you need not fear that yo
'firſt Child will be born dumb, which otherwiſe yo
'might have ſome Reaſon to be apprehenſive of. T
'be plain with you, I can ſee nothing ſhocking in it
'for tho' ſhe has not a Face like a *John-Apple*, yet as
'late Friend of mine, who at Sixty-five ventured on
'Laſs of Fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining fi
'Years of his Life, gave me to underſtand, That,
'old as he then ſeemed, when they were firſt marri
'he and his Spouſe could make but Fourſcore; ſo ma
'Madam *Hecatiſſa* very juſtly alledge hereafter, That,
'long viſaged as ſhe may then be thought, upon the
'Wedding-day Mr. SPECTATOR and ſhe had but Ha
'an Ell of Face betwixt them: And this my very wo
'thy Predeceſſor, Mr. Sergeant *Chin*, always maintain
'to be no more than the true oval Proportion betwe
'Man and Wife. But as this may be a new thing
'you, who have hitherto had no Expectations from W
'men, I ſhall allow you what Time you think fit
'conſider on't; not without ſome Hope of ſeeing at l
'yo

your Thoughts hereupon ſubjoin'd to mine, and which is an Honour much deſired by,

SIR, Your aſſured Friend,
and moſt humble Servant,

Hugh Gobling, Præſes.

THE following Letter has not much in it, but as it written in my own Praiſe I cannot from my Heart ſuppreſs it.

SIR,

YOU propoſed, in your SPECTATOR of laſt *Tueſday*, Mr. *Hobbs*'s Hypotheſis, for ſolving that very odd Phænomenon of Laughter. You have made the Hypotheſis valuable by eſpouſing it your ſelf; for had it continued Mr. *Hobbs*'s, no Body would have minded it. Now here this perplexed Caſe ariſes. A certain Company laugh'd very heartily upon the Reading of that very Paper of yours: And the Truth on it is, he muſt be a Man of more than ordinary Conſtancy that could ſtand it out againſt ſo much Comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few Men in the World ſo far loſt to all good Senſe, as to look upon you to be a Man in a State of Folly *inferior to himſelf*. Pray then how do you juſtify your Hypotheſis of Laughter?

Thurſday, *the 26th of the Month of* Fools.

Your moſt humble,
Q. R.

SIR,

IN anſwer to your Letter, I muſt deſire you to recollect your ſelf; and you will find, that when you did me the Honour to be ſo merry over my Paper, you laughed at the Idiot, the *German* Courtier, the Gaper, the Merry-Andrew, the Haberdaſher, the Biter, the Butt, and not at

Your humble Servant,
The SPECTATOR.

Tueſday,

N° 53. *Tueſday, May* 1.

—— *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

Hor. Ars Poet. v.

Homer *himſelf hath been obſerv'd to nod.*

ROSCOMM

MY Correſpondents grow ſo numerous, that I can avoid frequently inſerting their Applications to

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM glad I can inform you, that your Endeavou
'adorn that Sex, which is the faireſt Part of the
'ſible Creation, are well received, and like to pr
'not unſucceſsful. The Triumph of *Daphne* over
'Siſter *Letitia* has been the Subject of Converſation a
'veral Tea-Tables where I have been preſent; an
'have obſerved the fair Circle not a little pleaſed to
'you conſidering them as reaſonable Creatures, and
'deavouring to baniſh that *Mahometan* Cuſtom, which
'too much prevailed even in this Iſland, of treating
'men as if they had no Souls. I muſt do them the ju
'to ſay, that there ſeems to be nothing wanting to
'finiſhing of theſe lovely Pieces of Human Nature,
'ſides the turning and applying their Ambition prope
'and the keeping them up to a Senſe of what is their
'Merit. *Epictetus*, that plain honeſt Philoſopher, as
'as he had of Gallantry, appears to have underſ
'them, as well as the polite St. *Evremont*, and has hit
'Point very luckily. *When Young Women*, ſays he, *ar*
'*at a certain Age, they hear themſelves called* Miſtre
'*and are made to believe that their only Buſineſs is to p*
'*the Men; they immediately begin to dreſs, and plac*
'*their Hopes in the adorning of their Perſons; it is th*
'*fore*, continues he, *worth the while to endeavour by*
'*Means to make them ſenſible, that the Honour paid to*
'*is only upon Account of their conducting themſelves*
'*Virtue, Modeſty, and Diſcretion.*

'NO

NOW to purſue the Matter yet further, and to ren-
r your Cares for the Improvement of the Fair Ones
ore effectual, I would propoſe a new Method, like
oſe Applications which are ſaid to convey their Virtue
Sympathy; and that is, that in order to embelliſh the
iſtreſs, you ſhould give a new Education to the Lover,
d teach the Men not to be any longer dazzled by
ſe Charms and unreal Beauty. I cannot but think that
our Sex knew always how to place their Eſteem juſtly,
e other would not be ſo often wanting to themſelves
deſerving it. For as the being enamoured with a
oman of Senſe and Virtue is an Improvement to a
an's Underſtanding and Morals, and the Paſſion is en-
bled by the Object which inſpires it; ſo on the other
e, the appearing amiable to a Man of a wiſe and
gant Mind, carries in it ſelf no ſmall Degree of
erit and Accompliſhment. I conclude therefore that
e way to make the Women yet more agreeable is,
make the Men more virtuous.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

R. B.

IR, April 26.

YOURS of *Saturday* laſt I read, not without ſome
Reſentment; but I will ſuppoſe when you ſay you
pect an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades, and to
many new Vanities which the Women will fall into
on a Peace with *France*, that you intend only the un-
nking Part of our Sex; and what Methods can re-
ce them to Reaſon is hard to imagine.

BUT, Sir, there are others yet, that your Inſtructi-
s might be of great Uſe to, who, after their beſt En-
vours, are ſometimes at a Loſs to acquit themſelves
a Cenſorious World: I am far from thinking you
altogether diſapprove of Converſation between La-
s and Gentlemen, regulated by the Rules of Ho-
ur and Prudence; and have thought it an Obſerva-
n not ill made, that where that was wholly denied,
Women loſt their Wit, and the Men their Good-
nners. 'Tis ſure, from thoſe improper Liberties you
ntioned, that a ſort of undiſtinguiſhing People ſhall

' baniſh

'baniſh from their Drawing-rooms the beſt-bred Me
'in the World, and condemn thoſe that do not. Yo
'ſtating this Point might, I think, be of good Uſe, a
'well as much oblige,

SIR, Your Admirer, and
moſt humble Servant,
ANNA BELLA

No Anſwer to this, till Anna Bella *ſends a Deſcription o*
thoſe ſhe calls the Beſt-bred Men in the World.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Gentleman who for many Years laſt paſt hav
'been well known to be truly Splenetick, and tha
'my Spleen ariſes from having contracted ſo great a De
'licacy, by reading the beſt Authors, and keeping th
'moſt refined Company, that I cannot bear the leaſt Im
'propriety of Language, or Ruſticity of Behaviour. Now
'Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wiſe Diſtemper;
'but by late Obſervations find that every heavy Wretch
'who has nothing to ſay, excuſes his Dulneſs by com
'plaining of the Spleen. Nay, I ſaw, the other Day, two
'Fellows in a Tavern Kitchen ſet up for it, call for a Pint
'and Pipes, and only by Guzling Liquor to each other's
'Health, and wafting Smoke in each other's Face, pretend
'to throw off the Spleen. I appeal to you whether theſe
'Diſhonours are to be done to the Diſtemper of the Great
'and the Polite. I beſeech you, Sir, to inform theſe Fel
'lows that they have not the Spleen, becauſe they cannot
'talk without the help of a Glaſs at their Mouths, or con
'vey their Meaning to each other without the Interpoſi
'tion of Clouds. If you will not do this with all Speed, I
'aſſure you, for my part, I will wholly quit the Diſeaſe,
'and for the future be merry with the Vulgar.

I am, SIR, Your humble Servant.

SIR,

'THIS is to let you underſtand, that I am a re
'formed Starer, and conceived a Deteſtation for
'that Practice from what you have writ upon the Subject.
'But as you have been very ſevere upon the Behaviour
'of us Men at Divine Service, I hope you will not be ſo

'apparently

pparently partial to the Women, as to let them go holly unobſerved. If they do every thing that is poſble to attract our Eyes, are we more culpable than they, r looking at them? I happened laſt *Sunday* to be ſhut to a Pew, which was full of young Ladies in the loom of Youth and Beauty. When the Service began, had not Room to kneel at the Confeſſion, but as I ood kept my Eyes from wandring as well as I was ble, till one of the young Ladies, who is a Peeper, ſolved to bring down my Looks, and fix my Devoon on herſelf. You are to know, Sir, that a Peeper orks with her Hands, Eyes, and Fan; one of which continually in Motion, while ſhe thinks ſhe is not tually the Admiration of ſome Ogler or Starer in the ongregation. As I ſtood uttterly at a loſs how to beve my ſelf, ſurrounded as I was, this Peeper ſo aced herſelf as to be kneeling juſt before me. She ſplayed the moſt beautiful Boſom imaginable, which aved and fell with ſome Fervour, while a delicate ell-ſhaped Arm held a Fan over her Face. It was not Nature to command ones Eyes from this Object. could not avoid taking notice alſo of her Fan, which d on it various Figures, very improper to behold that Occaſion. There lay in the Body of the Piece *Venus*, under a Purple Canopy furled with curious reaths of Drapery, half naked, attended with a rain of *Cupids*, who were buſied in Fanning her as ſlept. Behind her was drawn a Satyr peeping over ſilken Fence, and threatening to break through it. frequently offered to turn my Sight another way, was ſtill detained by the Faſcination of the Peeper's es, who had long practiſed a Skill in them, to recal parting Glances of her Beholders. You ſee my mplaint, and hope you will take theſe miſchievous ople, the Peepers, into your Conſideration: I doubt but you will think a Peeper as much more pernius than a Starer, as an Ambuſcade is more to be red than an open Aſſault.

I am, SIR, Your moſt obedient Servant.

Peeper uſing both Fan and Eyes to be conſidered as a , and proceed accordingly.

King

King Latinus *to the* Spectator, *Greeting.*

'THO' ſome may think we deſcend from our Im-
'perial Dignity, in holding Correſpondence with
'a private *Litterato*; yet as we have great Reſpect to all
'good Intentions for our Service, we do not eſteem it
'beneath us to return you our Royal Thanks for what
'you publiſhed in our Behalf, while under Confinement
'in the inchanted Caſtle of the *Savoy*, and for your
'Mention of a Subſidy for a Prince in Misfortune. This
'your timely Zeal has inclined the Hearts of divers to
'be aiding unto us, if we could propoſe the Means.
'We have taken their Good-will into Conſideration, and
'have contrived a Method which will be eaſy to thoſe
'who ſhall give the Aid, and not unacceptable to us who
'receive it. A Concert of Muſick ſhall be prepared at
'*Haberdaſhers-Hall* for *Wedneſday* the Second of *May*,
'and we will honour the ſaid Entertainment with our
'own Preſence, where each Perſon ſhall be aſſeſſed but
'at two Shillings and ſix Pence. What we expect from
'you is, that you publiſh theſe our Royal Intentions,
'with Injunction that they be read at all Tea-Tables
'within the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; and ſo we
'bid you heartily Farewel.

Latinus, *King of the* Volſcians.

Given at our Court in Vinegar-Yard, *Story the Third from the Earth.* April 28, 1711.

N° 54. *Wedneſday, May* 2.

——*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*
Hor. Ep. 11. l. 1. v. 28.

Laborious Idleneſs our Pow'rs employs.

THE following Letter being the firſt that I have received from the learned Univerſity of *Cambridge*, I could not but do myſelf the Honour of publiſhing it. It gives an Account of a new Sect of Philoſophers which

which has arose in that famous Residence of Learning; and is, perhaps, the only Sect this Age is likely to produce.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge, April* 26.

BELIEVING you to be an universal Encourager of liberal Arts and Sciences, and glad of any Information from the learned World, I thought an Account of a Sect of Philosophers very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any Writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The Philosophers of this Sect are in the Language of our University called *Lowngers*. I am of Opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the Ancients have been defective; *viz.* in mentioning no Philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripateticks, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these Gentlemen consider, that tho' the ancient Peripateticks walked much, yet they wrote much also; witness, to the Sorrow of this Sect, *Aristotle* and others: Whereas it is notorious that most of our Professors never lay out a Farthing either in Pen, Ink, or Paper. Others are for deriving them from *Diogenes*, because several of the leading Men of the Sect have a great deal of the cynical Humour in them, and delight much in Sun-shine. But then again, *Diogenes* was content to have his constant Habitation in a narrow Tub, whilst our Philosophers are so far from being of his Opinion, that it's Death to them to be confined within the Limits of a good handsom convenient Chamber but for half an Hour. Others there are, who from the Clearness of their Heads deduce the Pedigree of *Lowngers* from that great Man (I think it was either *Plato* or *Socrates*) who after all his Study and Learning professed, That all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow Argument, and may be soon confuted.

I have with great Pains and Industry made my Observations, from time to time, upon these Sages; and having now all Materials ready, am compiling a Treatise, wherein I shall set forth the Rise and Progress of

'this famous Sect, together with their Maxims, Auſte
'rities, Manner of living, &c. Having prevailed wit
'a Friend who deſigns ſhortly to publiſh a new Editio
'of *Diogenes Laertius*, to add this Treatiſe of mine b
'way of Supplement; I ſhall now, to let the Worl
'ſee what may be expected from me (firſt begging M
'SPECTATOR's Leave that the World may ſee i
'briefly touch upon ſome of my chief Obſervations, an
'then ſubſcribe myſelf your humble Servant. In the fir
'Place I ſhall give you two or three of their Maxims
'The fundamental one, upon which their whole Syſte
'is built, is this, *viz.* That Time being an implacabl
'Enemy to and Deſtroyer of all things, ought to b
'paid in his own Coin, and be deſtroyed and murdere
'without Mercy, by all the Ways that can be invente
'Another favourite Saying of theirs is, That Buſine
'as deſigned only for Knaves, and Study for Bloc
'heads. A Third ſeems to be a ludicrous one, but h
'a great Effect upon their Lives; and is this, Th
'the Devil is at Home. Now for their Manner o
'Living: And here I have a large Field to expatia
'in; but I ſhall reſerve Particulars for my intende
'Diſcourſe, and now only mention one or two of the
'principal Exerciſes. The elder Proficients emplo
'themſelves in inſpecting *mores hominum multorum*,
'getting acquainted with all the Signs and Windo
'in the Town. Some are arrived to ſo great Know
'ledge, that they can tell every time any Butcher ki
'a Calf, every time an old Woman's Cat is in th
'Straw; and a thouſand other Matters as importan
'One ancient Philoſopher contemplates two or thre
'Hours every Day over a Sun-Dial; and is true to th
'Dial,

——*As the Dial to the Sun,*
Although it be not ſhone upon.

'Our younger Students are content to carry their Spe
'culations as yet no farther than Bowling-greens, Bi
'liard-Tables, and ſuch like Places. This may ſerve fo
'a Sketch of my Deſign; in which I hope I ſhall hav
'your Encouragement. I am,

SIR, Your

I mu

I muſt be ſo juſt as to obſerve I have formerly ſeen of his Sect at our other Univerſity; tho' not diſtinguiſhed by the Appellation which the learned Hiſtorian, my Correſpondent, reports they bear at *Cambridge*. They were ever looked upon as a People that impaired themſelves more by their ſtrict Application to the Rules of their Order, than any other Students whatever. Others ſeldom hurt themſelves any further than to gain weak Eyes and ſometimes Head-Aches; but theſe Philoſophers are ſeized all over with a general Inability, Indolence, and Wearineſs, and a certain Impatience of the Place they are in, with an Heavineſs in removing to another.

THE *Lowngers* are ſatisfied with being merely Part of the Number of Mankind, without diſtinguiſhing themſelves from amongſt them. They may be ſaid rather to ſuffer their Time to paſs, than to ſpend it, without Regard to the paſt, or Proſpect of the future. All they know of Life is only the preſent Inſtant, and do not taſte even that. When one of this Order happens to be a Man of Fortune, the Expence of his Time is transferr'd to his Coach and Horſes, and his Life is to be meaſured by their Motion, not his own Enjoyments or Sufferings. The chief Entertainment one of theſe Philoſophers can poſſibly propoſe to himſelf, is to get a Reliſh of Dreſs. This, methinks, might diverſify the Perſon he is weary of (his own dear ſelf) to himſelf. I have known theſe two Amuſements make one of theſe Philoſophers make a tolerable Figure in the World; with Variety of Dreſſes in publick Aſſemblies in Town, and quick Motion of his Horſes out of it, now to *Bath*, now to *Tunbridge*, then to *New-Market*, and then to *London*, he has in Proceſs of Time brought it to paſs, that his Coach and his Horſes have been mentioned in all thoſe Places. When the *Lowngers* leave an Academick Life, and inſtead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite World, retire to the Seats of their Anceſtors, they uſually join a Pack of Dogs, and employ their Days in defending their Poultry from Foxes: I do not know any other Method that any of this Order has ever taken to make a Noiſe in the World; but I ſhall inquire into ſuch about this Town as have arrived at the Dignity of being *Lowngers* by the Force of natural Parts, without having ever

ſeen an Univerſity; and ſend my Correſpondent, for the Embelliſhment of his Book, the Names and Hiſtory of thoſe who paſs their Lives without any Incidents at all; and how they ſhift Coffee-houſes and Chocolate-houſes from Hour to Hour, to get over the inſupportable Labour of doing nothing. R

N° 55. *Thurſday, May* 3.

——— *Intus & in jecore ægro*
Naſcuntur Domini ——— Perſ. Sat 5. v. 129.

Our Paſſions play the Tyrants in our Breaſts.

MOST of the Trades, Profeſſions, and Ways of Living among Mankind, take their Original either from the Love of Pleaſure, or the Fear of Want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As theſe two Principles of Action draw different Ways, *Perſius* has given us a very humourous Account of a young Fellow who was rouſed out of his Bed, in order to be ſent upon a long Voyage, by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-perſuaded and kept at Home by *Luxury*. I ſhall ſet down at length the Pleadings of theſe two imaginary Perſons, as they are in the Original, with Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of them.

Manè, piger, ſtertis: ſurge, inquit Avaritia; eja
Surge. Negas. Inſtat, ſurge, inquit. Non Queo. Surgit.
Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
Caſtoreum, ſtuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper è ſitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter Audiet. Eheu!
Baro, reguſtatum digito terebrare ſalinum
Contentus perages, ſi vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem ſuccinctus & cænopherum aptas;
Ocyùs ad Navem. Nil obſtat quin trabe vaſtâ
Ægæum rapias, niſi ſolers Luxuria antè
Seductum moneat; quò deinde inſane, ruis? Quò?

Quid

Quid tibi vis? Calido ſub pectore maſcula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ?
Tun' mare tranſilias? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto
Cœna ſit in tranſtro? Veientanúmque rubellum
Exhalet vapidâ læſum pice ſeſſilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hìc quincunce modeſto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos ſudare deunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; noſtrum eſt
Quòd vivis; cinis, & manes, & fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, indè eſt.
En quid agis? Duplici in diverſum ſcinderis hamo.
Hunccine, an hunc ſequeris? —— Sat. 5. v. 131.

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
When thou wouldſt take a lazy Morning's Nap;
Up, up, ſays *AVARICE*; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy Limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain.
The rugged Tyrant no Denial takes;
At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes.
What muſt I do? he cries; What? ſays his Lord:
Why riſe, make ready, and go ſtraight Aboard:
With Fiſh, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Veſſel freight;
Flax, Caſtor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
Of Pepper, and *Sabean* Incenſe, take
With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back,
And with Poſt-haſte thy running Markets make.
Be ſure to turn the Penny; Lye and Swear,
'Tis wholſom Sin: But *Jove*, thou ſay'ſt, will hear.
Swear, Fool, or Starve; for the *Dilemma*'s even:
A Tradeſman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Reſolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his Burden on his Back.
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now, but He,
That ſoft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*;
And he may ask this civil Queſtion; Friend,
What doſt thou make a Shipboard? To what End?
Art thou of *Bethlem*'s noble College free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou would'ſt tempt the Sea?
Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattreſs laid,
On a brown *George*, with louſy Swobbers, fed;
Dead Wine, that ſtinks of the *Borachio*, ſup
From a foul Jack, or greaſy Maple Cup?

Say, would'ſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy Store,
From Six i'th' Hundred to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give:
For, not to live at Eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.
Speak; wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleaſure* chooſe
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuſe.

WHEN a Government flouriſhes in Conqueſts, an is ſecure from foreign Attacks, it naturally falls into a the Pleaſures of Luxury; and as theſe Pleaſures are ver expenſive, they put thoſe who are addicted to them upo raiſing freſh Supplies of Money, by all the Metho of Rapaciouſneſs and Corruption; ſo that Avarice an Luxury very often become one complicated Principle o Action, in thoſe whoſe Hearts are wholly ſet upon Eaſ Magnificence, and Pleaſure. The moſt Elegant and Co rect of all the *Latin* Hiſtorians obſerves, that in his tim when the moſt formidable States of the World were ſu dued by the *Romans*, the Republick ſunk into thoſe tw Vices of a quite different Nature, Luxury and Avaric And accordingly deſcribes *Catiline* as one who covet the Wealth of other Men, at the ſame time that he ſqua der'd away his own. This Obſervation on the Commo wealth, when it was in its height of Power and Riche holds good of all Governments that are ſettled in a Sta of Eaſe and Proſperity. At ſuch times Men natural endeavour to outſhine one another in Pomp and Splendo and having no Fears to alarm them from abroad, indul themſelves in the Enjoyment of all the Pleaſures they c get into their Poſſeſſion; which naturally produces Avaric and an immoderate Purſuit after Wealth and Riches.

AS I was humouring myſelf in the Speculation of th two great Principles of Action, I could not forbear throw ing my Thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fab with which I ſhall here preſent my Reader.

THERE were two very powerful Tyrants engag in a perpetual War againſt each other: The Name of t firſt was *Luxury*, and of the ſecond *Avarice*. The A

of each of them was no leſs than Univerſal Monarchy over the Hearts of Mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great Service, as *Pleaſure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp*, and *Faſhion*. *Avarice* was likewiſe very ſtrong in his Officers, being faithfully ſerved by *Hunger*, *Induſtry*, *Care*, and *Watchfulneſs*: He had likewiſe a Privy-Counſellor who was always at his Elbow, and whiſpering ſomething or other in his Ear: The Name of this Privy-Counſellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himſelf by the Counſels of *Poverty*, his Antagoniſt was intirely guided by the Dictates and Advice of *Plenty*, who was his firſt Counſellor and Miniſter of State, that concerted all his Meaſures for him, and never departed out of his Sight. While theſe two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conqueſts were very various. *Luxury* got Poſſeſſion of one Heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a Family would often range himſelf under the Banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under thoſe of *Luxury*. The Wife and Husband would often declare themſelves on the two different Parties; nay, the ſame Perſon would very often ſide with one in his Youth, and revolt to the other in his old Age. Indeed the Wiſe Men of the World ſtood *Neuter*; but alas! their Numbers were not conſiderable. At length, when theſe two Potentates had wearied themſelves with waging War upon one another, they agreed upon an Interview, at which neither of their Counſellors were to be preſent. It is ſaid that *Luxury* began the Parly, and after having repreſented the endleſs State of War in which they were engaged, told his Enemy, with a Frankneſs of Heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two ſhould be very good Friends, were it not for the Inſtigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counſellor, who made an ill uſe of his Ear, and filled him with groundleſs Apprehenſions and Prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the firſt Miniſter of his Antagoniſt) to be a much more deſtructive Counſellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually ſuggeſting Pleaſures, baniſhing all the neceſſary Cautions againſt Want, and conſequently undermining thoſe Principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At laſt, in order to an Accommodation, they agreed upon this Prelimi-

nary; That each of them ſhould immediately diſmiſs his Privy-Counſellor. When things were thus far adjuſted towards a Peace, all other Differences were ſoon accommodated, inſomuch that for the future they reſolved to live as good Friends and Confederates, and to ſhare between them whatever Conqueſts were made on either ſide. For this Reaſon, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking Poſſeſſion of the ſame Heart, and dividing the ſame Perſon between them. To which I ſhall only add, that ſince the diſcarding of the Counſellors above-mentioned, *Avarice* ſupplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*. C

N° 56. *Friday, May* 4.

Felices errore ſuo ——— Lucan. l. 1. v. 454.

Happy in their Miſtake.

THE *Americans* believe that all Creatures have Souls, not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay even the moſt inanimate things, as Stocks and Stones. They believe the ſame of all the Works of Art, as of Knives, Boats, Looking-glaſſes: And that as any of theſe things periſh, their Souls go into another World, which is inhabited by the Ghoſts of Men and Women. For this Reaſon they always place by the Corps of their dead Friend a Bow and Arrows, that he may make uſe of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did of their wooden Bodies in this. How abſurd ſoever ſuch an Opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philoſophers have maintained ſeveral Notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato*'s Followers in particular, when they talk of the World of Ideas, entertain us with Subſtances and Beings no leſs extravagant and chimerical. Many *Ariſtotelians* have likewiſe ſpoken as unintelligibly of their ſubſtantial Forms. I ſhall only inſtance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his Diſſertation upon the Loadſtone obſerving, that Fire will deſtroy its magnetick Virtues, tells us

us that he took particular Notice of one as it lay glowing amidſt an Heap of burning Coals, and that he perceived a certain blue Vapour to ariſe from it, which he believed might be the *ſubſtantial Form*, that is, in our *Weſt-Indian* Phraſe, the *Soul* of the Loadſtone.

THERE is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their Countrymen deſcended in a Viſion to the great Repoſitory of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other World; and that upon his Return he gave his Friends a diſtinct Account of every thing he ſaw among thoſe Regions of the Dead. A Friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the Interpreters of the *Indian* Kings, to inquire of them, if poſſible, what Tradition they have among them of this Matter: Which, as well as he could learn by thoſe many Queſtions which he ask'd them at ſeveral times, was in Subſtance as follows.

THE Viſionary, whoſe Name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long Space under an hollow Mountain, arrived at length on the Confines of this World of Spirits, but could not enter it by reaſon of a thick Foreſt made up of Buſhes, Brambles and pointed Thorns, ſo perplexed and interwoven with one another, that is was impoſſible to find a Paſſage through it. Whilſt he was looking about for ſome Track or Path-way that might be worn in any Part of it, he ſaw an huge Lion couched under the Side of it, who kept his Eye upon him in the ſame Poſture as when he watches for his Prey. The *Indian* immediately ſtarted back, whilſt the Lion roſe with a Spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly deſtitute of all other Weapons, he ſtooped down to take up an huge Stone in his Hand; but to his infinite Surpriſe graſped nothing, and found the ſuppoſed Stone to be only the Apparition of one. If he was diſappointed on this Side, he was as much pleaſed on the other, when he found the Lion, which had ſeized on his left Shoulder, had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghoſt of that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be. He no ſooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he marched up to the Wood, and after having ſurveyed it for ſome Time, endeavoured to preſs into one Part of it that was a little thinner than the reſt; when again to his great

Surpriſe, he found the Buſhes made no Reſiſtance, but that he walked through Briers and Brambles with the ſame Eaſe as through the open Air; and, in ſhort, that the whole Wood was nothing elſe but a Wood of Shade. He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket of Thorns and Brakes was deſigned as a kind of Fence or quick-ſet Hedge to the Ghoſts it incloſed; and that probably their ſoft Subſtances might be torn by theſe ſubtle Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make any Impreſſions in Fleſh and Blood. With this Thought he reſolved to travel through this intricate Wood; when by Degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him, that grew ſtronger and ſweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he obſerved the Thorns and Briers to end, and give place to a thouſand beautiful green Trees covered with Bloſſoms of the fineſt Scents and Colours, that formed a Wilderneſs of Sweets, and were a kind of Lining to thoſe ragged Scenes which he had before paſſed through. As he was coming out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering upon the Plains it incloſed, he ſaw ſeveral Horſemen ruſhing by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a Pack of Dogs. He had not liſtned long before he ſaw the Apparition of a milk-white Steed, with a young Man on the Back of it, advancing upon full Stretch after the Souls of about an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the Ghoſt of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unſpeakable Swiftneſs. As the Man on the Milk-white Steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about half a Year before, and, by reaſon of his great Virtues, was at that time lamented over all the Weſtern Parts of *America*.

HE had no ſooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertained with ſuch a Landskip of flowery Plains, green Meadows, running Streams, ſunny Hills, and ſhady Vales, as were not to be repreſented by his own Expreſſions, nor, as he ſaid, by the Conceptions of others. This happy Region was peopled with innumerable Swarms of Spirits, who applied themſelves to Exerciſes and Diverſions according as their Fancies led them. Some of them were toſſing the Figure of a Coit; others were pitching the

the Shadow of a Bar; others were breaking the Apparition of a Horſe; and Multitudes employing themſelves upon ingenious Handicrafts with the Souls of *departed Utenſils*, for that is the Name which in the *Indian* Language they give their Tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that roſe every where about him in the greateſt Variety and Profuſion, having never ſeen ſeveral of them in his own Country: But he quickly found that though they were Objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his Touch. He at length came to the Side of a great River, and being a good Fiſherman himſelf, ſtood upon the Banks of it ſome time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many Shapes of Fiſhes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I ſhould have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greateſt Beauties of his Country, by whom he had ſeveral Children. This Couple were ſo famous for their Love and Conſtancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they give a married Man Joy of his Wife, wiſh that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not ſtood long by the Fiſherman when he ſaw the Shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for ſome time fixed her Eye upon him, before he diſcovered her. Her Arms were ſtretch'd out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down her Eyes; her Looks, her Hands, her Voice called him over to her; and at the ſame time ſeemed to tell him that the River was unpaſſable. Who can deſcribe the Paſſion made up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Deſire, Aſtoniſhment, that roſe in the *Indian* upon the Sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? He could expreſs it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not ſtood in this Poſture long, before he plunged into the Stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the Phantom of a River, walked on the Bottom of it till he aroſe on the other Side. At his Approach *Yaratilda* flew into his Arms, whilſt *Marraton* wiſhed himſelf diſencumbered of that Body which kept her from his Embraces. After many Queſtions and Endearments on both Sides, ſhe conducted

ducted him to a Bower which she had dressed with her own Hands with all the Ornaments that could be met with in those blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every Day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable Beauty of her Habitation, and ravished with the Fragrancy that came from every Part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that she was preparing this Bower for his Reception, as well knowing that his Piety to his God, and his faithful Dealing towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy Place, whenever his Life should be at an End. She then brought two of her Children to him, who died some Years before, and resided with her in the same delightful Bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy Place.

THE Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a Sight of those dismal Habitations which are the Portion of ill Men after Death; and mentions several Molten Seas of Gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Europeans*, who put to the Sword so many Thousands of poor *Indians* for the sake of that precious Metal: But having already touched upon the chief Points of this Tradition, and exceeded the Measure of my Paper, I shall not give any further Account of it. C

N° 57. *Saturday, May 5.*

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à Sexu? ——— Juv. Sat. 6. v. 251.

What Sense of Shame in Woman's Breast can lie,
Inur'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly? DRYDEN.

WHEN the Wife of *Hector*, in *Homer*'s *Iliad*, discourses with her Husband about the Battle in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desiring her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to her Maids and mind her Spinning: By which the Poet in-

intimates, that Men and Women ought to buſy themſelves in their proper Spheres, and on ſuch Matters only as are ſuitable to their reſpective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has paſſed a great Part of his Life in the Nurſery, and, upon Occaſion, can make a Caudle or a Sack-Poſſet better than any Man in *England*. He is likewiſe a wonderful Critick in Cambrick and Muſlins, and will talk an Hour together upon a Sweet-meat. He entertains his Mother every Night with Obſervations that he makes both in Town and Court: As what Lady ſhews the niceſt Fancy in her Dreſs; what Man of Quality wears the faireſt Wig; who has the fineſt Linnen, who the prettieſt Snuff-box, with many other the like curious Remarks, that may be made in good Company.

ON the other hand I have very frequently the Opportunity of ſeeing a Rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town laſt Winter, and is one of the greateſt Fox-hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horſes, and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggiſh Story, ſhe gives him a Puſh with her Hand in jeſt, and calls him an impudent Dog; and if her Servant neglects his Buſineſs, threatens to kick him out of the Houſe. I have heard her, in her Wrath, call a Subſtantial Tradeſman a Louſy Cur; and remember one Day, when ſhe could not think of the Name of a Perſon, ſhe deſcribed him, in a large Company of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Broad Shoulders.

IF thoſe Speeches and Actions, which in their own Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfections of one Sex tranſplanted into another, appear black and monſtrous. As for the Men, I ſhall not in this Paper any further concern myſelf about them; but as I would fain contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the moſt beautiful Part of the Creation, intirely amiable, and wear out all thoſe little Spots and Blemiſhes, that are apt to riſe among the Charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I ſhall dedicate this Paper to their Service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that Party-Rage which of late Years is very much crept into their Converſation. This is, in its Nature, a

Male

Male Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel Paſſions that are altogether repugnant to the Softneſs, the Modeſty, and thoſe other endearing Qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper Mankind, and ſooth them into Tenderneſs and Compaſſion; not to ſet an Edge upon their Minds, and blow up in them thoſe Paſſions which are too apt to riſe of their own Accord. When I have ſeen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies and Invectives, what would I not have given to have ſtopt it? How have I been troubled to ſee ſome of the fineſt Features in the World grow pale, and tremble with Party-Rage? *Camilla* is one of the greateſt Beauties in the *Britiſh* Nation, and yet values herſelf more upon being the *Virago* of one Party, than upon being the Toaſt of both. The dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful *Pentheſilea* acroſs a Tea-Table; but in the Height of her Anger, as her Hand chanced to ſhake with the Earneſtneſs of the Diſpute, ſhe ſcalded her Fingers, and ſpilt a Diſh of Tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no Body knows where it would have ended.

THERE is one Conſideration which I would earneſtly recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I hope, will have ſome weight with them. In ſhort, it is this, that there is nothing ſo bad for the Face as Party-Zeal. It gives an ill-natur'd Caſt to the Eye, and a diſagreeable Sourneſs to the Look; beſides, that it makes the Lines too ſtrong, and fluſhes them worſe than Brandy. I have ſeen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as ſhe has been talking againſt a great Lord, whom ſhe had never ſeen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party-Woman that kept her Beauty for a Twelvemonth. I would therefore adviſe all my Female Readers, as they value their Complexions, to let alone all Diſputes of this Nature; though, at the ſame time, I would give free Liberty to all ſuperannuated motherly Partizans to be as violent as they pleaſe, ſince there will be no Danger either of their ſpoiling their Faces, or of their gaining Converts.

FOR my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and deſpicable Figure, that is violent in a Party; but a Wo-

Woman is too ſincere to mitigate the Fury of her Principles with Temper and Diſcretion, and to act with that Caution and Reſervedneſs which are requiſite in our Sex. When this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thouſand Heats and Extravagancies; their generous Souls ſet no Bounds to their Love, or to their Hatred; and whether a Whig or a Tory, a Lap-dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-Show, be the Object of it, the Paſſion, while it reigns, engroſſes the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* was in all his Glory, I accompanied my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB in a Viſit to a Lady of his Acquaintance: We were no ſooner ſat down, but upon caſting my Eyes about the Room, I found in almoſt every Corner of it a Print that repreſented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimenſions. A little after, as the Lady was diſcourſing my Friend, and held her Snuff-box in her Hand, who ſhould I ſee in the Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when ſhe had occaſion for her Handkerchief, which upon the firſt opening diſcovered among the Plaits of it the Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend WILL, who loves Rallery, told her, That if ſhe was in Mr. *Truelove*'s Place (for that was the Name of her Husband) he ſhould be made as uneaſy by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, ſaid ſhe, *Mr.* HONEYCOMB, *you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not?* WILL, inſtead of making her a Reply, ſmiled in her Face (for indeed ſhe was very pretty) and told her that one of her Patches was dropping off. She immediately adjuſted it, and looking a little ſeriouſly, *Well*, ſays ſhe, *I'll be hanged if you and your ſilent Friend there are not againſt the Doctor in your Hearts, I ſuſpected as much by his ſaying nothing.* Upon this ſhe took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again diſplayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken Poſſeſſion of her Thoughts, her Diſcourſe, and moſt of her Furniture; but finding myſelf preſſed too cloſe by her Queſtion, I winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he did accordingly. C

Monday,

N° 58. *Monday, May 7.*

Ut pictura poeſis erit ——— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 361.

Poems like Pictures are.

NOTHING is ſo much admired, and ſo little understood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written profeſſedly upon it; and as for thoſe who make any mention of it, they only treat on the Subject as it has accidentally fallen in their Way, and that too in little ſhort Reflexions, or in general declamatory Flouriſhes, without entring into the Bottom of the Matter. I hope therefore I ſhall perform an acceptable Work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this Subject; which I ſhall endeavour to do in a manner ſuitable to it, that I may not incur the Cenſure which a famous Critick beſtows upon one who had written a Treatiſe upon the *Sublime* in a low groveling Stile. I intend to lay aſide a whole Week for this Undertaking, that the Scheme of my Thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promiſe my ſelf, if my Readers will give me a Week's Attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* Night. I ſhall endeavour to make what I ſay intelligible to ordinary Capacities; but if my Readers meet with any Paper that in ſome Parts of it may be a little out of their Reach, I would not have them diſcouraged, for they may aſſure themſelves the next ſhall be much clearer.

AS the great and only End of theſe my Speculations is to baniſh Vice and Ignorance out of the Territories of *Great-Britain*, I ſhall endeavour as much as poſſible to eſtabliſh among us a Taſte of polite Writing. It is with this View that I have endeavoured to ſet my Readers right in ſeveral Points relating to Operas and Tragedies; and ſhall from time to time impart my Notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its Refinement and Perfection. I find by my Bookſeller that theſe Papers of Criti-

ciſm

ciſm, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind Reception than indeed I could have hoped for from ſuch Subjects; for which Reaſon I ſhall enter upon my preſent Undertaking with greater Chearfulneſs.

IN this, and one or two following Papers, I ſhall trace out the Hiſtory of falſe Wit, and diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Kinds of it as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World. This I think the more neceſſary at preſent, becauſe I obſerved there were Attempts on foot laſt Winter to revive ſome of thoſe antiquated Modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Commonwealth of Letters. There were ſeveral Satires and Panegyricks handed about in Acroſtick, by which Means ſome of the moſt arrant undiſputed Blockheads about the Town began to entertain ambitious Thoughts, and to ſet up for polite Authors. I ſhall therefore deſcribe at length thoſe many Arts of falſe Wit, in which a Writer does not ſhew himſelf a Man of a beautiful Genius, but of great Induſtry.

THE firſt Species of falſe Wit which I have met with is very venerable for its Antiquity, and has produced ſeveral Pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* it ſelf: I mean thoſe ſhort Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which reſemble the Figure of an Egg, a Pair of Wings, an Ax, a Shepherd's Pipe and an Altar.

AS for the firſt, it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's Egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible Language, to tranſlate it into *Engliſh*, did not I find the Interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author ſeems to have been more intent upon the Figure of his Poem, than upon the Senſe of it.

THE Pair of Wings conſiſt of twelve Verſes, or rather Feathers, every Verſe decreaſing gradually in its Meaſure according to its Situation in the Wing. The Subject of it (as in the reſt of the Poems which follow) bears ſome remote Affinity with the Figure, for it deſcribes the God of Love, who is always painted with Wings.

THE Ax methinks would have been a good Figure for a Lampoon, had the Edge of it conſiſted of the moſt ſatirical Parts of the Work; but as it is in the Original, I take it to have been nothing elſe but the Poſy of an Ax which was conſecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought to have been the ſame that *Epeus* made uſe of in the building of

of the *Trojan* Horſe; which is a Hint I ſhall leave to the Conſideration of the Criticks. I am apt to think that the Poſy was written originally upon the Ax, like thoſe which our modern Cutlers inſcribe upon their Knives; and that therefore the Poſy ſtill remains in its ancient Shape, tho' the Ax it ſelf is loſt.

THE Shepherd's Pipe may be ſaid to be full of Muſick, for it is compoſed of nine different Kinds of Verſes, which by their ſeveral Lengths reſemble the nine Stops of the old muſical Inſtrument, that is likewiſe the Subject of the Poem.

THE Altar is inſcribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus* the Son of *Hecuba*; which, by the way, makes me believe, that theſe falſe Pieces of Wit are much more ancient than the Authors to whom they are generally aſcribed; at leaſt I will never be perſuaded, that ſo fine a Writer as *Theocritus* could have been the Author of any ſuch ſimple Works.

IT was impoſſible for a Man to ſucceed in theſe Performances who was not a kind of Painter, or at leaſt a Deſigner: He was firſt of all to draw the Out-line of his Subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the Deſcription to the Figure of his Subject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate it ſelf according to the Mould in which it was caſt. In a word, the Verſes were to be cramped or extended to the Dimenſions of the Frame that was prepared for them; and to underſtand the Fate of thoſe Perſons whom the Tyrant *Procrustes* uſed to lodge in his Iron Bed; if they were too ſhort, he ſtretched them on a Rack, and if they were too long chopped off a Part of their Legs, till they fitted the Couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obſolete kind of Wit in one of the following Verſes in his *Mac Flecno*; which an *English* Reader cannot underſtand, who does not know that there are thoſe little Poems abovementioned in the Shape of Wings and Altars.

——— *Chooſe for thy Command*
Some peaceful Province in Acroſtick Land;
There may'ſt thou Wings *diſplay, and* Altars *raiſe,*
And torture one poor Word a thouſand Ways.

THE

THIS Faſhion of falſe Wit was revived by ſeveral Poets of the laſt Age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. *Herbert*'s Poems; and, if I am not miſtaken, in the Tranſlation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other kind of Work among the Moderns which more reſembles the Performances I have mentioned, than that famous Picture of King *Charles* the Firſt, which has the whole Book of *Pſalms* written in the Lines of the Face and the Hair of the Head. When I was laſt at *Oxford* I peruſed one of the Whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go ſo far in it as I would have done, by reaſon of the Impatience of my Friends and Fellow-Travellers, who all of them preſſed to ſee ſuch a Piece of Curioſity. I have ſince heard, that there is now an eminent Writing-maſter in Town, who has tranſcribed all the *Old Teſtament* in a full-bottomed Periwig; and if the Faſhion ſhould introduce the thick kind of Wigs which were in Vogue ſome few Years ago, he promiſes to add two or three ſupernumerary Locks that ſhall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He deſigned this Wig originally for King *William*, having diſpoſed of the two Books of *Kings* in the two Forks of the Foretop; but that glorious Monarch dying before the Wig was finiſhed, there is a Space left in it for the Face of any one that has a mind to purchaſe it.

BUT to return to our ancient Poems in Picture, I would humbly propoſe, for the Benefit of our modern Smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their Brethren among the Ancients in thoſe ingenious Devices. I have communicated this Thought to a young Poetical Lover of my Acquaintance, who intends to preſent his Miſtreſs with a Copy of Verſes made in the Shape of her Fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finiſhed the three firſt Sticks of it. He has likewiſe promiſed me to get the Meaſure of his Miſtreſs's Marriage-Finger, with Deſign to make a Poſy in the Faſhion of a Ring, which ſhall exactly fit it. It is ſo very eaſy to enlarge upon a good Hint, that I do not queſtion but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have ſaid to many other Particulars; and that we ſhall ſee the Town filled in a very little time with Poetical Tippets, Handkerchiefs, Snuff-Boxes, and the like Female Ornaments. I ſhall therefore conclude with a Word of Advice to thoſe admirable *Engliſh* Authors

Authors who call themſelves Pindarick Writers, that they would apply themſelves to this kind of Wit without Loſs of Time, as being provided better than any other Poets with Verſes of all Sizes and Dimenſions. C

N°. 59. *Tueſday, May* 8.

Operosè Nihil agunt. Seneca.

Buſy about Nothing.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every Man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithſtanding Pedants of a pretended Depth and Solidity are apt to decry the Writings of a polite Author, as *Flaſh* and *Froth*, they all of them ſhew upon Occaſion that they would ſpare no pains to arrive at the Character of thoſe whom they ſeem to deſpiſe. For this Reaſon we often find them endeavouring at Works of Fancy, which coſt them infinite Pangs in the Production. The Truth of it is, a Man had better be a Gally-Slave than a Wit, were one to gain that Title by thoſe Elaborate Trifles which have been the Inventions of ſuch Authors as were often Maſters of great Learning but no Genius.

IN my laſt Paper I mentioned ſome of thoſe falſe Wits among the Ancients, and in this ſhall give the Reader two or three other Species of them, that flouriſhed in the ſame early Ages of the World. The firſt I ſhall produce are the *Lipogrammatiſts* or *Letter-droppers* of Antiquity, that would take an Exception, without any Reaſon, againſt ſome particular Letter in the Alphabet, ſo as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great Maſter in this kind of Writing. He compoſed an *Odyſſey* or Epick Poem on the Adventures of *Ulyſſes*, conſiſting of four and twenty Books, having entirely baniſhed the Letter *A* from his firſt Book, which was called *Alpha* (as *Lucus à non Lucendo*) becauſe there was not an *Alpha* in it. His ſecond Book was inſcribed *Beta* for the ſame Reaſon. In ſhort, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty

wenty Leters in their Turns, and ſhewed them, one after nother, that he could do his Buſineſs without them.

IT muſt have been very pleaſant to have ſeen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as another would a falſe Quantity, and making his Eſcape from it hrough the ſeveral *Greek* Dialects, when he was preſſed with it in any particular Syllable. For the moſt apt and legant Word in the whole Language was rejected, like Diamond with a Flaw in it, if it appeared blemiſhed ith a wrong Letter. I ſhall only obſerve upon this Head, hat if the Work I have here mentioned had been now xtant, the *Odyſſey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all probability, would have been oftner quoted by our learned Pedants, han the *Odyſſey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual Fund would have been of obſolete Words and Phraſes, unuſual arbariſms and Ruſticities, abſurd Spellings and compli-ated Dialects? I make no Queſtion but it would have een looked upon as one of the moſt valuable Treaſuries f the *Greek* Tongue.

I find likewiſe among the Ancients that ingenious kind f Conceit, which the Moderns diſtinguiſh by the Name f a *Rebus*, that does not ſink a Letter but a whole Word, y ſubſtituting a Picture in its Place. When *Cæſar* was ne of the Maſters of the *Roman* Mint, he placed the igure of an Elephant upon the Reverſe of the Publick oney: the Word *Cæſar* ſignifying an Elephant in the *unick* Language. This was artificially contrived by *eſar*, becauſe it was not lawful for a private Man to mp his own Figure upon the Coin of the Common-ealth. *Cicero*, who was ſo called from the Founder of s Family, that was marked on the Noſe with a little en like a Vetch (which is *Cicer* in *Latin*) inſtead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, order'd the Words *Marcus Tullius* ith the Figure of a Vetch at the End of them to be in-rib'd on a publick Monument. This was done pro-bly to ſhew that he was neither aſhamed of his Name Family, notwithſtanding the Envy of his Competitors d often reproached him with both. In the ſame man-r we read of a famous Building that was marked ſeveral Parts of it with the Figures of a Frog and a zard: Thoſe Words in *Greek* having been the Names the Architects who by the Laws of their Country

were

were never permitted to inſcribe their own Names upon their Works. For the ſame Reaſon it is thought, that the Forelock of the Horſe in the Antique Equeſtrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, repreſents at a diſtance the Shape of an Owl, to intimate the Country of the Statuary, who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of Wit was very much in Vogue among our own Countrymen about an Age or two ago, who did not practiſe it for any oblique Reaſon, as the Ancients above-mentioned, but purely for the ſake of being Witty. Among innumerable Inſtances that may be given of this Nature, I ſhall produce the Device of one Mr. *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Cambden* in his Remains. Mr. *Newberry*, to repreſent his Name by a Picture, hung up at his Door the Sign of a Yew-tree, that had ſeveral Berries upon it, and in the midſt of them a great golden *N* hung upon a Bough of the Tree, which by the Help of a little falſe Spelling made up the Word *N-ew-berry*.

I ſhall conclude this Topick with a *Rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in Free-ſtone, and erected over two of the Portals of *Blenheim* Houſe, being the Figure of a monſtrous Lion tearing to Pieces a little Cock. For the better underſtanding of which Device, I muſt acquaint my *Engliſh* Reader that a Cock has the Misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the ſame Word that ſignifies a *Frenchman*, as a Lion is an Emblem of the *Engliſh* Nation. Such a Device in ſo noble a Pile of Building looks like a Pun in an Heroick Poem; and I am very ſorry the truly ingenious Architect would ſuffer the Statuary to blemiſh his excellent Plan with ſo poor a Conceit: But I hope what I have ſaid will gain Quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's Paw.

I find likewiſe in ancient Times the Conceit of making an Echo talk ſenſibly, and give rational Anſwers. If this could be excuſable in any Writer, it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Echo as a Nymph, before ſhe was worn away into nothing but a Voice. The learned *Eraſmus*, tho' a Man of Wit and *Genius*, has compoſed a Dialogue upon this ſilly kind of Device, and made uſe of an Echo who ſeems to have been a very extraordinary Linguiſt, for ſhe anſwers the Perſon ſhe talks

lks with in *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*, according as he found the Syllables which ſhe was to repeat in ny of thoſe learned Languages. *Hudibras*, in Ridicule f this falſe kind of Wit, has deſcribed *Bruin* bewail- g the Loſs of his Bear to a ſolitary Echo, who is f great uſe to the Poet in ſeveral Diſtichs, as ſhe oes not only repeat after him, but helps out his Verſe, nd furniſhes him with *Rhymes*.

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as
Stout Hercules *for loſs of* Hylas:
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his ſad Regret;
He beat his Breaſt, and tore his Hair,
For Loſs of his dear Crony Bear,
That Echo from the hollow Ground
His Doleful Wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall Poets Splay-foot Rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful Stories,
To anſwer to Int'rogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
Things of which She nothing knows:
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the Lover's Fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my —— Echo, Ruin?
I thought th' hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a Step
For Fear (*Quoth Echo*) Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy Part?
Then what has quell'd thy ſtubborn Heart?
Have theſe Bones rattled, and this Head
So often in thy Quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear Sake? (*Quoth ſhe*) Mum budget.
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Diſh,
Thou turn'dſt thy Back? Quoth Echo, Piſh.
To run from thoſe th' hadſt overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too as thine Enemy?
Or if thou hadſt not thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for Thee, *Yet*

Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
For who would grudge to ſpend his Blood in
His Honour's Cauſe? Quoth ſhe, A Pudding. C

Nº 60. *Wedneſday, May* 9.

Hoc eſt quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc eſt?
Perſ. Sat. 3. v. 85.

Is it for this you gain thoſe meagre Looks,
And ſacrifice your Dinner to your Books?

SEVERAL kinds of falſe Wit that vaniſhed in the refined Ages of the World, diſcovered themſelves again in the Times of Monkiſh Ignorance.

AS the Monks were the Maſters of all that little Learning which was then extant, and had their whole Lives intirely diſengaged from Buſineſs, it is no wonder that ſeveral of them, who wanted Genius for higher Performances, employed many Hours in the Compoſition of ſuch Tricks in Writing as required much Time and little Capacity. I have ſeen half the *Æneid* turned into *Latin* Rhymes by one of the *Beaux Eſprits* of that dark Age; who ſays in his Preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the Sweets of Rhyme to make it the moſt perfect Work in its kind. I have likewiſe ſeen an Hymn in Hexameters to the Virgin *Mary*, which filled a whole Book, tho' it conſiſted but of the eight following Words.

Tot, tibi, ſunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, ſidera, Cælo.

Thou haſt as many Virtues, O Virgin, as there are Stars in Heaven.

The Poet rung the Changes upon theſe eight ſeveral Words, and by that means made his Verſes almoſt as numerous as the Virtues and the Stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that Men who had ſo much Time upon their hands, did not only reſtore all the antiquated Pieces

ieces of falſe Wit, but enriched the World with Inven-
ons of their own. It was to this Age that we owe the
roduction of Anagrams, which is nothing elſe but a
ranſmutation of one Word into another, or the turn-
g of the ſame Set of Letters into different Words;
hich may change Night into Day, or Black into White,
Chance, who is the Goddeſs that preſides over theſe
orts of Compoſition, ſhall ſo direct. I remember a
itty Author, in Alluſion to this kind of Writing, calls
is Rival, who (it ſeems) was diſtorted, and had his
imbs ſet in Places that did not properly belong to them,
he Anagram of a Man.

WHEN the Anagrammatiſt takes a Name to work
on, he conſiders it at firſt as a Mine not broken up,
hich will not ſhew the Treaſure it contains till he ſhall
ave ſpent many Hours in the Search of it: For it is his
uſineſs to find out one Word that conceals it ſelf in ano-
er, and to examine the Letters in all the Variety of Sta-
ons in which they can poſſibly be ranged. I have heard
a Gentleman who, when this Kind of Wit was in
ſhion, endeavoured to gain his Miſtreſs's Heart by it.
e was one of the fineſt Women of her Age, and known
y the Name of the Lady *Mary Boon*. The Lover not
eing able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain Li-
erties indulged to this kind of Writing, converted it in-
Moll; and after having ſhut himſelf up for half a Year,
ith indefatigable Induſtry produced an Anagram. Upon
e preſenting it to his Miſtreſs, who was a little vexed in
r Heart to ſee her ſelf degraded into *Moll Boon*, ſhe
ld him, to his infinite Surpriſe, that he had miſtaken
r Sirname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun*.

Ibi omnis
Effuſus labor

he Lover was thunder-ſtruck with his Misfortune, in-
much that in a little time after he loſt his Senſes, which
deed had been very much impaired by that continual
pplication he had given to his Anagram.

THE Acroſtick was probably invented about the ſame
me with the Anagram, tho' it is impoſſible to decide
hether the Inventor of the one or the other were the
reater Blockhead. The *Simple* Acroſtick is nothing but

the Name or Title of a Perſon or Thing made out of the initial Letters of ſeveral Verſes, and by that Means written, after the Manner of the *Chineſe*, in a perpendicular Line. But beſides theſe there are *Compound* Acroſticks, when the principal Letters ſtand two or three deep. I have ſeen ſome of them where the Verſes have not only been edged by a Name at each Extremity, but have had the ſame Name running down like a Seam through the Middle of the Poem.

THERE is another near Relation of the Anagram and Acroſticks, which is commonly called a Chronogram. This kind of Wit appears very often on many modern Medals, eſpecially thoſe of *Germany*, when they repreſent in the Inſcription the Year in which they were coined. Thus we ſee on a Medal of *Guſtavus Adolphus* the following Words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the Figures out of the ſeveral Words, and range them in their proper Order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the Year in which the Medal was ſtamped: For as ſome of the Letters diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt, and overtop their Fellows, they are to be conſidered in a double Capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for one of theſe ingenious Devices. A Man would think they were ſearching after an apt claſſical Term, but inſtead of that they are looking out a Word that has an L, an M or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of theſe Inſcriptions, we are not ſo much to look in 'em for the Thought, as for the Year of the Lord.

THE *Bouts Rimez* were the Favourites of the *French* Nation for a whole Age together, and that at a Time when it abounded in Wit and Learning. They were a Liſt of Words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another Hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the ſame Order that they were placed upon the Liſt: The more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the Genius of the Poet that could accommodate his Verſes to them. I do not know any greater Inſtance of the Decay of Wit and Learning among the *French* (which generally follows the Declenſion of Empire) than the endeavouring after

reſtore this fooliſh kind of Wit. If the Reader will be at the Trouble to ſee Examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Galant*; where the Author every Month gives a Liſt of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the Publick in the *Mercure* for the ſucceeding Month. That for the Month of *November* laſt, which now lies before me, is as follows.

. . . . . *Lauriers*
. . . . . *Guerriers*
. . . . . *Muſette*
. . . . . *Liſette*

. . . . . *Ceſars*
. . . . . *Etendars*
. . . . . *Houlette*
. . . . . *Folette*

One would be amazed to ſee ſo learned a Man as *Menage* talking ſeriouſly on this Kind of Trifle in the following Paſſage.

MONSIEUR de la Chambre *has told me that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his Pen into his Hand; but that one Sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I ſhould write next when I was making Verſes. In the firſt place I got all my Rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four Months in filling them up. I one Day ſhewed Monſieur* Gombaud *a Compoſition of this Nature, in which among others I had made uſe of the four following Rhymes,* Amaryllis, Phillis, Marne, Arne, *deſiring him to give me his Opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my Verſes were good for nothing. And upon my asking his Reaſon, he ſaid, Becauſe the Rhymes are too common; and for that Reaſon eaſy to be put into Verſe. Marry, ſays I, if it be ſo, I am very well rewarded for all the Pains I have been at. But by Monſieur* Gombaud's *Leave, notwithſtanding the Severity of the Criticiſm, the Verſes were good.* Vid. MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned *Menage*, whom I have tranſlated Word for Word.

THE firſt Occaſion of theſe *Bouts Rimez* made them in ſome manner excuſable, as they were Tasks which the *French* Ladies uſed to impoſe on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above-mentioned, tasked himſelf, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the Author played booty, and did not make his Liſt of Rhymes till he had finiſhed his Poem?

I ſhall only add, that this Piece of falſe Wit has been finely ridiculed by Monſieur *Saraſin*, in a Poem entituled, *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez*, *The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez*.

I muſt ſubjoin to this laſt kind of Wit the double Rhymes, which are uſed in Doggerel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant Readers. If the Thought of the Couplet in ſuch Compoſitions is good, the Rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the Power of the Rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of thoſe who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of theſe Doggerel Rhymes than of the Parts that really deſerve Admiration. I am ſure I have heard the

Pulpit, Drum Eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with Fiſt inſtead of a Stick.

and

There was an ancient ſage Philoſopher
Who had read Alexander Roſs *over.*

more frequently quoted, than the fineſt Pieces of Wit in the whole Poem.

C

Nº 61. *Thurſday, May* 10.

Non equidem ſtudeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgeſcat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
Perſ. Sat. 5. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my Talent to engage
In lofty Trifles, or to ſwell my Page
With Wind and Noiſe. DRYDEN.

THERE is no kind of falſe Wit which has been ſo recommended by the Practice of all Ages, as that which conſiſts in a Jingle of Words, and is comprehended under the general Name of *Punning*. It is indeed impoſſible to kill a Weed, which the Soil has a natural Diſpoſition to produce. The Seeds of Punning are in the Minds of all Men, and tho' they may be ſubdued by Reaſon, Reflexion, and good Senſe, they will be very apt to ſhoot up in the greateſt Genius that is not broken and cultivated by the Rules of Art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raiſe the Mind to Poetry, Painting, Muſick, or other more noble Arts, it often breaks out in Puns and Quibbles.

ARISTOTLE, in the Eleventh Chapter of his Book of Rhetorick, deſcribes two or three kinds of Puns, which he calls Paragrams, among the Beauties of good Writing, and produces Inſtances of them out of ſome of the greateſt Authors in the *Greek* Tongue. *Cicero* has ſprinkled ſeveral of his Works with Puns, and in his Book, where he lays down the Rules of Oratory, quotes abundance of Sayings as Pieces of Wit, which alſo upon Examination prove arrant Puns. But the Age in which *the Pun* chiefly flouriſhed, was the Reign of King *James* the Firſt. That learned Monarch was himſelf a tolerable Punſter, and made very few Biſhops or Privy-Counſellors that had not ſome time or other ſignalized themſelves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this Age that the Pun appeared with Pomp and

Dignity. It had before been admitted into merry Speeches and ludicrous Compoſitions, but was now delivered with great Gravity from the Pulpit, or pronounced in the moſt ſolemn manner at the Council-Table. The greateſt Authors, in their moſt ſerious Works, made frequent uſe of Puns. The Sermons of Biſhop *Andrews*, and the Tragedies of *Shakeſpear*, are full of them. The Sinner was punned into Repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more uſual than to ſee a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen Lines together.

I muſt add to theſe great Authorities, which ſeem to have given a kind of Sanction to this Piece of falſe Wit, that all the Writers of Rhetorick have treated of Punning with very great Reſpect, and divided the ſeveral kinds of it into hard Names, that are reckoned among the Figures of Speech, and recommended as Ornaments in Diſcourſe. I remember a Country Schoolmaſter of my Acquaintance told me once, that he had been in Company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greateſt *Paragrammatiſt* among the Moderns. Upon Inquiry, I found my learned Friend had dined that Day with Mr. *Swan*, the famous Punſter; and deſiring him to give me ſome Account of Mr. *Swan*'s Converſation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomaſia*, that he ſometimes gave into the *Ploce*, but that in his humble Opinion he ſhined moſt in the *Antanaclaſis*.

I muſt not here omit, that a famous Univerſity of this Land was formerly very much infeſted with Puns; but whether or no this might not ariſe from the Fens and Marſhes in which it was ſituated, and which are now drained, I muſt leave to the Determination of more ſkilful Naturaliſts.

AFTER this ſhort Hiſtory of Punning, one would wonder how it ſhould be ſo entirely baniſhed out of the Learned World as it is at preſent, eſpecially ſince it has found a Place in the Writings of the moſt ancient Polite Authors. To account for this we muſt conſider that the firſt Race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in Writing, were deſtitute of all Rules and Art of Criticiſm; and for that Reaſon, though they excel late

later Writers in Greatneſs of Genius, they fall ſhort of them in Accuracy and Correctneſs. The Moderns cannot reach their Beauties, but can avoid their Imperfections. When the World was furniſhed with theſe Authors of the firſt Eminence, there grew up another Set of Writers, who gained themſelves a Reputation by the Remarks which they made on the Works of thoſe who preceded them. It was one of the Employments of theſe Secondary Authors, to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral kinds of Wit by Terms of Art, and to conſider them as more or leſs perfect, according as they were founded in Truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even ſuch Authors as *Iſocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, ſhould have ſuch little Blemiſhes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior Character, who have written ſince thoſe ſeveral Blemiſhes were diſcovered. I do not find that there was a proper Separation made between Puns and true Wit by any of the Ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this Diſtinction was once ſettled, it was very natural for all Men of Senſe to agree in it. As for the Revival of this falſe Wit, it happened about the time of the Revival of Letters; but as ſoon as it was once detected, it immediately vaniſhed and diſappeared. At the ſame time there is no queſtion, but as it has ſunk in one Age and roſe in another, it will again recover it ſelf in ſome diſtant Period of Time, as Pedantry and Ignorance ſhall prevail upon Wit and Senſe. And, to ſpeak the Truth, I do very much apprehend, by ſome of the laſt Winter's Productions, which had their Sets of Admirers, that our Poſterity will in a few Years degenerate into a Race of Punſters: At leaſt, a Man may be very excuſable for any Apprehenſions of this kind, that has ſeen *Acroſticks* handed about the Town with great Secrecy and Applauſe; to which I muſt alſo add a little Epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into Verſe when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it Curſed one way and Bleſſed the other. When one ſees there are actually ſuch Pains-takers among our *Britiſh* Wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we muſt Laſh one another, let it be with the manly Strokes of Wit and Satire; for I am of the old Philoſopher's Opinion, That if I muſt ſuffer from one or the other, I would rather it ſhould be from

the Paw of a Lion, than the Hoof of an Aſs. I do not ſpeak this out of any Spirit of Party. There is a moſt crying Dulneſs on both Sides. I have ſeen Tory *Acroſticks* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them, becauſe they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but becauſe they are *Anagrams* and *Acroſticks*.

BUT to return to Punning. Having purſued the Hiſtory of a Pun, from its Original to its Downfal, I ſhall here define it to be a Conceit ariſing from the uſe of two Words that agree in the Sound, but differ in the Senſe. The only way therefore to try a Piece of Wit, is to tranſlate it into a different Language: If it bears the Teſt, you may pronounce it true; but if it vaniſhes in the Experiment you may conclude it to have been a Pun. In ſhort, one may ſay of a Pun, as the Countryman deſcribed his Nightingale, that it is *vox & præterea nihil*, a Sound, and nothing but a Sound. On the contrary, one may repreſent true Wit by the Deſcription which *Ariſtenetus* makes of a fine Woman; when ſhe is *dreſſed* ſhe is Beautiful, when ſhe is *undreſſed* ſhe is Beautiful: or as *Mercurius* has tranſlated it more Emphatically, *Induitur, formoſa eſt: Exuitur, ipſa forma eſt.* C

Nº 62. *Friday, May* 11.

Scribendi rectè ſapere eſt & principium & fons.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 309.

Sound Judgment is the Ground of writing well.
ROSCOMMON.

MR. *Locke* has an admirable Reflexion upon the Difference of Wit and Judgment, whereby he endeavours to ſhew the Reaſon why they are not always the Talents of the ſame Perſon. His Words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given ſome Reaſon of that common Obſervation, That Men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the cleareſt Judgment, or deepeſt Reaſon. For Wit lying moſt in the Aſſemblage of Ideas, and putting thoſe together with Quickneſs*

Quickneſs and Variety, wherein can be found any Reſemblance or Congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant Pictures and agreeable Viſions in the Fancy; Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other Side, in ſeparating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the leaſt Difference, thereby to avoid being miſ-led by Similitude, and by Affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Alluſion; wherein, for the moſt part, lies that Entertainment and Pleaſantry of Wit which ſtrikes ſo lively on the Fancy, and is therefore ſo acceptable to all People.

THIS is, I think, the beſt and moſt Philoſophical Account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, conſiſts in ſuch a Reſemblance and Congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I ſhall only add to it, by way of Explanation, That every Reſemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unleſs it be ſuch an one that gives *Delight* and *Surpriſe* to the Reader: Theſe two Properties ſeem eſſential to Wit, more particularly the laſt of them. In order therefore that the Reſemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is neceſſary that the Ideas ſhould not lie too near one another in the Nature of things; for where the Likeneſs is obvious, it gives no Surpriſe. To compare one Man's Singing to that of another, or to repreſent the Whiteneſs of any Object by that of Milk and Snow, or the Variety of its Colours by thoſe of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unleſs, beſides this obvious Reſemblance, there be ſome further Congruity diſcovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader ſome Surpriſe. Thus when a Poet tells us, the Boſom of his Miſtreſs is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Compariſon; but when he adds, with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's Memory may ſupply him with innumerable Inſtances of the ſame Nature. For this Reaſon, the Similitudes in Heroick Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the Mind with great Conceptions, than to divert it with ſuch as are new and ſurpriſing, have ſeldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr. *Locke*'s Account of Wit, with this ſhort Explanation, comprehends moſt of the Species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, Ænigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Viſions.

Dramatick Writings, Burleſque, and all the Methods of Alluſion: As there are many other Pieces of Wit, (how remote ſoever they may appear at firſt ſight, from the foregoing Deſcription) which upon Examination will be found to agree with it.

AS *true Wit* generally conſiſts in this Reſemblance and Congruity of Ideas, *falſe Wit* chiefly conſiſts in the Reſemblance and Congruity ſometimes of ſingle Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acroſticks: Sometimes of Syllables, as in Echos and Doggerel Rhymes: Sometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and ſometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, caſt into the Figures of *Eggs*, *Axes* or *Altars*: Nay, ſome carry the Notion of Wit ſo far, as to aſcribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a Man as an ingenious Perſon, that can reſemble the Tone, Poſture, or Face of another.

AS *true Wit* conſiſts in the Reſemblance of Ideas, and *falſe Wit* in the Reſemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Inſtances; there is another kind of Wit which conſiſts partly in the Reſemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Reſemblance of Words, which for Diſtinction Sake I ſhall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewiſe a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very ſparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the ſame Claſs with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monſieur *Boileau*, who formed himſelf upon the Ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with Scorn. If we look after mixt Wit among the *Greek* Writers, we ſhall find it no where but in the Epigrammatiſts. There are indeed ſome Strokes of it in the little Poem aſcribed to *Muſæus*, which by that, as well as many other Marks, betrays it ſelf to be a modern Compoſition. If we look into the *Latin* Writers, we find none of this mixt Wit in *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and ſcarce any thing elſe in *Martial*.

OUT of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I ſhall chooſe one Inſtance which may be met with in all the Writers of this Claſs. The Paſſion of Love in its Nature

Nature has been thought to reſemble Fire; for which Reaſon the Words Fire and Flame are made uſe of to ſignify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witticiſms. *Cowley* obſerving the cold Regard of his Miſtreſs's Eyes, and at the ſame time their Power of producing Love in him, conſiders them as Burning-glaſſes made of Ice; and finding himſelf able to live in the greateſt Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Miſtreſs has read his Letter written in Juice of Limon by holding it to the Fire, he deſires her to read it over a ſecond time by Love's Flames. When ſhe weeps, he wiſhes it were inward Heat that diſtilled thoſe Drops from the Limbeck. When ſhe is abſent he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when ſhe is with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it does not let him ſleep, it is a Flame that ſends up no Smoke; when it is oppoſed by Counſel and Advice, it is a Fire that rages the more by the Winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his Loves, he obſerves that his written Flames had burnt up and withered the Tree. When he reſolves to give over his Paſſion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the Fire. His Heart is an *Ætna*, that inſtead of *Vulcan*'s Shop incloſes *Cupid*'s Forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He would inſinuate to his Miſtreſs, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces ſo many living Creatures) ſhould not only warm but beget. Love in another Place cooks Pleaſure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breaſt, and ſometimes ſcorched in every Eye. Sometimes he is drowned in Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship ſet on Fire in the Middle of the Sea.

THE Reader may obſerve in every one of theſe Inſtances, that the Poet mixes the Qualities of Fire with thoſe of Love; and in the ſame Sentence ſpeaking of it both as a Paſſion and as real Fire, ſurpriſes the Reader with thoſe ſeeming Reſemblances or Contradictions that make

make up all the Wit in this kind of Writing. Mixt Wit therefore is a Compoſition of Pun and true Wit, and is more or leſs perfect as the Reſemblance lies in the Ideas or in the Words: Its Foundations are laid partly in Falſhood and partly in Truth: Reaſon puts in her Claim for one Half of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only Province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or thoſe little occaſional Poems that in their own Nature are nothing elſe but a Tiſſue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this Head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

IT may be expected, ſince I am upon this Subject, that I ſhould take notice of Mr. *Dryden*'s Definition of Wit; which, with all the Deference that is due to the Judgment of ſo great a Man, is not ſo properly a Definition of Wit, as of good Writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a Propriety of Words and Thoughts 'adapted to the Subject.' If this be a true Definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* was the greateſt Wit that ever ſet Pen to Paper: It is certain that never was a greater Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject, than what that Author has made uſe of in his Elements. I ſhall only appeal to my Reader, if this Definition agrees with any Notion he has of Wit: If it be a true one, I am ſure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious Man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

BOUHOURS, whom I look upon to be the moſt penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken pains to ſhew, that it is impoſſible for any Thought to be beautiful which is not juſt, and has not its Foundation in the Nature of Things: That the Baſis of all Wit is Truth; and that no Thought can be valuable, of which good Senſe is not the Ground-work. *Boileau* has endeavoured to inculcate the ſame Notion in ſeveral Parts of his Writings, both in Proſe and Verſe. This is that natural Way of Writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we ſo much admire in the Compoſitions of the Ancients; and which

no

no Body deviates from, but thoſe who want Strength of Genius to make a Thought ſhine in its own natural Beauties. Poets who want this Strength of Genius to give that Majeſtick Simplicity to Nature, which we ſo much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign Ornaments, and not to let any Piece of Wit of what kind ſoever eſcape them. I look upon theſe Writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like thoſe in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to ſupply its Place with all the Extravagancies of an irregular Fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handſom Obſervation, on *Ovid*'s writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Æneas*, in the following Words. '*Ovid* (ſays he, ſpeaking of *Virgil*'s Fiction of *Dido* and *Æneas*,) takes it up 'after him, even in the ſame Age, and makes an Ancient Heroine of *Virgil*'s new-created *Dido*; dictates a 'Letter for her juſt before her Death to the ungrateful 'Fugitive; and very unluckily for himſelf, is for meaſuring a Sword with a Man ſo much ſuperior in Force 'to him on the ſame Subject. I think I may be Judge 'of this, becauſe I have tranſlated both. The famous 'Author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own; 'he borrows all from a greater Maſter in his own Profeſſion, and, which is worſe, improves nothing which 'he finds: Nature fails him, and being forced to his old 'Shift, he has Recourſe to Witticiſm. This paſſes indeed with his ſoft Admirers, and gives him the Preference to *Virgil* in their Eſteem.

WERE not I ſupported by ſo great an Authority as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I ſhould not venture to obſerve, That the Taſte of moſt of our *Engliſh* Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothick*. He quotes Monſieur *Segrais* for a threefold Diſtinction of the Readers of Poetry: In the firſt of which he comprehends the Rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as ſuch with regard to their Quality, but to their Numbers and the Coarſeneſs of their Taſte. His Words are as follow: '*Segrais* has 'diſtinguiſhed the Readers of Poetry, according to their 'Capacity of judging, into three Claſſes. [He might have ſaid the ſame of Writers too, if he had pleaſed.] 'In the loweſt Form he places thoſe whom he calls *Les*

Petits

'*Petits Eſprits*, ſuch things as are our Upper-Gallery 'Audience in a Play-houſe; who like nothing but the 'Huſk and Rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, 'an Epigram, before ſolid Senſe and elegant Expreſſion: 'Theſe are Mob Readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* ſtood 'for Parliament-Men, we know already who would 'carry it. But though they make the greateſt Appea-'rance in the Field, and cry the loudeſt, the beſt on't 'is they are but a ſort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* 'Boors, brought over in Herds, but not Naturalized; 'who have not Lands of two Pounds *per Annum* in *Par-'naſſus*, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their 'Authors are of the ſame Level, fit to repreſent them on 'a Mountebank's Stage, or to be Maſters of the Ceremo-'nies in a Bear-garden: Yet theſe are they who have 'the moſt Admirers. But it often happens, to their Mor-'tification, that as their Readers improve their Stock of 'Senſe, (as they may by reading better Books, and by 'Converſation with Men of Judgment) they ſoon for-'ſake them.

I muſt not diſmiſs this Subject without obſerving, that as Mr. *Locke* in the Paſſage above-mentioned has diſco-vered the moſt fruitful Source of Wit, ſo there is another of a quite contrary Nature to it, which does likewiſe branch itſelf out into ſeveral kinds. For not only the *Reſemblance*, but the *Oppoſition* of Ideas, does very often produce Wit; as I could ſhew in ſeveral little Points, Turns and Antitheſes, that I may poſſibly enlarge upon in ſome future Speculation. C

N° 63. *Saturday, May* 12.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne:
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Finguntur ſpecies ——— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 1.

If in a Picture, Piſo, *you ſhou'd ſee*
A handſom Woman with a Fiſh's Tail,
Or a Man's Head upon a Horſe's Neck,
Or Limbs of Beaſts, of the moſt different kinds,
Cover'd with Feathers of all ſorts of Birds;
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
Truſt me that Book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent Style, like ſick Mens Dreams,
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extremes.
ROSCOMMON.

IT is very hard for the Mind to diſengage itſelf from a Subject in which it has been long employed. The Thoughts will be riſing of themſelves from time to time, tho' we give them no Encouragement; as the Toſſings and Fluctuations of the Sea continue ſeveral Hours after the Winds are laid.

IT is to this that I impute my laſt Night's Dream or Viſion, which formed into one continued Allegory the ſeveral Schemes of Wit, whether Falſe, Mixed, or True, that have been the Subject of my late Papers.

METHOUGHT I was tranſported into a Country that was filled with Prodigies and Enchantments, governed by the Goddeſs of FALSHOOD, and entitled *The Region of falſe Wit.* There was nothing in the Fields, the Woods, and the Rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the Trees bloſſomed in Leaf-Gold, ſome of them produced Bone-Lace, and ſome of them precious Stones.

The

The Fountains bubbled in an Opera Tune, and were fill with Stags, Wild-Boars, and Mermaids, that lived amo the Waters; at the ſame time that Dolphins and ſever kinds of Fiſh played upon the Banks or took their Paſtim in the Meadows. The Birds had many of them golde Beaks, and human Voices. The Flowers perfumed th Air with Smells of Incenſe, Amber-greaſe, and Pulvi lio's; and were ſo interwoven with one another, tha they grew up in Pieces of Embroidery. The Wind were filled with Sighs and Meſſages of diſtant Lover As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted Wilder neſs, I could not forbear breaking out into Soliloquie upon the ſeveral Wonders which lay before me, whe to my great Surpriſe, I found there were artificial Echo in every Walk, that by Repetitions of certain Word which I ſpoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me in every thing I ſaid. In the midſt of my Converſation with theſe Inviſible Companions, I diſcovered in th Centre of a very dark Grove a monſtrous Fabrick buil after the *Gothick* manner, and covered with innume rable Devices in that barbarous kind of Sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of Heathen Temple conſecrated to the God of *Dulneſ* Upon my Entrance I ſaw the Deity of the Place dreſſe in the Habit of a Monk, with a Book in one Hand and a Rattle in the other. Upon his right Hand was *In-duſtry*, with a Lamp burning before her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monkey ſitting on her Shoulder. Before his Feet there ſtood an *Altar* of a very odd Make, which, as I afterwards found, was ſhaped in that manner to comply with the Inſcription that ſurrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay ſeveral Offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in Paper, and inſcribed with Verſes. The Temple was filled with Votaries, who applied themſelves to different Diverſions, as their Fancies directed them. In one part of it I ſaw a Regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the Right or to the Left, facing about, doubling their Ranks, ſhifting their Stations, and throwing themſelves into all the Figures, and Counter marches of the moſt changeable and perplexed Exerciſe.

NO

NOT far from theſe was a Body of *Acroſticks*, made up of very diſproportioned Perſons. It was diſpoſed into three Columns, the Officers planting themſelves in a Line on the left Hand of each Column. The Officers were all of them at leaſt Six Foot high, and made three Rows of very proper Men; but the Common Soldiers, who filled up the Spaces between the Officers, were ſuch Dwarfs, Cripples, and Scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acroſticks* two or three Files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the Figure of Time) with an Hour-glaſs in one Hand, and a Scythe in the other, and took their Poſts promiſcuouſly among the private Men whom they commanded.

IN the Body of the Temple, and before the very Face of the Deity, methought I ſaw the Phantom of *Tryphiodorus* the *Lipogrammatiſt*, engaged in a Ball with four and twenty Perſons, who purſued him by turns thro' all the Intricacies and Labyrinths of a Country Dance, without being able to overtake him.

OBSERVING ſeveral to be very buſy at the Weſtern End of the *Temple*, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that Quarter the great Magazine of *Rebus*'s. Theſe were ſeveral Things of the moſt different Natures tied up in Bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like Faggots. You might behold an Anchor, a Night-rail, and a Hobby-horſe bound up together. One of the Workmen ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in ſeveral of thoſe Bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleaſed; I thanked him for his Civility, but told him I was in very great haſte at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I obſerved in one Corner of it a Cluſter of Men and Women laughing very heartily, and diverting themſelves at a Game of *Crambo*. I heard ſeveral *Double Rhymes* as I paſſed by them, which raiſed a great deal of Mirth.

NOT far from theſe was another Set of merry People engaged at a Diverſion, in which the whole Jeſt was to miſtake one Perſon for another. To give Occaſion for theſe ludicrous Miſtakes, they were divided into Pairs, every Pair being covered from Head to Foot with the ſame

ſame kind of Dreſs, though perhaps there was not the leaſt Reſemblance in their Faces. By this means an old Man was ſometimes miſtaken for a Boy, a Woman for a Man, and a Black-a-moor for an *European*, which very often produced great Peals of Laughter. Theſe I gueſſed to be a Party of *Puns*. But being very deſirous to get out of this World of Magick, which had almoſt turned my Brain, I left the Temple, and croſſed over the Fields that lay about it with all the Speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the Sound of Trumpets and Alarms, which ſeemed to proclaim the March of an Enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great Diſtance a very ſhining Light, and, in the midſt of it, a Perſon of a moſt beautiful Aſpect; her Name was TRUTH. On her right Hand there marched a Male Deity, who bore ſeveral Quivers on his Shoulders, and graſped ſeveral Arrows in his Hand. His Name was *Wit*. The Approach of theſe two Enemies filled all the Territories of *Falſe Wit* with an unſpeakable Conſternation, inſomuch that the Goddeſs of thoſe Regions appeared in Perſon upon her Frontiers, with the ſeveral inferior Deities, and the different Bodies of Forces which I had before ſeen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in Array, and prepared to give their Foes a warm Reception. As the March of the Enemy was very ſlow, it gave time to the ſeveral Inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions* of FALSHOOD to draw their Forces into a Body, with a Deſign to ſtand upon their Guard as Neuters, and attend the Iſſue of the Combat.

I muſt here inform my Reader, that the Frontiers of the Enchanted Region, which I have before deſcribed, were inhabited by the Species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd Appearance when they were muſtered together in an Army. There were Men whoſe Bodies were ſtuck full of Darts, and Women whoſe Eyes were Burning-glaſſes: Men that had Hearts of Fire, and Women that had Breaſts of Snow. It would be endleſs to deſcribe ſeveral Monſters of the like Nature, that compoſed this great Army; which immediately fell aſunder and divided itſelf into two Parts, the one half throwing themſelves behind the Banners of TRUTH, and the others behind thoſe of FALSHOOD.

THE

THE Goddeſs of FALSHOOD was of a Gigantick Stature, and advanced ſome Paces before the Front of her Army; but as the dazzling Light, which flowed from TRUTH, began to ſhine upon her, ſhe faded inſenſibly; inſomuch that in a little Space ſhe looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real Subſtance. At length, as the Goddeſs of TRUTH approached ſtill nearer to her, ſhe fell away intirely, and vaniſhed amidſt the Brightneſs of her Preſence; ſo that there did not remain the leaſt Trace or Impreſſion of her Figure in the Place where ſhe had been ſeen.

AS at the riſing of the Sun the Conſtellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemiſphere is extinguiſhed; ſuch was the vaniſhing of the Goddeſs: And not only of the Goddeſs herſelf, but of the whole Army that attended her, which ſympathized with their Leader, and ſhrunk into Nothing, in proportion as the Goddeſs diſappeared. At the ſame time the whole Temple ſunk, the Fiſh betook themſelves to the Streams, and the wild Beaſts to the Woods, the Fountains recovered their Murmurs, the Birds their Voices, the Trees their Leaves, the Flowers their Scents, and the whole Face of Nature its true and genuine Appearance. Tho' I ſtill continued aſleep, I fancied myſelf as it were awakened out of a Dream, when I ſaw this Region of Prodigies reſtored to Woods and Rivers, Fields and Meadows.

UPON the Removal of that wild Scene of Wonders, which had very much diſturbed my Imagination, I took a full Survey of the Perſons of WIT and TRUTH; for indeed it was impoſſible to look upon the firſt, without ſeeing the other at the ſame time. There was behind them a ſtrong and compact Body of Figures. The Genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her Hand, and a Laurel on her Head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypreſs, and covered with Robes dipped in Blood. *Satire* had Smiles in her Look, and a Dagger under her Garment. *Rhetorick* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Maſk. After ſeveral other Figures, *Epigram* marched up in the Rear, who had been poſted there at the Beginning of the Expedition, that he might not revolt to the Enemy, whom he was ſuſpected to favour

favour in his Heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the Appearance of the God of *Wit*; there was ſomething ſo amiable and yet ſo piercing in his Looks, as inſpired me at once with Love and Terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unſpeakable Joy, he took a Quiver of Arrows from his Shoulder, in order to make me a Preſent of it; but as I was reaching out my Hand to receive it of him I knocked it againſt a Chair, and by that means awaked. C

N° 64. *Monday, May* 14.

——— *Hìc vivimus Ambitioſâ*
Paupertate omnes ——— Juv. Sat. 3. v. 183.

The Face of Wealth in Poverty we wear.

THE moſt improper things we commit in the Conduct of our Lives, we are led into by the Force of Faſhion. Inſtances might be given, in which a prevailing Cuſtom makes us act againſt the Rules of Nature, Law and common Senſe: but at preſent I ſhall confine my Conſideration of the Effect it has upon Mens Minds, by looking into our Behaviour when it is the Faſhion to go into Mourning. The Cuſtom of repreſenting the Grief we have for the Loſs of the Dead by our Habits, certainly had its Riſe from the real Sorrow of ſuch as were too much diſtreſſed to take the proper Care they ought of their Dreſs. By Degrees it prevailed, that ſuch as had this inward Oppreſſion upon their Minds, made an Apology for not joining with the reſt of the World in their ordinary Diverſions by a Dreſs ſuited to their Condition. This therefore was at firſt aſſumed by ſuch only as were under real Diſtreſs; to whom it was a Relief that they had nothing about them ſo light and gay as to be irkſome to the Gloom and Melancholy of their inward Reflexions, or that might miſrepreſent them to others. In proceſs of Time this laudable Diſtinction of the Sorrowful was loſt, and Mourning is now worn by Heirs and

and Widows. You ſee nothing but Magnificence and Solemnity in the Equipage of the Relict, and an Air of Releaſe from Servitude in the Pomp of a Son who has loſt a wealthy Father. This Faſhion of Sorrow is now become a generous Part of the Ceremonial between Princes and Sovereigns, who in the Language of all Nations are ſtiled Brothers to each other, and put on the Purple upon the Death of any Potentate with whom they live in Amity. Courtiers, and all who wiſh themſelves ſuch, are immediately ſeiz'd with Grief from Head to Foot upon this Diſaſter to their Prince; ſo that one may know by the very Buckles of a Gentleman-Uſher, what Degree of Friendſhip any deceaſed Monarch maintained with the Court to which he belongs. A good Courtier's Habit and Behaviour is hieroglyphical on theſe Occaſions: He deals much in Whiſpers, and you may ſee he dreſſes according to the beſt Intelligence.

THE general Affectation among Men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the Habit of the Court. You ſee the Lady, who the Day before was as various as a Rainbow, upon the Time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a Cloud. This Humour does not prevail only on thoſe whoſe Fortunes can ſupport any Change in their Equipage, not on thoſe only whoſe Incomes demand the Wantonneſs of new Appearances; but on ſuch alſo who have juſt enough to clothe them. An old Acquaintance of mine, of Ninety Pounds a Year, who has naturally the Vanity of being a Man of Faſhion deep at his Heart, is very much put to it to bear the Mortality of Princes. He made a new black Suit upon the Death of the King of *Spain*, he turned it for the King of *Portugal*, and he now keeps his Chamber while it is ſcouring for the Emperor. He is a good Oeconomiſt in his Extravagance, and makes only a freſh black Button upon his Iron-gray Suit for any Potentate of ſmall Territories; he indeed adds his Crape Hatband for a Prince whoſe Exploits he has admir'd in the *Gazette*. But whatever Compliments may be made on theſe Occaſions, the true Mourners are the Mercers, Silkmen, Lacemen and Milliners. A Prince of a merciful and royal Diſpoſition would reflect with great Anxiety upon the Proſpect of his Death, if he conſidered what Numbers would be reduc'd

reduc'd to Misery by that Accident only: He would think it of Moment enough to direct, that in the Notification of his Departure, the Honour done to him might be restrain'd to those of the Houshold of the Prince to whom it should be signify'd. He would think a general Mourning to be in a less Degree the same Ceremony which is practised in barbarous Nations, of killing their Slaves to attend the Obsequies of their Kings.

I had been wonderfully at a loss for many Months together, to guess at the Character of a Man who came now and then to our Coffee-house: He ever ended a News-paper with this Reflexion, *Well, I see all the Foreign Princes are in good Health.* If you asked, Pray, Sir, what says the *Postman* from *Vienna?* he answered, *Make us thankful, the* German *Princes are all well:* What does he say from *Barcelona? He does not speak but that the Country agrees very well with the new Queen.* After very much Inquiry, I found this Man of universal Loyalty was a wholesale Dealer in Silks and Ribbons: His Way is, it seems, if he hires a Weaver, or Workman, to have it inserted in his Articles, 'That all this shall be well and 'truly performed, provided no foreign Potentate shall 'depart this Life within the Time above-mentioned.' It happens in all publick Mournings, that the many Trades which depend upon our Habits, are during that Folly either pinched with present Want, or terrified with the apparent Approach of it. All the Atonement which Men can make for wanton Expences (which is a sort of insulting the Scarcity under which others labour) is, that the Superfluities of the Wealthy give Supplies to the Necessities of the Poor; but instead of any other Good arising from the Affectation of being in courtly Habits of Mourning, all Order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true Honour, which one Court does to another on that Occasion, loses its Force and Efficacy. When a foreign Minister beholds the Court of a Nation (which flourishes in Riches and Plenty) lay aside, upon the Loss of his Master, all Marks of Splendor and Magnificence, though the Head of such a joyful People, he will conceive a greater Idea of the Honour done his Master, than when he sees the Generality of the People in the same Habit. When one is afraid to ask the Wife of a Tradesman whom she has

has loſt of her Family; and after ſome Preparation endeavours to know whom ſhe mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herſelf, That we have loſt one of the Houſe of *Auſtria?* Princes are elevated ſo highly above the reſt of Mankind, that it is a preſumptuous Diſtinction to take a Part in Honours done to their Memories, except we have Authority for it, by being related in a particular Manner to the Court which pays that Veneration to their Friendſhip, and ſeems to expreſs on ſuch an Occaſion the Senſe of the Uncertainty of human Life in general, by aſſuming the Habit of Sorrow though in the full Poſſeſſion of Triumph and Royalty. R

N° 65. *Tueſday, May* 15.

——*Demetri teque Tigelli*
Diſcipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
Hor. Sat. 10. l. 1. v. 90.

Demetrius *and* Tigellius, *know your Place;*
Go hence, and whine among the School-boy Race.

AFTER having at large explained what Wit is, and deſcribed the falſe Appearances of it, all that Labour ſeems but an uſeleſs Inquiry, without ſome Time be ſpent in conſidering the Application of it. The Seat of Wit, when one ſpeaks as a Man of the Town and the World, is the Play-houſe; I ſhall therefore fill this Paper with Reflexions upon the Uſe of it in that Place. The Application of Wit in the Theatre has as ſtrong an Effect upon the Manners of our Gentlemen, as the Taſte of it has upon the Writings of our Authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very preſumptuous Work, though not Foreign from the Duty of a SPECTATOR, to tax the Writings of ſuch as have long had the general Applauſe of a Nation; But I ſhall always make Reaſon, Truth, and Nature the Meaſures of Praiſe and Diſpraiſe; if thoſe are for me, the Generality of Opinion is of no Conſequence againſt me; if they are againſt me, the general Opinion cannot long ſupport me.

WITH-

WITHOUT further Preface, I am going to look into ſome of our moſt applauded Plays, and ſee whether they deſerve the Figure they at preſent bear in the Imaginations of Men, or not.

IN reflecting upon theſe Works, I ſhall chiefly dwell upon that for which each reſpective Play is moſt celebrated. The preſent Paper ſhall be employed upon Sir *Fopling Flutter*. The received Character of this Play is, That it is the Pattern of Genteel Comedy. *Dorimant* and *Harriot* are the Characters of greateſt Conſequence, and if theſe are Low and Mean, the Reputation of the Play is very Unjuſt.

I will take for granted, that a fine Gentleman ſhould be honeſt in his Actions, and refined in his Language. Inſtead of this, our Hero in this Piece is a direct Knave in his Deſigns, and a Clown in his Language. *Bellair* is his Admirer and Friend; in return for which, becauſe he is forſooth a greater Wit than his ſaid Friend, he thinks it reaſonable to perſuade him to marry a young Lady, whoſe Virtue, he thinks, will laſt no longer than till ſhe is a Wife, and then ſhe cannot but fall to his Share, as he is an irreſiſtible fine Gentleman. The Falſhood to Mrs. *Loveit*, and the Barbarity of Triumphing over her Anguiſh for loſing him, is another Inſtance of his Honeſty, as well as his Good-nature. As to his fine Language; he calls the Orange-Woman, who, it ſeems, is inclined to grow Fat, *An Over-grown Jade, with a Flasket of Guts before her*; and ſalutes her with a pretty Phraſe of *How now, Double Tripe?* Upon the mention of a Country Gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why) he *will lay his Life ſhe is ſome awkward ill-faſhioned Country Toad, who not having above four Dozen of Hairs on her Head, has adorned her Baldneſs with a large white Fruz, that ſhe may look Sparkiſhly in the Fore-front of the King's Box at an old Play.* Unnatural Mixture of ſenſeleſs Common-Place!

AS to the Generoſity of his Temper, he tells his poor Footman, *If he did not wait better*------ he would turn him away, in the inſolent Phraſe of, *I'll Uncaſe you.*

NOW for Mrs. *Harriot:* She laughs at Obedience to an abſent Mother, whoſe Tenderneſs *Buſy* deſcribes to be very exquiſite, for *that ſhe is ſo pleaſed with finding* Harriot *again, that ſhe cannot chide her for being out of the way.*

way. This Witty Daughter, and fine Lady, has ſo little Reſpect for this good Woman, that ſhe Ridicules her Air in taking Leave, and cries, *In what Struggle is my poor Mother yonder? See, ſee, her Head tottering, her Eyes ſtaring, and her under Lip trembling.* But all this is atoned for, becauſe *ſhe has more Wit than is uſual in her Sex, and as much Malice, tho' ſhe is as wild as you would wiſh her, and has a Demureneſs in her Looks that makes it ſo ſurpriſing!* Then to recommend her as a fit Spouſe for his Hero, the Poet makes her ſpeak her Senſe of Marriage very ingeniouſly: *I think,* ſays ſhe, *I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reaſonable Woman ſhould expect in an Husband.* It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to underſtand how ſhe that was bred under a ſilly pious old Mother, that would never truſt her out of her ſight, came to be ſo Polite.

IT cannot be denied, but that the Negligence of every thing, which engages the Attention of the ſober and valuable Part of Mankind, appears very well drawn in this Piece: But it is denied, that it is neceſſary to the Character of a fine Gentleman, that he ſhould in that manner trample upon all Order and Decency. As for the Character of *Dorimant*, it is more of a Coxcomb than that of *Fopling*. He ſays of one of his Companions, that a good Correſpondence between them is their mutual Intereſt. Speaking of that Friend, he declares, their being much together *makes the Women think the better of his Underſtanding, and judge more favourably of my Reputation. It makes him paſs upon ſome for a Man of very good Senſe, and me upon others for a very civil Perſon.*

THIS whole celebrated Piece is a perfect Contradiction to good Manners, good Senſe, and common Honeſty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the Ruin of Virtue and Innocence, according to the Notion of Merit in this Comedy, I take the Shoemaker to be, in reality, the Fine Gentleman of the Play: For it ſeems he is an Atheiſt, if we may depend upon his Character as given by the Orange-Woman, who is her ſelf far from being the loweſt in the Play. She ſays of a Fine Man who is *Dorimant*'s Companion, There *is not ſuch another Heathen in the Town, except the Shoemaker.* His Pretenſion to be the Hero of the *Drama*

appears ſtill more in his own Deſcription of his way of Living with his Lady. *There is,* ſays he, *never a Man in Town lives more like a Gentleman with his Wife than I do; I never mind her Motions; ſhe never inquires into mine. We ſpeak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and becauſe it is vulgar to Lie and Soak together, we have each of us our ſeveral Settle-Bed.* That of *Soaking together* is as good as if *Dorimant* had ſpoken it himſelf; and, I think, ſince he puts human Nature in as ugly a Form as the Circumſtance will bear, and is a ſtanch Unbeliever, he is very much Wronged in having no part of the good Fortune beſtowed in the laſt Act.

TO ſpeak plainly of this whole Work, I think nothing but being loſt to a Senſe of Innocence and Virtue can make any one ſee this Comedy, without obſerving more frequent Occaſion to move Sorrow and Indignation, than Mirth and Laughter. At the ſame time I allow it to be Nature, but it is Nature in its utmoſt Corruption and Degeneracy. R

Nº 66. *Wedneſday, May* 16.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo, & fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, & inceſtos amores
De Tenero meditatur Ungui. Hor. Od. 6. l. 3. v. 21.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid
Bound 'Prentice to the wanton Trade:
Ionian *Artiſts, at a mighty Price,*
Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice,
What Nets to ſpread, where ſubtle Baits to lay;
And with an early Hand they form the temper'd Clay.
ROSCOMMON.

THE two following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, tho' expreſſed without any Air of Gravity.

To

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I Take the Freedom of asking your Advice in Behalf 'of a young Country Kinſwoman of mine who is 'lately come to Town, and under my Care for her Edu- 'cation. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how 'unformed a Creature it is. She comes to my Hands juſt 'as Nature left her, half finiſhed, and without any acquired 'Improvements. When I look on her I often think of the '*Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your Papers. Dear '*Mr.* SPECTATOR, help me to make her comprehend the 'viſible Graces of Speech, and the dumb Eloquence of 'Motion; for ſhe is at preſent a perfect Stranger to both. 'She knows no Way to expreſs herſelf but by her Tongue, 'and that always to ſignify her Meaning. Her Eyes ſerve 'her yet only to ſee with, and ſhe is utterly a Foreigner to 'the Language of Looks and Glances. In this I fancy you 'could help her better than any Body. I have beſtowed 'two Months in teaching her to Sigh when ſhe is not con- 'cerned, and to Smile when ſhe is not pleaſed; and am 'aſhamed to own ſhe makes little or no Improvement. 'Then ſhe is no more able now to walk, than ſhe was to 'go at a Year old. By Walking you will eaſily know I 'mean that regular but eaſy Motion, which gives our Per- 'ſons ſo irreſiſtible a Grace as if we moved to Muſick, and 'is a kind of diſengaged Figure, or, if I may ſo ſpeak, 'recitative Dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame 'in her, for I find ſhe has no Ear, and means nothing by 'Walking but to change her Place. I could pardon too 'her Bluſhing, if ſhe knew how to carry her ſelf in it, and 'if it did not manifeſtly injure her Complexion.

'THEY tell me you are a Perſon who have ſeen the 'World, and are a Judge of fine Breeding; which makes 'me ambitious of ſome Inſtructions from you for her Im- 'provement: Which when you have favoured me with, 'I ſhall further adviſe with you about the Diſpoſal of this 'fair Foreſter in Marriage; for I will make it no Secret 'to you, that her Perſon and Education are to be her 'Fortune.

I am, SIR, Your very humble Servant,

CELIMENE.

SIR,

'BEING employed by *Celimene* to make up and ſend
'to you her Letter, I make bold to recommend the
'Caſe therein mentioned to your Conſideration, becauſe
'ſhe and I happen to differ a little in our Notions. I,
'who am a rough Man, am afraid the young Girl is in
'a fair Way to be ſpoiled: Therefore pray, Mr. SPEC-
'TATOR, let us have your Opinion of this fine thing
'called *Fine-Breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too much
'from that plain thing called *Good-Breeding*.

Your moſt humble Servant.

THE general Miſtake among us in the Educating our Children, is, That in our Daughters we take care of their Perſons and neglect their Minds; in our Sons we are ſo intent upon adorning their Minds, that we wholly neglect their Bodies. It is from this that you ſhall ſee a young Lady celebrated and admired in all the Aſſemblies about Town, when her elder Brother is afraid to come into a Room. From this ill Management it ariſes, That we frequently obſerve a Man's Life is half ſpent before he is taken notice of; and a Woman in the Prime of her Years is out of Faſhion and neglected. The Boy I ſhall conſider upon ſome other Occaſion, and at preſent ſtick to the Girl: And I am the more inclined to this, becauſe I have ſeveral Letters which complain to me that my Female Readers have not underſtood me for ſome Days laſt paſt, and take themſelves to be unconcerned in the preſent Turn of my Writings. When a Girl is ſafely brought from her Nurſe, before ſhe is capable of forming one ſimple Notion of any thing in Life, ſhe is delivered to the Hands of her Dancing-Maſter; and with a Collar round her Neck, the pretty wild Thing is taught a fantaſtical Gravity of Behaviour, and forced to a particular Way of holding her Head, heaving her Breaſt, and moving with her whole Body; and all this under Pain of never having an Husband, if ſhe ſteps, looks or moves awry. This gives the young Lady wonderful Workings of Imagination, what is to paſs between her and this Husband, hat ſhe is every Moment told of, and for whom ſhe ſeems to be educated. Thus her Fancy is engaged to turn all her Endeavours to the Ornament of her Perſon, as

what

what muſt determine her Good and Ill in this Life; and ſhe naturally thinks, if ſhe is tall enough, ſhe is wiſe enough for any thing for which her Education makes her think ſhe is deſigned. To make her an agreeable Perſon is the main Purpoſe of her Parents; to that is all their Coſts, to that all their Care directed; and from this general Folly of Parents we owe our preſent numerous Race of Coquettes. Theſe Reflexions puzzle me, when I think of giving my Advice on the Subject of managing the wild Thing mentioned in the Letter of my Correſpondent. But ſure there is a middle Way to be followed; the Management of a young Lady's Perſon is not to be overlooked, but the Erudition of her Mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will ſee the Mind follow the Appetites of the Body, or the Body expreſs the Virtues of the Mind.

CLEOMIRA dances with all the Elegance of Motion imaginable; but her Eyes are ſo chaſtiſed with the Simplicity and Innocence of her Thoughts, that ſhe raiſes in her Beholders Admiration and Good-will, but no looſe Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this Caſe is, To make the Mind and Body improve together; and if poſſible, to make Geſture follow Thought, and not let Thought be employed upon Geſture. R

N° 67. *Thurſday, May* 17.

Saltare elegantiùs quàm neceſſe eſt probæ. Saluſt.

Too fine a Dancer for a virtuous Woman.

LUCIAN, in one of his Dialogues, introduces a Philoſopher chiding his Friend for his being a Lover of Dancing, and a Frequenter of Balls. The other undertakes the Defence of his Favourite Diverſion, which, he ſays, was at firſt invented by the Goddeſs *Rhea*, and preſerved the Life of *Jupiter* himſelf, from the Cruelty of his Father *Saturn*. He proceeds to ſhew, that it had been approved by the greateſt Men in all Ages; that *Homer* calls *Merion* a *Fine Dancer*; and ſays, That the graceful Mien and great Agility which he had acquired

by that Exerciſe, diſtinguiſhed him above the reſt in the Armies, both of *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

HE adds, that *Pyrrhus* gained more Reputation by Inventing the Dance which is called after his Name, than by all his other Actions: That the *Lacedæmonians*, who were the braveſt People in *Greece*, gave great Encouragement to this Diverſion, and made their *Hormus* (a Dance much reſembling the *French Brawl*) famous over all *Aſia*: That there were ſtill extant ſome *Theſſalian* Statues erected to the Honour of their beſt Dancers: And that he wondered how his Brother Philoſopher could declare himſelf againſt the Opinions of thoſe two Perſons, whom he profeſſed ſo much to admire, *Homer* and *Heſiod*; the latter of which compares Valour and Dancing together; and ſays, That *the Gods have beſtowed Fortitude on ſome Men, and on others a Diſpoſition for Dancing*.

LASTLY, he puts him in mind that *Socrates*, (who, in the Judgment of *Apollo*, was the wiſeſt of Men) was not only a profeſſed Admirer of this Exerciſe in others, but learned it himſelf when he was an old Man.

THE Moroſe Philoſopher is ſo much affected by theſe, and ſome other Authorities, that he becomes a Convert to his Friend, and deſires he would take him with him when he went to his next Ball.

I love to ſhelter myſelf under the Examples of great Men; and, I think, I have ſufficiently ſhewed that it is not below the Dignity of theſe my Speculations to take notice of the following Letter, which, I ſuppoſe, is ſent me by ſome ſubſtantial Tradeſman about *Change*.

SIR,

'I AM a Man in Years, and by an honeſt Induſtry in 'the World have acquired enough to give my Chil-'dren a liberal Education, though I was an utter Stranger 'to it myſelf. My eldeſt Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, 'has for ſome time been under the Tuition of Monſieur '*Rigadoon*, a Dancing-Maſter in the City; and I was 'prevailed upon by her and her Mother to go laſt Night 'to one of his Balls. I muſt own to you, Sir, that having 'never been at any ſuch Place before, I was very much 'pleaſed and ſurpriſed with that Part of his Entertain-'ment which he called *French Dancing*. There were 'ſeveral young Men and Women, whoſe Limbs ſeemed

'to

'to have no other Motion, but purely what the Muſick 'gave them. After this Part was over, they began a 'Diverſion which they call *Country-Dancing*, and wherein 'there were alſo ſome things not diſagreeable, and divers '*Emblematical Figures*, Compos'd, as I gueſs, by wiſe 'Men, for the Inſtruction of Youth.

'AMONG the reſt, I obſerved one, which, I think, 'they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which while the Woman 'flies the Man purſues her; but as ſoon as ſhe turns, he 'runs away, and ſhe is obliged to follow.

'THE Moral of this Dance does, I think, very aptly 'recommend Modeſty and Diſcretion to the Female Sex.

'BUT as the beſt Inſtitutions are liable to Corruptions, 'ſo, Sir, I muſt acquaint you, that very great Abuſes are 'crept into this Entertainment. I was amazed to ſee 'my Girl handed by, and handing young Fellows with ſo 'much Familiarity; and I could not have thought it had 'been in the Child. They very often made uſe of a moſt 'impudent and laſcivious Step called *Setting*, which I 'know not how to deſcribe to you, but by telling you 'that it is the very reverſe of *Back to Back*. At laſt an 'impudent young Dog bid the Fidlers play a Dance called '*Mol. Pately*, and after having made two or three Capers, 'ran to his Partner, locked his Arms in hers, and whisked 'her round cleverly above Ground in ſuch manner, that 'I, who ſat upon one of the loweſt Benches, ſaw further 'above her Shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. 'I could no longer endure theſe Enormities; wherefore 'juſt as my Girl was going to be made a Whirligig, I 'ran in, ſeized on the Child, and carried her home.

'SIR, I am not yet old enough to be a Fool. I ſuppoſe 'this Diverſion might be at firſt invented to keep up a 'good Underſtanding between young Men and Women, 'and ſo far I am not againſt it; but I ſhall never allow of 'theſe things. I know not what you will ſay to this Caſe 'at preſent, but am ſure that had you been with me you 'would have ſeen matter of great Speculation. I am

Yours, &c.

I muſt confeſs I am afraid that my Correſpondent had too much Reaſon to be a little out of Humour at the Treatment of his Daughter, but I conclude that he would

have been much more ſo, had he ſeen one of thoſe *kiſſing Dances* in which WILL HONEYCOMB aſſures me they are obliged to dwell almoſt a Minute on the Fair One's Lips, or they will be too quick for the Muſick, and dance quite out of Time.

I am not able however to give my final Sentence againſt this Diverſion; and am of Mr. *Cowley*'s Opinion, that ſo much of Dancing, at leaſt, as belongs to the Behaviour and an handſom Carriage of the Body, is extremely uſeful, if not abſolutely neceſſary.

WE generally form ſuch Ideas of People at firſt Sight, as we are hardly ever perſuaded to lay aſide afterwards: For this Reaſon, a Man would wiſh to have nothing diſagreeable or uncomely in his Approaches, and to be able to enter a Room with a good Grace.

I might add, that a moderate Knowledge in the little Rules of Good-breeding gives a Man ſome Aſſurance, and makes him eaſy in all Companies. For want of this, I have ſeen a Profeſſor of a Liberal Science at a Loſs to ſalute a Lady; and a moſt excellent Mathematician not able to determine whether he ſhould ſtand or ſit while my Lord drank to him.

IT is the proper Buſineſs of a Dancing-Maſter to regulate theſe Matters; tho' I take it to be a juſt Obſervation, that unleſs you add ſomething of your own to what theſe fine Gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themſelves, you will much ſooner get the Character of an Affected Fop, than of a well-bred Man.

AS for *Country Dancing*, it muſt indeed be confeſſed that the great Familiarities between the two Sexes on this Occaſion may ſometimes produce very dangerous Conſequences; and I have often thought that few Ladies Hearts are ſo obdurate as not to be melted by the Charms of Muſick, the Force of Motion, and an handſom young Fellow who is continually playing before their Eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect Uſe of all his Limbs.

BUT as this kind of Dance is the particular Invention of our own Country, and as every one is more or leſs a Proficient in it, I would not Diſcountenance it; but rather ſuppoſe it may be practiſed innocently by others, as well as myſelf, who am often Partner to my Landlady's Eldeſt Daughter.

POST.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING heard a good Character of the Collection of Pictures which is to be Expoſed to Sale on *Friday* next; and concluding from the following Letter, that the Perſon who Collected them is a Man of no unelegant Taſte, I will be ſo much his Friend as to Publiſh it, provided the Reader will only look upon it as filling up the Place of an Advertiſement.

From *the Three Chairs in the Piazza* Covent-Garden.

SIR, *May* 16, 1711.

'AS you are a SPECTATOR, I think we, who make 'it our Buſineſs to exhibit any thing to publick 'View, ought to apply our ſelves to you for your Appro-'bation. I have travelled *Europe* to furniſh out a Show 'for you, and have brought with me what has been ad-'mired in every Country thro' which I paſſed. You have 'declared in many Papers, that your greateſt Delights 'are thoſe of the Eye, which I do not doubt but I ſhall 'gratify with as beautiful Objects as yours ever beheld. 'If Caſtles, Foreſts, Ruins, fine Women, and Graceful 'Men, can pleaſe you, I dare promiſe you much Satis-'faction, if you will appear at my Auction on *Friday* 'next. A Sight is, I ſuppoſe, as grateful to a SPEC-'TATOR, as a Treat to another Perſon, and therefore 'I hope you will pardon this Invitation from,

SIR, Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

J. GRAHAM.

№ 68. *Friday, May* 18.

Nos duo turba ſumus —— Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 355.

We Two are a Multitude.

ONE would think that the larger the Company is in which we are engaged, the greater Variety of Thoughts and Subjects would be ſtarted in diſcourſe; but inſtead of this, we find that Converſation is never ſo much ſtraitned and confined as in numerous Aſſemblies.

When a Multitude meet together upon any Subject of Diſcourſe, their Debates are taken up chiefly with Forms and general Poſitions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Aſſembly of Men and Women, the Talk generally runs upon the Weather, Faſhions, News, and the like publick Topicks. In Proportion, as Converſation gets into Clubs and Knots of Friends, it deſcends into Particulars, and grows more free and communicative: But the moſt open, inſtructive, and unreſerved Diſcourſe, is that which paſſes between two Perſons who are familiar and intimate Friends. On theſe Occaſions, a Man gives a Looſe to every Paſſion and every Thought that is uppermoſt, diſcovers his moſt retired Opinions of Perſons and Things, tries the Beauty and Strength of his Sentiments, and expoſes his whole Soul to the Examination of his Friend.

TULLY was the firſt who obſerved, that Friendſhip improves Happineſs and abates Miſery, by the doubling of our Joy and dividing of our Grief; a Thought in which he hath been followed by all the Eſſayers upon Friendſhip, that have written ſince his Time. Sir *Francis Bacon* has finely deſcribed other Advantages, or, as he calls them, Fruits of Friendſhip; and indeed there is no Subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhauſted than this. Among the ſeveral fine things which have been ſpoken of it, I ſhall beg leave to quote ſome out of a very ancient Author, whoſe Book would be regarded by our Modern Wits as one of the moſt ſhining Tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the Name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philoſopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatiſe entitled, *The Wiſdom of the Son of* Sirach. How finely has he deſcribed the Art of making Friends, by an obliging and affable Behaviour? And laid down that Precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, 'That 'we ſhould have many Well-wiſhers, but few Friends.' *Sweet Language will multiply Friends; and a fair-ſpeaking Tongue will increaſe kind Greetings. Be in Peace with many, nevertheleſs have but one Counſellor of a thouſand.* With what Prudence does he caution us in the Choice of our Friends? And with what Strokes of Nature (I could almoſt ſay of Humour) has he deſcribed the Behaviour of a

treacherous

treacherous and ſelf-intereſted Friend? *If thou wouldſt get a Friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him: For ſome Man is a Friend for his own Occaſion, and will not abide in the Day of thy Trouble. And there is a Friend, who being turned to Enmity and Strife will diſcover thy Reproach.* Again, *Some Friend is a Companion at the Table, and will not continue in the Day of thy Affliction: But in thy Proſperity he will be as thy ſelf, and will be bold over thy Servants. If thou be brought low he will be againſt thee, and hide himſelf from thy Face.* What can be more ſtrong and pointed than the following Verſe? *Separate thy ſelf from thine Enemies, and take heed of thy Friends.* In the next Words he particularizes one of thoſe Fruits of Friendſhip which is deſcribed at length by the two famous Authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general Elogium of Friendſhip, which is very juſt as well as very ſublime. *A faithful Friend is a ſtrong Defence; and he that hath found ſuch an one, hath found a Treaſure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful Friend, and his Excellency is unvaluable. A faithful Friend is the Medicine of Life; and they that fear the Lord ſhall find him. Whoſo feareth the Lord ſhall direct his Friendſhip aright; for as he is, ſo ſhall his Neighbour* (that is his Friend) *be alſo.* I do not remember to have met with any Saying that has pleaſed me more than that of a Friend's being the Medicine of Life, to expreſs the Efficacy of Friendſhip in healing the Pains and Anguiſh which naturally cleave to our Exiſtence in this World; and am wonderfully pleaſed with the Turn in the laſt Sentence, That a virtuous Man ſhall as a Bleſſing meet with a Friend who is as virtuous as himſelf. There is another Saying in the ſame Author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen Writer; *Forſake not an old Friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; when it is old thou ſhalt drink it with Pleaſure.* With what Strength of Alluſion, and Force of Thought, has he deſcribed the Breaches and Violations of Friendſhip? *Whoſo caſteth a Stone at the Birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his Friend, breaketh Friendſhip. Tho' thou draweſt a Sword at a Friend yet deſpair not, for there may be a returning to Favour: if thou haſt opened thy Mouth againſt thy Friend fear not, for there may be a Reconciliation; except for Upbraiding, or Pride, or diſ-*

diſcloſing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound; for, for theſe things every Friend will depart. We may obſerve in this and ſeveral other Precepts in this Author, thoſe little familiar Inſtances and Illuſtrations which are ſo much admired in the moral Writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus*. There are very beautiful Inſtances of this Nature in the following Paſſages, which are likewiſe written upon the ſame Subject: *Whoſo diſcovereth Secrets, loſeth his Credit, and ſhall never find a Friend to his Mind. Love thy Friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayeſt his Secrets, follow no more after him: For as a Man hath deſtroyed his Enemy, ſo haſt thou loſt the Love of thy Friend; as one that letteth a Bird go out of his Hand, ſo haſt thou let thy Friend go, and ſhall not get him again: Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a Roe eſcaped out of the Snare. As for a Wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be Reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth Secrets, is without Hope.*

AMONG the ſeveral Qualifications of a good Friend, this wiſe Man has very juſtly ſingled out Conſtancy and Faithfulneſs as the principal: To theſe, others have added Virtue, Knowledge, Diſcretion, Equality in Age and Fortune, and as *Cicero* calls it, *Morum Comitas*, a Pleaſantneſs of Temper. If I were to give my Opinion upon ſuch an exhauſted Subject, I ſhould join to theſe other Qualifications a certain Æquability or Evenneſs of Behaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendſhip with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a Year's Converſation; when on a ſudden ſome latent ill Humour breaks out upon him, which he never diſcovered or ſuſpected at his firſt entering into an Intimacy with him. There are ſeveral Perſons who in ſome certain Periods of their Lives are inexpreſſibly agreeable, and in others as odious and deteſtable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty Picture of one of this Species in the following Epigram:

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te. Epig. 47. l. 12.

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant Fellow;
Haſt ſo much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It

It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in a Friendſhip with one, who by theſe Changes and Viciſſitudes of Humour is ſometimes amiable and ſometimes odious: And as moſt Men are at ſome Times in an admirable Frame and Diſpoſition of Mind, it ſhould be one of the greateſt Tasks of Wiſdom to keep our ſelves well when we are ſo, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable Part of our Character. C

N° 69. *Saturday, May* 19.

Hìc ſegetes, illìc veniunt felicìus uvæ:
Arborei fœtus alibi atque injuſſa vireſcunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles ſua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuò has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Impoſuit Natura locis ——— Virg. Georg. 1. v. 54.

This Ground with Bacchus, *that with* Ceres *ſuits;*
That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits;
A fourth with Graſs, unbidden, decks the Ground:
Thus Tmolus *is with yellow Saffron crown'd;*
India *black Ebon and white Iv'ry bears;*
And ſoft Idume *weeps her od'rous Tears:*
Thus Pontus *ſends her Bever Stones from far;*
And naked Spaniards *temper Steel for War:*
Epirus *for th'* Elean *Chariot breeds*
(In hopes of Palms) a Race of running Steeds.
This is th' original Contract; theſe the Laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cauſe. DRYDEN.

THERE is no Place in the Town which I ſo much love to frequent as the *Royal-Exchange*. It gives me a ſecret Satisfaction, and, in ſome meaſure, gratifies my Vanity, as I am an *Engliſhman*, to ſee ſo rich an Aſſembly of Countrymen and Foreigners conſulting together upon the private Buſineſs of Mankind, and making this

this Metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I muſt confeſs I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all conſiderable Nations have their Repreſentatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambaſſadors are in the Politick World; they negotiate Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Correſpondence between thoſe wealthy Societies of Men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the different Extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleaſed to hear Diſputes adjuſted between an Inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to ſee a Subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with one of the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with theſe ſeveral Miniſters of Commerce, as they are diſtinguiſhed by their different Walks and different Languages: Sometimes I am juſtled among a Body of *Armenians:* Sometimes I am loſt in a Crowd of *Jews*; and ſometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy myſelf like the old Philoſopher, who upon being asked what Countryman he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

THOUGH I very frequently viſit this buſy Multitude of People, I am known to no body there but my Friend Sir ANDREW, who often ſmiles upon me as he ſees me buſtling in the Crowd, but at the ſame time connives at my Preſence without taking any further Notice of me. There is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who juſt knows me by ſight, having formerly remitted me ſome Money to *Grand Cairo*; but as I am not verſed in the Modern *Coptick*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow and a Grimace.

THIS grand Scene of Buſineſs gives me an infinite Variety of ſolid and ſubſtantial Entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleaſure at the ſight of a proſperous and happy Multitude, inſomuch that at many publick Solemnities I cannot forbear expreſſing my Joy with Tears that have ſtoln down my Cheeks. For this Reaſon I am wonderfully delighted to ſee ſuch a Body of Men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the ſame time promoting the Publick Stock; or in other Words, raiſing Eſtates for their own

own Families, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is ſuperfluous.

NATURE ſeems to have taken a particular Care to diſſeminate her Bleſſings among the different Regions of the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourſe and Traffick among Mankind, that the Natives of the ſeveral Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common Intereſt. Almoſt every *Degree* produces ſomething peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Country, and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the Products of *Barbadoes:* The Infuſion of a *China* Plant ſweetned with the Pith of an *Indian* Cane. The *Philippin* Iſlands give a Flavour to our *European* Bowls. The ſingle Dreſs of a Woman of Quality is often the Product of an Hundred Climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different Ends of the Earth. The Scarf is ſent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Pole. The Brocade Petticoat riſes out of the Mines of *Peru*, and the Diamond Necklace out of the Bowels of *Indoſtan*.

IF we conſider our own Country in its natural Proſpect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Earth falls to our Share! Natural Hiſtorians tell us, that no Fruit grows Originally among us, beſides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pig-Nuts, with other Delicacies of the like Nature; That our Climate of it ſelf, and without the Aſſiſtances of Art, can make no further Advances towards a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no greater a Perfection than a Crab: That our Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cherries, are Strangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *Engliſh* Gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the Traſh of our own Country, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the Mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enriched our Vegetable World, than it has improved the whole Face of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with the Harveſt of every Climate: Our Tables are ſtored with Spices, and Oils, and Wines: Our Rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanſhip of *Japan:*

Our

Our Morning's Draught comes to us from the remoteſt Corners of the Earth: We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of *America*, and repoſe ourſelves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards of *France* our Gardens; the Spice-Iſlands, our Hot-beds; the *Perſians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chineſe* our Potters. Nature indeed furniſhes us with the bare Neceſſaries of Life, but Traffick gives us a great Variety of what is Uſeful, and at the ſame time ſupplies us with every thing that is Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the leaſt Part of this our Happineſs, that whilſt we enjoy the remoteſt Products of the North and South, we are free from thoſe Extremities of Weather which give them Birth; That our Eyes are refreſhed with the green Fields of *Britain*, at the ſame time that our Palates are feaſted with Fruits that riſe between the Tropicks.

FOR theſe Reaſons there are not more uſeful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourſe of good Offices, diſtribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *Engliſh* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and exchanges his Wooll for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *Britiſh* Manufacture, and the Inhabitants of the frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

WHEN I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old Kings ſtanding in Perſon, where he is repreſented in Effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy Concourſe of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Caſe, how would he be ſurpriſed to hear all the Languages of *Europe* ſpoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to ſee ſo many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vaſſals of ſome Powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater Sums of Money than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treaſury! Trade, without enlarging the *Britiſh* Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiply'd the Number of the Rich, made our Landed Eſtates infinitely more Valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Acceſſion of other Eſtates as valuable as the Lands themſelves.

C *Monday,*

N° 70. *Monday, May* 21.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt. Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 63.
Sometimes the Vulgar ſee, and judge, aright.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular Delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are moſt in Vogue among the common People of the Countries through which I paſſed; for it is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be univerſally taſted and approved by a Multitude, tho' they are only the Rabble of a Nation, which hath not in it ſome peculiar Aptneſs to pleaſe and gratify the Mind of Man. Human Nature is the ſame in all reaſonable Creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with Admirers amongſt Readers of all Qualities and Conditions. *Moliere*, as we are told by Monſieur *Boileau*, uſed to read all his Comedies to an old Woman who was his Houſekeeper, as ſhe ſat with him at her Work by the Chimney-Corner; and could foretel the Succeſs of his Play in the Theatre, from the Reception it met at his Fire-ſide: For he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the ſame Place.

I know nothing which more ſhews the eſſential and inherent Perfection of Simplicity of Thought, above that which I call the Gothick Manner in Writing, than this, that the firſt pleaſes all kinds of Palates, and the latter only ſuch as have formed to themſelves a wrong artificial Taſte upon little fanciful Authors and Writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, ſo far as the Language of their Poems is underſtood, will pleaſe a Reader of plain common Senſe, who would neither reliſh nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley*: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the Delight of the common People, cannot fail to pleaſe all ſuch Readers as are not unqualified for the Entertainment by their Affectation or Ignorance; and the Reaſon is plain, becauſe the ſame Paintings of Nature which recommend

it

it to the moſt ordinary Reader, will appear Beautiful to the moſt refined.

THE old Song of *Chevy-Chaſe* is the favourite Ballad of the common People of *England*, and *Ben Johnſon* uſed to ſay he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his Works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his Diſcourſe of Poetry ſpeaks of it in the following Words; *I never heard the old Song of* Piercy *and* Douglas, *that I found not my Heart more moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is ſung by ſome blind Crowder with no rougher Voice than rude Stile; which being ſo evil apparelled in the Duſt and Cobweb of that uncivil Age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous Eloquence of* Pindar? For my own part I am ſo profeſſed an Admirer of this antiquated Song, that I ſhall give my Reader a Critick upon it, without any further Apology for ſo doing.

THE greateſt Modern Criticks have laid it down as a Rule, That an Heroick Poem ſhould be founded upon ſome important Precept of Morality, adapted to the Conſtitution of the Country in which the Poet writes. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their Plans in this View. As *Greece* was a Collection of many Governments, who ſuffered very much among themſelves, and gave the *Perſian* Emperor, who was their common Enemy, many Advantages over them by their mutual Jealouſies and Animoſities, *Homer*, in order to eſtabliſh among them an Union, which was ſo neceſſary for their Safety, grounds his Poem upon the Diſcords of the ſeveral *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a Confederacy againſt an *Aſiatick* Prince, and the ſeveral Advantages which the Enemy gained by ſuch their Diſcords. At the time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the Diſſenſions of the Barons, who were then ſo many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themſelves, or with their Neighbours, and produced unſpeakable Calamities to the Country: The Poet, to deter Men from ſuch unnatural Contentions, deſcribes a bloody Battle and dreadful Scene of Death, occaſioned by the mutual Feuds which reigned in the Families of an *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Nobleman: That he deſigned this for the Inſtruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four laſt Lines, in which, after the Example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a Precept for the Benefit of his Readers.

God

God ſave the King, and bleſs the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate
'Twixt Noblemen may ceaſe.

The next Point obſerved by the greateſt Heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate Perſons and Actions which do Honour to their Country: Thus *Virgil*'s Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer*'s a Prince of *Greece*; and for this Reaſon *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be juſtly derided for having choſen the Expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, and the *Wars of Thebes*, for the Subjects of their Epic Writings.

THE Poet before us has not only found out an Hero in his own Country, but raiſes the Reputation of it by ſeveral beautiful Incidents. The *Engliſh* are the firſt who take the Field, and the laſt who quit it. The *Engliſh* bring only Fifteen hundred to the Battle, the *Scotch* Two thouſand. The *Engliſh* keep the Field with Fifty three: The *Scotch* retire with Fifty five: All the reſt on each ſide being ſlain in Battle. But the moſt remarkable Circumſtance of this kind, is the different Manner in which the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Kings receive the News of this Fight, and of the great Mens Deaths who commanded in it.

This News was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's *King did reign,*
That brave Earl Douglas *ſuddenly*
Was with an Arrow ſlain.

O heavy News King James *did ſay,*
Scotland *can Witneſs be,*
I have not any Captain more
Of ſuch Account as he.

Like Tidings to King Henry *came*
Within as ſhort a Space,
That Piercy *of* Northumberland
Was ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe.

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my Realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet

Yet ſhall not Scot *nor* Scotland *ſay*
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy*'s Sake.*

This Vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one Day fifty Knights were ſlain,
With Lords of great Renown.

And of the reſt of ſmall Account
Did many Thouſands die, &c.

At the ſame time that our Poet ſhews a laudable Partiality to his Countrymen, he repreſents the *Scots* after a Manner not unbecoming ſo bold and brave a People.

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white Steed,*
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold.

His Sentiments and Actions are every Way ſuitable to an Hero. One of us two, ſays he, muſt die: I am an Earl as well as yourſelf, ſo that you can have no Pretence for refuſing the Combat: However, ſays he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a Sin, that ſo many innocent Men ſhould periſh for our ſakes, rather let you and I end our Quarrel in ſingle Fight.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, *ſo am I.*

But truſt me, Piercy, *Pity it were,*
And great Offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs Men,
For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battle try,
And ſet our Men aſide;
Accurſt be he, Lord Piercy *ſaid,*
By whom this is deny'd.

WHEN theſe brave Men had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the Battle and in ſingle Combat with each other, in the Midſt of a generous Parly, full of heroic Senti-

ments

ments, the *Scotch* Earl falls; and with his dying Words encourages his Men to revenge his Death, repreſenting to them, as the moſt bitter Circumſtance of it, that his Rival ſaw him fall.

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh *Bow,*
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas *to the Heart*
A deep and deadly Blow.

Who never ſpoke more Words than theſe,
Fight on my merry Men all,
For why, my Life is at an End,
Lord Piercy *ſees my Fall.*

Merry Men, in the Language of thoſe Times, is no more than a chearful Word for Companions and Fellow-Soldiers. A Paſſage in the Eleventh Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneids* very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her laſt Agonies inſtead of weeping over the Wound ſhe had received, as one might have expected from a Warrior of her Sex, conſiders only (like the Hero of whom we are now ſpeaking) how the Battle ſhould be continued after her Death.

Tum ſic expirans Accam ex æqualibus unam
Alloquitur; fida ante alias quæ ſola Camillæ,
Quicum partiri curas; atque hæc ita fatur:
Hactenus, Acca ſoror, potui: nunc vulnus acerbum
Conficit, et tenebris nigreſcunt omnia circum:
Effuge, et hæc Turno mandata noviſſima perfer;
Succedat pugnæ, Trojanoſque arceat urbe:
Jamque vale.——— Æn. 11. v. 820.

A gathering Miſt o'erclouds her chearful Eyes;
And from her Cheeks the roſy Colour flies,
Then turns to her, whom, of her Female Train,
She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with Pain.
Acca, 'tis paſt! he ſwims before my Sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his Right.
Bear my laſt Words to *Turnus*, fly with Speed,
And bid him timely to my Charge ſucceed:
Repel the *Trojans*, and the Town relieve:
Farewel. ——— DRYDEN.

TURNUS

TURNUS did not die in ſo heroick a Manner; tho' our Poet ſeems to have had his Eye upon *Turnus*'s Speech in the laſt Verſe,

Lord Piercy *ſees my Fall.*

—— *Victi ſti, & victum tendere palmas*
Auſonii videre —— Æn. 12. v. 936.

The *Latian* Chiefs have ſeen me beg my Life. DRYDEN.

EARL *Piercy*'s Lamentation over his Enemy is generous, beautiful, and paſſionate; I muſt only caution the Reader not to let the Simplicity of the Stile, which one may well pardon in ſo old a Poet, prejudice him againſt the Greatneſs of the Thought.

Then leaving Life, Earl Piercy *took*
The dead Man by the Hand,
And ſaid, Earl Douglas *for thy Life*
Would I had loſt my Land.

O Chriſt! My very Heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy Sake;
For ſure a more renowned Knight
Miſchance did never take.

That beautiful Line, *Taking the dead Man by the Hand*, will put the Reader in mind of *Æneas*'s Behaviour towards *Lauſus*, whom he himſelf had Slain as he came to the Reſcue of his aged Father.

At verò ut vultum vidit morientis, & ora,
Ora modis Anchiſiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miſerans graviter, dextramque tetendit.
Æn. 10. v. 821.

The pious Prince beheld young *Lauſus* dead;
He griev'd, he wept; then graſp'd his Hand, and ſaid, &c.
DRYDEN.

I ſhall take another Opportunity to conſider the other Parts of this old Song.

✣

Tueſday

N° 71. *Tueſday, May* 22.

— Scribere juſſit amor. Ovid. Epiſt. 4. v. 10.

Love bid me write.

THE intire Conqueſt of our Paſſions is ſo difficult a Work, that they who deſpair of it ſhould think of a leſs difficult Task, and only attempt to Regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the Eaſe, but alſo to the Pleaſure of our Life; and that is refining our Paſſions to a greater Elegance, than we receive them from Nature. When the Paſſion is Love, this Work is performed in innocent, tho' rude and uncultivated Minds, by the mere Force and Dignity of the Object. There are Forms which naturally create Reſpect in the Beholders, and at once inflame and chaſtiſe the Imagination. Such an Impreſſion as this gives an immediate Ambition to deſerve, in order to pleaſe. This Cauſe and Effect are beautifully deſcribed by Mr. *Dryden* in the Fable of *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*. After he has repreſented *Cimon* ſo ſtupid, that

He whiſtled as he went, for want of Thought,

he makes him fall into the following Scene, and ſhews its Influence upon him ſo excellently, that it appears as Natural as Wonderful.

It happen'd on a Summer's Holiday
That to the Greenwood-ſhade he took his way;
His Quarter-ſtaff, which he cou'd ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went, for want of Thought.
By Chance conducted, or by Thirſt conſtrain'd,
The deep Receſſes of the Grove he gain'd;
Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood,
Crept thro' the matted Graſs a Cryſtal Flood,
By which an Alabaſter Fountain ſtood:

And

And on the Margin of the Fount was laid,
(Attended by her Slaves) a ſleeping Maid,
Like Dian, *and her Nymphs, when, tir'd with Sport,*
To reſt by cool Eurotas *they reſort:*
The Dame herſelf the Goddeſs well expreſs'd,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her Purple Veſt,
Than by the charming Features of her Face,
And even in Slumber a ſuperior Grace:
Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care,
Her Body ſhaded with a ſlight Cymarr;
Her Boſom to the View was only bare:
The Fanning Wind upon her Boſom blows,
To meet the fanning Wind the Boſom roſe;
The fanning Wind and purling Streams continue her Repoſe.

The Fool of Nature ſtood with ſtupid Eyes
And gaping Mouth, that teſtify'd Surpriſe,
Fix'd on her Face, nor could remove his Sight,
New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight:
Long mute he ſtood, and, leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witneſs'd with an Idiot Laugh;
Then would have ſpoke, but by his glimm'ring Senſe
Firſt found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence:
Doubted for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his Clown-Accent, and his Country Tone.

BUT leſt this fine Deſcription ſhould be excepted againſt, as the Creation of that great Maſter, Mr. *Dryden*, and not an Account of what has really ever happened in the World; I ſhall give you, *verbatim*, the Epiſtle of an enamoured Footman in the Country to his Miſtreſs. Their Sirnames ſhall not be inſerted, becauſe their Paſſion demands a greater Reſpect than is due to their Quality. *James* is Servant in a great Family, and *Elizabeth* waits upon the Daughter of one as numerous, ſome Miles off of her Lover. *James*, before he beheld *Betty*, was vain of his Strength, a rough Wreſtler, and quarrelſom Cudgel-Player; *Betty* a publick Dancer at May-poles, a Romp at Stool-Ball: He always following idle Women, ſhe playing among the Peaſants: He a Country Bully, ſhe a Country Coquette. But Love has made her conſtantly in her Miſtreſs's Chamber, where the young Lady gratifies a ſecret

ſecret Paſſion of her own, by making *Betty* talk of *James*; and *James* is become a conſtant Waiter near his Maſter's Apartment, in reading, as well as he can, Romances. I cannot learn who *Molly* is, who it ſeems walked Ten Mile to carry the angry Meſſage, which gave Occaſion to what follows.

To *ELIZABETH*——

My Dear Betty, *May* 14, 1711.

'REMEMBER your bleeding Lover, who lies bleeding at the Wounds *Cupid* made with the Arrows he borrowed at the Eyes of *Venus*, which is your ſweet Perſon.

'NAY more, with the Token you ſent me for my Love and Service offered to your ſweet Perſon; which was your baſe Reſpects to my ill Conditions; when alas! there is no ill Conditions in me, but quite contrary; all Love and Purity, eſpecially to your ſweet Perſon; but all this I take as a Jeſt.

'BUT the ſad and diſmal News which *Molly* brought me ſtruck me to the Heart, which was, it ſeems, and is your ill Conditions for my Love and Reſpects to you.

'FOR ſhe told me, if I came Forty times to you, you would not ſpeak with me, which Words I am ſure is a great Grief to me.

'NOW, my Dear, if I may not be permitted to your ſweet Company, and to have the Happineſs of ſpeaking with your ſweet Perſon, I beg the Favour of you to accept of this my ſecret Mind and Thoughts, which hath ſo long lodged in my Breaſt; the which if you do not accept, I believe will go nigh to break my Heart.

'FOR indeed, my Dear, I love you above all the Beauties I ever ſaw in all my Life.

'THE young Gentleman, and my Maſter's Daughter, the *Londoner* that is come down to marry her, ſat in the Arbour moſt part of laſt Night. Oh! dear *Betty*, muſt the Nightingales ſing to thoſe who marry for Money, and not to us true Lovers! Oh my dear *Betty*, that we could meet this Night where we uſed to do in the Wood.

'NOW, my Dear, if I may not have the Bleſſing of kiſſing your ſweet Lips, I beg I may have the Happineſs of kiſſing your fair Hand, with a few Lines from your

'dear Self, preſented by whom you pleaſe or think fit. I
'believe, if Time would permit me, I could write all
'Day; but the Time being ſhort, and Paper little, no
'more from your never-failing Lover till Death,

James —

POOR *James!* Since his Time and Paper were ſo ſhort; I, that have more than I can uſe well of both, will put the Sentiments of his kind Letter (the Stile of which ſeems to be confuſed with Scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not underſtand) into what he meant to expreſs.

Dear Creature,

CAN you then neglect him who has forgot all his Recreations and Enjoyments, to pine away his Life in thinking of You? When I do ſo, you appear more amiable to me than *Venus* does in the moſt beautiful Deſcription that ever was made of her. All this Kindneſs you return with an Accuſation, that I do not love you: But the contrary is ſo manifeſt, that I cannot think you in earneſt. But the Certainty given me in your Meſſage by *Molly*, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all Comfort. She ſays you will not ſee me: If you can have ſo much Cruelty, at leaſt write to me, that I may kiſs the Impreſſion made by your fair Hand. I love you above all things, and, in my Condition, what you look upon with Indifference is to me the moſt exquiſite Pleaſure or Pain. Our young Lady, and a fine Gentleman from *London*, who are to marry for mercenary Ends, walk about our Gardens, and hear the Voice of Evening Nightingales, as if for Faſhion ſake they courted thoſe Solitudes, becauſe they have heard Lovers do ſo. Oh *Betty!* could I hear thoſe Rivulets murmure, and Birds ſing while you ſtood near me, how little ſenſible ſhould I be that we are both Servants, that there is any thing on Earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till Death itſelf.

JAMES

N. B. By the Words *Ill-Conditions*, JAMES means in a Woman *Coquetry*, in a Man *Inconſtancy*.

Wedneſday

Nº 72. *Wedneſday, May* 23.

—— Genus immortale manet, multoſque per annos
Stat fortuna Domûs, & avi numerantur avorum.
Virg. Georg. 4. v. 208.

Th' immortal Line in ſure Succeſſion reigns,
The Fortune of the Family remains,
And Grandſires Grandſons the long Liſt contains.
DRYDEN.

HAVING already given my Reader an Account of ſeveral extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern, I did not deſign to have troubled him with any more Narratives of this Nature; but I have lately received Information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare ſay will be no leſs ſurpriſing to my Reader than it was to myſelf; for which Reaſon I ſhall communicate it to the Publick as one of the greateſt Curioſities in its kind.

A Friend of mine complaining of a Tradeſman who is related to him, after having repreſented him as a very idle worthleſs Fellow, who neglected his Family, and ſpent moſt of his Time over a Bottle, told me, to conclude his Character, that he was a Member of the *Everlaſting Club*. So very odd a Title raiſed my Curioſity to inquire into the Nature of a Club that had ſuch a ſounding Name; upon which my Friend gave me the following Account.

THE *Everlaſting Club* conſiſts of a hundred Members, who divide the whole twenty four Hours among them in ſuch a manner, that the Club ſits Day and Night from one end of the Year to another; no Party preſuming to riſe till they are relieved by thoſe who are in courſe to ſucceed them. By this means a Member of the *Everlaſting Club* never wants Company; for tho' he is not upon Duty himſelf, he is ſure to find ſome who are; ſo that if he be diſpoſed to take a Whet, a Nooning, an Evening's Draught, or a Bottle after Midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a Knot of Friends to his Mind.

IT is a Maxim in this Club, That the Steward never dies; for as they ſucceed one another by way of Rotation, no Man is to quit the great Elbow-chair which ſtands at the upper End of the Table, 'till his Succeſſor is in a Readineſs to fill it; inſomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the Memory of Man.

THIS Club was inſtituted towards the End (or, as ſome of them ſay, about the Middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without Interruption till the Time of the *Great Fire*, which burnt them out, and diſperſed them for ſeveral Weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his Poſt till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring Houſe, (which was demoliſhed in order to ſtop the Fire;) and would not leave the Chair at laſt, till he had emptied all the Bottles upon the Table, and received repeated Directions from the Club to withdraw himſelf. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every Member of it as a greater Man, than the famous Captain mentioned in my Lord *Clarendon*, who was burnt in his Ship becauſe he would not quit it without Orders. It is ſaid that towards the cloſe of 1700, being the great Year of Jubilee, the Club had it under Conſideration whether they ſhould break up or continue their Seſſion; but after many Speeches and Debates, it was at length agreed to ſit out the other Century. This Reſolution paſſed in a general Club *Nemine Contradicente*.

HAVING given this ſhort Account of the Inſtitution and Continuation of the *Everlaſting Club*, I ſhould here endeavour to ſay ſomething of the Manners and Characters of its ſeveral Members, which I ſhall do according to the beſt Lights I have received in this Matter.

IT appears by their Books in general, that, ſince their firſt Inſtitution, they have ſmoked Fifty Tun of Tobacco, drank thirty thouſand Butts of Ale, one thouſand Hogſheads of Red Port, two hundred Barrels of Brandy, and a Kilderkin of Small-beer. There has been likewiſe a great Conſumption of Cards. It is alſo ſaid, that they obſerve the Law in *Ben Johnſon*'s Club, which orders the Fire to be always kept in *(focus perennis eſto)* as well for the Convenience of lighting their Pipes, as to cure the Dampneſs of the Club-Room. They have an old Woman in the nature of a Veſtal, whoſe Buſineſs it is to cheriſh and perpetuate the Fire which burns from Generation

tion to Generation, and has ſeen the Glaſs-houſe Fires in and out above an hundred times.

THE *Everlaſting Club* treats all other Clubs with an Eye of Contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of Upſtarts. Their ordinary Diſcourſe (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon ſuch Adventures as have paſſed in their own Aſſembly; of Members who have taken the Glaſs in their Turns for a Week together, without ſtirring out of the Club; of others who have ſmoked an hundred Pipes at a Sitting; of others who have not miſſed their Morning's Draught for twenty Years together: Sometimes they ſpeak in Raptures of a Run of Ale in King *Charles*'s Reign; and ſometimes reflect with Aſtoniſhment upon Games at Whisk, which have been miraculouſly recovered by Members of the Society, when in all human Probability the Caſe was deſperate.

THEY delight in ſeveral old Catches, which they ſing at all Hours to encourage one another to moiſten their Clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying Exhortations of the like nature.

THERE are four general Clubs held in a Year, at which Times they fill up Vacancies, appoint Waiters, confirm the old Fire-Maker, or elect a new one, ſettle Contributions for Coals, Pipes, Tobacco, and other Neceſſaries.

THE Senior Member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the Grandfathers of ſome of the preſent ſitting Members. C

N° 73. *Thurſday, May* 24.

——— *O Dea certè!* Virg. Æn. 1. v. 332.

O Goddeſs! for no leſs you ſeem.

IT is very ſtrange to conſider, that a Creature like Man, who is ſenſible of ſo many Weakneſſes and Imperfections, ſhould be actuated by a Love of Fame: That Vice and Ignorance, Imperfection and Miſery, ſhould contend for Praiſe, and endeavour as much as poſſible to make themſelves Objects of Admiration.

BUT notwithſtanding Man's Eſſential Perfection is but very little, his Comparative Perfection may be very conſiderable. If he looks upon himſelf in an abſtracted Light, he has not much to boaſt of; but if he conſiders himſelf with regard to others, he may find Occaſion of glorying, if not in his own Virtues, at leaſt in the Abſence of another's Imperfections. This gives a different Turn to the Reflexions of the Wiſe Man and the Fool. The firſt endeavours to ſhine in himſelf, and the laſt to outſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the Senſe of his own Infirmities, the laſt is lifted up by the Diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in other Men. The Wiſe Man conſiders what he wants, and the Fool what he abounds in. The Wiſe Man is happy when he gains his own Approbation, and the Fool when he recommends himſelf to the Applauſe of thoſe about him.

BUT however unreaſonable and abſurd this Paſſion for Admiration may appear in ſuch a Creature as Man, it is not wholly to be diſcouraged; ſince it often produces very good Effects, not only as it reſtrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it puſhes him to Actions which are great and glorious. The Principle may be defective or faulty, but the Conſequences it produces are ſo good, that, for the Benefit of Mankind, it ought not to be extinguiſhed.

IT is obſerved by *Cicero*, that Men of the greateſt and the moſt ſhining Parts are the moſt actuated by Ambition; and if we look into the two Sexes, I believe we ſhall find this Principle of Action ſtronger in Women than in Men.

THE Paſſion for Praiſe, which is ſo very vehement in the Fair Sex, produces excellent Effects in Women of Senſe, who deſire to be admired for that only which deſerves Admiration: And I think we may obſerve, without a Compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform Courſe of Virtue, but with an infinitely greater Regard to their Honour, than what we find in the generality of our own Sex. How many Inſtances have we of Chaſtity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Education of their Children, Care of their Families, and Love of their Husbands, which are the great Qualities and Atchievements of Womankind: As the making of War, the carry-

in

ing on of Traffick, the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, are thoſe by which Men grow famous, and get themſelves a Name.

BUT as this Paſſion for Admiration, when it works according to Reaſon, improves the beautiful Part of our Species in every thing that is Laudable; ſo nothing is more Deſtructive to them when it is governed by Vanity and Folly. What I have therefore here to ſay, only regards the vain Part of the Sex, whom for certain Reaſons, which the Reader will hereafter ſee at large, I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the Name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the Adorning of her Perſon. You ſee in every Poſture of her Body, Air of her Face, and Motion of her Head, That it is her Buſineſs and Employment to gain Adorers. For this Reaſon your *Idols* appear in all publick Places and Aſſemblies, in order to ſeduce Men to their Worſhip. The Play-houſe is very frequently filled with *Idols*; ſeveral of them are carried in Proceſſion every Evening about the Ring, and ſeveral of them ſet up their Worſhip even in Churches. They are to be accoſted in the Language proper to the Deity. Life and Death are in their Power: Joys of Heaven and Pains of Hell are at their Diſpoſal: Paradiſe is in their Arms, and Eternity in every Moment that you are preſent with them. Raptures, Tranſports, and Ecſtaſies are the Rewards which they confer: Sighs and Tears, Prayers and broken Hearts, are the Offerings which are paid to them. Their Smiles make Men happy; their Frowns drive them to Deſpair. I ſhall only add under this Head, that *Ovid*'s Book of the Art of Love is a kind of Heathen Ritual, which contains all the Forms of Worſhip which are made uſe of to an *Idol*.

IT would be as difficult a Task to reckon up theſe different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton*'s was to number thoſe that were known in *Canaan*, and the Lands adjoining. Moſt of them are worſhipped, like *Moloch*, in Fire and Flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to ſee their Votaries cut and ſlaſhed, and ſhedding their Blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, muſt have Treats and Collations prepared for them every Night. It has indeed been known, that ſome of them have been uſed by their incenſed Worſhippers like the *Chineſe Idols*, who are Whipped and Scourged when they refuſe to comply with the Prayers that are offered to them.

I muſt here obſerve, that thoſe Idolaters who devote

themſelves to the *Idols* I am here ſpeaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out becauſe they worſhip different *Idols*, theſe Idolaters quarrel becauſe they worſhip the ſame.

THE Intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the Wiſhes of the Idolater; as the one deſires to confine the Idol to himſelf, the whole Buſineſs and Ambition of the other is to multiply Adorers. This Humour of an *Idol* is prettily deſcribed in a Tale of *Chaucer*: He repreſents one of them ſitting at a Table with three of her Votaries about her, who are all of them courting her Favour, and paying their Adorations: She ſmiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's Foot which was under the Table. Now which of theſe three, ſays the old Bard, do you think was the Favourite? In troth, ſays he, not one of all the three.

THE Behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the Beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greateſt *Idols* among the Moderns. She is worſhipped once a Week by Candle-light, in the midſt of a large Congregation, generally called an Aſſembly. Some of the gayeſt Youths in the Nation endeavour to plant themſelves in her Eye, while ſhe ſits in form with Multitudes of Tapers burning about her. To encourage the Zeal of her Idolaters, ſhe beſtows a Mark of her Favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her Preſence. She asks a Queſtion of one, tells a Story to another, glances an Ogle upon a third, takes a Pinch of Snuff from the fourth, lets her Fan drop by accident to give the fifth an Occaſion of taking it up. In ſhort, every one goes away ſatisfied with his Succeſs, and encouraged to renew his Devotions on the ſame Canonical Hour that Day Sevennight.

AN *Idol* may be Undeified by many accidental Cauſes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-*Apotheoſis*, or a Deification inverted. When a Man becomes familiar with his Goddeſs, ſhe quickly ſinks into a Woman.

OLD Age is likewiſe a great Decayer of your *Idol*: The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy Being than a Superannuated *Idol*, eſpecially when ſhe has contracted ſuch Airs and Behaviour as are only Graceful when her Worſhippers are about her.

CONSIDERING therefore that in theſe and many other Caſes the *Woman* generally out-lives the *Idol*, I muſt return

return to the Moral of this Paper, and deſire my fair Readers to give a proper Direction to their Paſſion for being admired; In order to which, they muſt endeavour to make themſelves the Objects of a reaſonable and laſting Admiration. This is not to be hoped for from Beauty, or Dreſs, or Faſhion, but from thoſe inward Ornaments which are not to be defaced by Time or Sickneſs, and which appear moſt amiable to thoſe who are moſt acquainted with them. C

N° 74. *Friday, May* 25.

——*Pendent opera interrupta*—— Virg. Æn. 4. v. 88.

The Works unfiniſh'd and neglected lie.

IN my laſt *Monday*'s Paper I gave ſome general Inſtances of thoſe beautiful Strokes which pleaſe the Reader in the old Song of *Chevy-Chaſe*; I ſhall here, according to my Promiſe, be more particular, and ſhew that the Sentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majeſtick Simplicity which we admire in the greateſt of the ancient Poets: For which Reaſon I ſhall quote ſeveral Paſſages of it, in which the Thought is altogether the ſame with what we meet in ſeveral Paſſages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) propoſed to himſelf any Imitation of thoſe Paſſages, but that he was directed to them in general by the ſame kind of Poetical Genius, and by the ſame Copyings after Nature.

HAD this old Song been filled with Epigrammatical Turns and Points of Wit, it might perhaps have pleaſed the wrong Taſte of ſome Readers; but it would never have become the Delight of the common People, nor have warmed the Heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the Sound of a Trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this Effect, and pleaſe thoſe Taſtes which are the moſt unprejudiced or the moſt refined. I muſt however beg leave to diſſent from ſo great an Authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the Judgment which he has paſſed as to the rude Stile and evil Apparel of this Antiquated Song; for there are ſeveral Parts in it where not only the Thought but the Language is majeſtick, and the Numbers ſonorous;

at leaſt, the *Apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the Poets made uſe of in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, as the Reader will ſee in ſeveral of the following Quotations.

WHAT can be greater than either the Thought or the Expreſſion in that Stanza,

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl Piercy *took his Way;*
The Child may rue that was unborn
The Hunting of that Day!

This way of conſidering the Misfortunes which this Battle would bring upon Poſterity, not only on thoſe who were born immediately after the Battle, and loſt their Fathers in it, but on thoſe alſo who periſhed in future Battles which took their riſe from this Quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the Way of Thinking among the ancient Poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus. Hor. Od. 2. l. 1. v. 23.

Poſterity, thinn'd by their Fathers Crimes,
Shall read, with Grief, the Story of their Times.

What can be more ſounding and poetical, or reſemble more the majeſtick Simplicity of the Ancients, than the following Stanzas?

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleaſure in the Scotiſh *Woods*
Three Summers Days to take.

With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold,
All choſen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.

The Hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the Woods
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Echo ſhrill did make.

——— *Vocat ingenti Clamore Cithæron*
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Georg. 3. v. 43.

Cithæron loudly calls me to my Way;
Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*, open, and purſue the Prey:

High

High *Epidaurus* urges on my Speed,
Fam'd for his Hills, and for his Horſes Breed:
From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound;
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the Sound. DRYDEN.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas *come,*
His Men in Armour bright;
Full twenty Hundred Scotiſh *Spears,*
All marching in our Sight.

All Men of pleaſant Tividale,
Faſt by the River Tweed, *&c.*

The Country of the *Scotch* Warriors, deſcribed in theſe two laſt Verſes, has a fine romantick Situation, and affords a couple of ſmooth Words for Verſe. If the Reader compares the foregoing ſix Lines of the Song with the following Latin Verſes, he will ſee how much they are written in the Spirit of *Virgil.*

Adverſi campo apparent, haſtaſque reductis
Protendunt longè dextris; & ſpicula vibrant ———
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, & roſcida rivis
Hernica ſaxa colunt: ——*qui roſea rura Velini,*
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Caſperiamque colunt, Foruloſque & flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt. ———
Æn. 11. v. 605. 7. v. 682, 712.

Advancing in a Line, they couch their Spears——
——— *Præneſte* ſends a choſen Band,
With thoſe who plow *Saturnia*'s Gabine Land:
Beſides the Succours which cold *Anien* yields;
The Rocks of *Hernicus* —— Beſides a Band,
That follow'd from *Velinum*'s dewy Land———
And Mountaineers that from *Severus* came:
And from the craggy Cliffs of *Tetrica;*
And thoſe where yellow *Tiber* takes his way,
And where *Himella*'s wanton Waters play:
Caſperia ſends her Arms, with thoſe that lie
By *Fabaris,* and fruitful *Foruli.* DRYDEN.

But to proceed.

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white Steed,*
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company,
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold.

Turnus

Turnus ut antevolans tardum præceſſerat agmen, &c.
Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus ——

Our Engliſh *Archers bent their Bows,*
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the firſt Flight of Arrows ſent,
Full threeſcore Scots *they ſlew.*

They clos'd full faſt on ev'ry ſide,
No Slackneſs there was found;
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gaſping on the Ground.

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh *Bow,*
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas *to the Heart*
A deep and deadly Blow.

Æneas was wounded after the ſame Manner by an unknown Hand in the midſt of a Parly.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro ſtridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt,
Incertum quâ pulſa manu —— Æn. 12. v. 318.

Thus while he ſpake, unmindful of Defence,
A winged Arrow ſtruck the pious Prince;
But whether from an human Hand it came,
Or hoſtile God, is left unknown by Fame. DRYDEN.

But of all the deſcriptive Parts of this Song, there are none more beautiful than the four following Stanzas which have a great Force and Spirit in them, and are filled with very natural Circumſtances. The Thought in the third Stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is ſuch an one as would have ſhined in *Homer* or *Virgil*.

So thus did both thoſe Nobles die,
Whoſe Courage none could ſtain:
An Engliſh *Archer then perceived*
The noble Earl was ſlain.

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a truſty Tree,
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Unto the Head drew he.

Againſt

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his Shaft he ſet,
The Gray-gooſe Wing that was thereon
In his Heart-Blood was wet.

This Fight did laſt from break of Day
Till ſetting of the Sun;
For when they rung the Ev'ning Bell
The Battle ſcarce was done.

One may obſerve likewiſe, that in the Catalogue of the Slain the Author has followed the Example of the greateſt ancient Poets, not only in giving a long Liſt of the Dead, but by diverſifying it with little Characters of particular Perſons.

And with Earl Douglas *there was ſlain*
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, *that from the Field*
One Foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel *of* Ratcliff *too,*
His Siſter's Son was he;
Sir David Lamb, *ſo well eſteem'd,*
Yet ſaved could not be.

The familiar Sound in theſe Names deſtroys the Majeſty of the Deſcription; for this Reaſon I do not mention this Part of the Poem but to ſhew the natural Caſt of Thought which appears in it, as the two laſt Verſes look almoſt like a Tranſlation of *Virgil.*

—— Cadit & Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris & ſervantiſſimus æqui,
Diis aliter viſum eſt —— Æn. 2. v. 426.

Then *Ripheus* fell in the unequal Fight,
Juſt of his Word, obſervant of the Right:
Heav'n thought not ſo. DRYDEN.

In the Catalogue of the *Engliſh* who fell, *Witherington*'s Behaviour is in the ſame manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that Account which is given of him in the Beginning of the Battle; tho' I am ſatisfied your little Buffoon Readers (who have ſeen that Paſſage ridiculed in *Hudibras*) will not be able to take the Beauty of it: For which Reaſon I dare not ſo much as quote it.

Then

Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington *was his Name,*
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To Henry *our King for Shame,*
That e'er my Captain fought on Foot
And I ſtood looking on.

WE meet with the ſame Heroick Sentiments in *Virgil.*

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non ſumus —— ? Æn. 12. v. 229.

For Shame, *Rutilians*, can you bear the Sight
Of one expos'd for all, in ſingle fight?
Can we before the Face of Heav'n, confeſs
Our Courage colder, or our Numbers leſs?

DRYDEN.

What can be more natural or more moving, than the Circumſtances in which he deſcribes the Behaviour of thoſe Women who had loſt their Husbands on this fatal Day?

Next Day did many Widows come
Their Husbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their Wounds in briniſh Tears,
But all would not prevail.
Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
When they were clad in Clay.

Thus we ſee how the Thoughts of this Poem, which naturally ariſe from the Subject, are always ſimple, and ſometimes exquiſitely noble; that the Language is often very ſounding, and that the whole is written with a true Poetical Spirit.

IF this Song had been written in the *Gothick* Manner, which is the Delight of all our little Wits, whether Writers or Readers, it would not have hit the Taſte of ſo many Ages, and have pleaſed the Readers of all Ranks and Conditions. I ſhall only beg Pardon for ſuch a Profuſion of *Latin* Quotations; which I ſhould not have made uſe of, but that I feared my own Judgment would have looked too ſingular on ſuch a Subject, had not I ſupported it by the Practice and Authority of *Virgil.* C

Saturday,

N° 75. *Saturday, May* 26.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, & ſtatus, & res.
Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 23.

All Fortune ſuited Ariſtippus *well.* CREECH.

IT was with ſome Mortification that I ſuffered the Rallery of a fine Lady of my Acquaintance, for calling, in one of my Papers, *Dorimant* a Clown. She was ſo unmerciful as to take Advantage of my invincible Taciturnity, and on that Occaſion, with great Freedom to conſider the Air, the Height, the Face, the Geſture of him who cou'd pretend to judge ſo arrogantly of Gallantry. She is full of Motion, janty and lively in her Impertinence, and one of thoſe that commonly paſs, among the Ignorant, for Perſons who have a great deal of Humour. She had the Play of Sir *Fopling* in her Hand, and after ſhe had ſaid it was happy for her there was not ſo charming a Creature as *Dorimant* now living, ſhe began with a Theatrical Air and Tone of Voice to read, by way of Triumph over me, ſome of his Speeches. *'Tis ſhe, that lovely Hair, that eaſy Shape, thoſe wanton Eyes, and all thoſe melting Charms about her Mouth, which* Medley *ſpoke of; I'll follow the Lottery and put in for a Prize with my Friend* Bellair.

In Love the Victors from the Vanquiſh'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.

Then turning over the Leaves, ſhe reads alternately, and ſpeaks,

And you and Loveit *to her Coſt ſhall find*
I fathom all the Depths of Womankind.

Oh the Fine Gentleman! But here, continues ſhe, is the Paſſage I admire moſt, where he begins to teize *Loveit*, and mimick Sir *Fopling:* Oh the pretty Satire, in his reſolving to be a Coxcomb to pleaſe, ſince Noiſe and Nonſenſe have ſuch powerful Charms.

I, that I may Succeſsful prove,
Transform myſelf to what you love.

Then how like a Man of the Town, ſo Wild and Gay is that!

The Wiſe will find a Diff'rence in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Eſtate.

IT

IT would have been a very wild Endeavour for a Man of my Temper to offer any Oppoſition to ſo nimble a Speaker as my Fair Enemy is; but her Diſcourſe gave me very many Reflexions, when I had left her Company. Among others, I could not but conſider, with ſome Attention, the falſe Impreſſions the Generality (the Fair Sex more eſpecially) have of what ſhould be intended, when they ſay a *Fine Gentlemen*; and could not help revolving that Subject in my Thoughts, and ſettling, as it were, an Idea of that Character in my own Imagination.

NO Man ought to have the Eſteem of the reſt of the World, for any Actions which are diſagreeable to thoſe Maxims which prevail, as the Standards of Behaviour, in the Country wherein he lives. What is oppoſite to the eternal Rules of Reaſon and good Senſe, muſt be excluded from any Place in the Carriage of a well-bred Man. I did not, I confeſs, explain myſelf enough on this Subject, when I called *Dorimant* a Clown, and made it an Inſtance of it, that he called the *Orange Wench, Double Tripe:* I ſhould have ſhewed, that Humanity obliges a Gentleman to give no Part of Humankind Reproach, for what they, whom they reproach, may poſſibly have in common with the moſt Virtuous and Worthy amongſt us. When a Gentleman ſpeaks Coarſly, he has dreſſed himſelf Clean to no purpoſe: The Clothing of our Minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our Bodies. To betray in a Man's Talk a corrupted Imagination, is a much greater Offence againſt the Converſation of Gentlemen, than any Negligence of Dreſs imaginable. But this Senſe of the Matter is ſo far from being received among People even of Condition, that *Vocifer* paſſes for a fine Gentleman. He is Loud, Haughty, Gentle, Soft, Lewd, and Obſequious by turns, juſt as a little Underſtanding and great Impudence prompt him at the preſent Moment. He paſſes among the Silly Part of our Women for a Man of Wit, becauſe he is generally in Doubt. He contradicts with a Shrug, and confutes with a certain Sufficiency, in profeſſing ſuch and ſuch a Thing is above his Capacity. What makes his Character the pleaſanter is, that he is a profeſſed Deluder of Women; and becauſe the empty Coxcomb has no regard to any thing that is of itſelf Sacred and Inviolable, I have heard an unmarried Lady of Fortune ſay, It is pity ſo fine a Gentleman as *Vocifer* is ſo great an Atheiſt. The Crowds of

ſuch

ſuch inconſiderable Creatures, that infeſt all Places of Aſſembling, every Reader will have in his Eye from his own Obſervation; but would it not be worth conſidering what ſort of Figure a Man who formed himſelf upon thoſe Principles among us, which are agreeable to the Dictates of Honour and Religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary Occurrences of Life?

I hardly have obſerved any one fill his ſeveral Duties of Life better than *Ignotus*. All the under Parts of his Behaviour and ſuch as are expoſed to common Obſervation, have their Riſe in him from great and noble Motives. A firm and unſhaken Expectation of another Life, makes him become this. Humanity and Good-nature, fortified by the Senſe of Virtue, has the ſame Effect upon him, as the Neglect of all Goodneſs has upon many others. Being firmly eſtabliſhed in all Matters of Importance, that certain Inattention which makes Mens Actions look eaſy appears in him with greater Beauty: By a thorough Contempt of little Excellencies, he is perfectly Maſter of them. This Temper of Mind leaves him under no Neceſſity of ſtudying his Air, and he has this peculiar Diſtinction, that his Negligence is unaffected.

HE that can work himſelf into a Pleaſure in conſidering this Being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an Advantage by its Diſcontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful Unconcern, and Gentleman-like Eaſe. Such a one does not behold his Life as a ſhort, tranſient, perplexing State, made up of trifling Pleaſures, and great Anxieties; but ſees it in quite another Light; his Griefs are Momentary and his Joys Immortal. Reflexion upon Death is not a gloomy and ſad Thought of reſigning every thing that he delights in, but it is a ſhort Night followed by an endleſs Day. What I would here contend for is, that the more Virtuous the Man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the Character of Genteel and Agreeable. A Man whoſe Fortune is Plentiful, ſhews an Eaſe in his Countenance, and Confidence in his Behaviour, which he that is under Wants and Difficulties cannot aſſume. It is thus with the State of the Mind; he that governs his Thoughts with the everlaſting Rules of Reaſon and Senſe, muſt have ſomething ſo inexpreſſibly Graceful in his Words and Actions, that every Circumſtance muſt become him. The Change of Perſons or Things around him do

not

not at all alter his Situation, but he looks diſintereſted in the Occurrences with which others are diſtracted, becauſe the greateſt Purpoſe of his Life is to maintain an Indifference both to it and all its Enjoyments. In a word, to be a Fine Gentleman, is to be a Generous and a Brave Man. What can make a Man ſo much in conſtant Good-humour and Shine, as we call it, than to be ſupported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the beſt thing that could poſſibly befal him, or elſe he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all? R

N° 76. *Monday, May* 28.

Ut tu fortunam, ſic nos te, Celſe, feremus.
Hor. Ep. 8. l. 1. v. 17.

As you your Fortune bear, we will bear you. CREECH.

THERE is nothing ſo common, as to find a Man whom in the general Obſervation of his Carriage you take to be of an uniform Temper, ſubject to ſuch unaccountable Starts of Humour and Paſſion, that he is as much unlike himſelf, and differs as much from the Man you at firſt thought him, as any two diſtinct Perſons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the Want of forming ſome Law of Life to our ſelves, or fixing ſome Notion of things in general, which may affect us in ſuch manner as to create proper Habits both in our Minds and Bodies. The Negligence of this, leaves us expoſed not only to an uncommon Levity in our uſual Converſation, but alſo to the ſame Inſtability in our Friendſhips, Intereſts, and Alliances. A Man who is but a mere Spectator of what paſſes around him, and not engaged in Commerces of any Conſideration, is but an ill Judge of the ſecret Motions of the Heart of Man, and by what Degrees it is actuated to make ſuch viſible Alterations in the ſame Perſon: But at the ſame time, when a Man is no way concerned in the Effect of ſuch Inconſiſtences in the Behaviour of Men of the World, the Speculation muſt be in the utmoſt Degree both diverting and inſtructive; yet to enjoy ſuch Obſervations in

in the higheſt Reliſh, he ought to be placed in a Poſt of Direction, and have the dealing of their Fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with ſome Pieces of ſecret Hiſtory, which an Antiquary, my very good Friend, lent me as a Curioſity. They are Memoirs of the private Life of *Pharamond* of *France*. 'Pharamond, ſays 'my Author, was a Prince of infinite Humanity and Ge-'neroſity, and at the ſame time the moſt pleaſant and fa-'cetious Companion of his Time. He had a peculiar Taſte 'in him (which would have been unlucky in any Prince 'but himſelf,) he thought there could be no exquiſite Plea-'ſure in Converſation but among Equals; and would plea-'ſantly bewail himſelf that he always lived in a Crowd, 'but was the only Man in *France* that never could get into 'Company. This Turn of Mind made him delight in 'Midnight Rambles, attended only with one Perſon of 'his Bed-chamber: He would in theſe Excurſions get ac-'quainted with Men (whoſe Temper he had a mind to 'try) and recommend them privately to the particular 'Obſervation of his firſt Miniſter. He generally found 'himſelf neglected by his new Acquaintance as ſoon as 'they had Hopes of growing great; and uſed on ſuch 'Occaſions to remark, That it was a great Injuſtice to 'tax Princes of forgetting themſelves in their high For-'tunes, when there were ſo few that could with Con-'ſtancy bear the Favour of their very Creatures.' My Author in theſe looſe Hints has one Paſſage that gives us a very lively Idea of the uncommon Genius of *Pharamond*. He met with one Man whom he had put to all the uſual Proofs he made of thoſe he had a mind to know throughly, and found him for his Purpoſe: In Diſcourſe with him one Day, he gave him Opportunity of ſaying how much would ſatisfy all his Wiſhes. The Prince immediately revealed himſelf, doubled the Sum, and ſpoke to him in this manner. "Sir, *You have twice what you* "*deſired, by the Favour of* Pharamond; *but look to it,* "*that you are ſatisfied with it, for 'tis the laſt you ſhall* "*ever receive. I from this Moment conſider you as mine; and* "*to make you truly ſo, I give you my Royal Word you ſhall* "*never be greater or leſs than you are at preſent. Anſwer* "*me not,* (concluded the Prince ſmiling) *but enjoy the For-*"*tune I have put you in, which is above my own Condi-*"*tion; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear.*

HIS

HIS Majeſty having thus well choſen and bought a Friend and Companion, he enjoyed alternately all the Pleaſures of an agreeable private Man and a great and powerful Monarch: He gave himſelf, with his Companion, the Name of the merry Tyrant; for he puniſhed his Courtiers for their Inſolence and Folly, not by any Act of publick Diſfavour, but by humorouſly practiſing upon their Imaginations. If he obſerved a Man untractable to his Inferiors, he would find an Opportunity to take ſome favourable Notice of him, and render him inſupportable. He knew all his own Looks, Words and Actions had their Interpretations; and his Friend Monſieur *Eucrate* (for ſo he was called) having a great Soul without Ambition, he could communicate all his Thoughts to him, and fear no artful Uſe would be made of that Freedom. It was no ſmall Delight when they were in private to reflect upon all which had paſſed in publick.

PHARAMOND would often, to ſatisfy a vain Fool of Power in his Country, talk to him in a full Court, and with one Whiſper make him deſpiſe all his old Friends and Acquaintance. He was come to that Knowledge of Men by long Obſervation, that he would profeſs altering the whole Maſs of Blood in ſome Tempers, by thrice ſpeaking to them. As Fortune was in his Power, he gave himſelf conſtant Entertainment in managing the mere Followers of it with the Treatment they deſerved. He would, by a skilful Caſt of his Eye and half a Smile, make two Fellows who hated, embrace and fall upon each other's Neck with as much Eagerneſs, as if they followed their real Inclinations, and intended to ſtifle one another. When he was in high Good-humour, he would lay the Scene with *Eucrate*, and on a publick Night exerciſe the Paſſions of his whole Court. He was pleaſed to ſee an haughty Beauty watch the Looks of the Man ſhe had long deſpiſed, from Obſervation of his being taken notice of by *Pharamond*; and the Lover conceive higher Hopes, than to follow the Woman he was dying for the Day before. In a Court, where Men ſpeak Affection in the ſtrongeſt Terms, and Diſlike in the fainteſt, it was a comical Mixture of Incidents to ſee Diſguiſes thrown aſide in one Caſe and increaſed on the other, according as Favour or Diſgrace attended the reſpective Objects of Mens Approbation or Diſeſteem. *Pharamond* in his Mirth upon

upon the Meanneſs of Mankind uſed to ſay, 'As he 'could take away a Man's Five Senſes, he could give 'him an Hundred. The Man in Diſgrace ſhall immedi-'ately loſe all his natural Endowments, and he that finds 'Favour have the Attributes of an Angel.' He would carry it ſo far as to ſay, 'It ſhould not be only ſo in the 'Opinion of the lower Part of his Court, but the Men 'themſelves ſhall think thus meanly or greatly of them-'ſelves, as they are out, or in the good Graces of a Court.'

A Monarch who had Wit and Humour like *Pharamond*, muſt have Pleaſures which no Man elſe can ever have Opportunity of enjoying. He gave Fortune to none but thoſe whom he knew could receive it without Tranſport: He made a noble and generous Uſe of his Obſervations; and did not regard his Miniſters as they were agreeable to himſelf, but as they were uſeful to his Kingdom: By this means the King appeared in every Officer of State; and no Man had a Participation of the Power, who had not a Similitude of the Virtue of *Pharamond*. R

N° 77. *Tueſday, May* 29.

Non convivere licet, nec urbe totâ
Quiſquam eſt tam propè tam procul que nobis.
Mart. Epig. 87. l. 1.

What Correſpondence can I hold with you,
Who are ſo near, and yet ſo diſtant too?

MY Friend WILL HONEYCOMB is one of thoſe ſort of Men who are very often abſent in Converſation, and what the *French* call *a reveur* and *a viſtrait*. A little before our Club-time laſt Night we were walking together in *Somerſet* Garden, where WILL had picked up a ſmall Pebble of ſo odd a Make, that he ſaid he would preſent it to a Friend of his, an eminent *Virtuoſo*. After we had walked ſome time, I made a full ſtop with my Face towards the Weſt, which WILL knowing to be my uſual Method of asking what's o'Clock, or an Afternoon, immediately pulled out his Watch, and told me we had ſeven Minutes good. We took a turn or two

two more, when, to my great Surpriſe, I ſaw him ſquir away his Watch a conſiderable way into the *Thames*, and with great Sedateneſs in his Looks put up the Pebble, he had before found, in his Fob. As I have naturally an Averſion to much Speaking, and do not love to be the Meſſenger of ill News, eſpecially when it comes too late to be uſeful, I left him to be convinced of his Miſtake in due time, and continued my Walk, reflecting on theſe little Abſences and Diſtractions in Mankind, and reſolving to make them the Subject of a future Speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my Deſign, when I conſidered that they were very often Blemiſhes in the Characters of Men of excellent Senſe; and helped to keep up the Reputation of that *Latin* Proverb, which Mr. *Dryden* has Tranſlated in the following Lines:

Great Wit to Madneſs ſure is near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.

MY Reader does, I hope, perceive, that I diſtinguiſh a Man who is *Abſent*, becauſe he thinks of ſomething elſe, from one who is *Abſent*, becauſe he thinks of nothing at all: The latter is too innocent a Creature to be taken notice of; but the Diſtractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of theſe Reaſons.

EITHER their Minds are wholly fixed on ſome particular Science, which is often the Caſe of Mathematicians and other learned Men; or are wholly taken up with ſome Violent Paſſion, ſuch as Anger, Fear, or Love, which tie the Mind to ſome diſtant Object; or, laſtly, theſe Diſtractions proceed from a certain Vivacity and Ficklenes in a Man's Temper, which while it raiſes up infinite Numbers of *Ideas* in the Mind, is continually puſhing it on, without allowing it to reſt on any particular Image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the Thoughts and Conceptions of ſuch a Man, which are ſeldom occaſioned either by the Company he is in, or any of thoſe Objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful Woman, 'tis an even Wager that he is ſolving a Propoſition in *Euclid*; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris-Gazette*, it is far from being impoſſible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the Front of his Country-houſe.

A T

AT the ſame time that I am endeavouring to expoſe this Weakneſs in others, I ſhall readily confeſs that I once laboured under the ſame Infirmity myſelf. The Method I took to conquer it was a firm Reſolution to learn ſomething from whatever I was obliged to ſee or hear. There is a way of thinking if a Man can attain to it, by which he may ſtrike ſomewhat out of any thing. I can at preſent obſerve thoſe Starts of good Senſe and Struggles of unimproved Reaſon in the Converſation of a Clown, with as much Satisfaction as the moſt ſhining Periods of the moſt finiſhed Orator; and can make a ſhift to command my Attention at a *Puppet-Show* or an *Opera*, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the Company I am in; for though I ſay little myſelf, my Attention to others, and thoſe Nods of Approbation which I never beſtow unmerited, ſufficiently ſhew that I am among them. Whereas WILL HONEYCOMB, tho' a Fellow of good Senſe, is every Day doing and ſaying an hundred Things which he afterwards confeſſes, with a well-bred Frankneſs, were ſomewhat *mal à propos*, and undeſigned.

I chanced the other Day to go into a Coffee-houſe, where WILL was ſtanding in the midſt of ſeveral Auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an Account of the Perſon and Character of *Moll Hinton*. My Appearance before him juſt put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually preſent. So that keeping his Eyes full upon me, to the great Surpriſe of his Audience, he broke off his firſt Harangue, and proceeded thus, ------ 'Why now there's my Friend '(mentioning me by my Name) he is a Fellow that thinks 'a great deal, but never opens his Mouth; I warrant you 'he is now thruſting his ſhort Face into ſome Coffee-'houſe about *'Change*. I was his Bail in the time of the '*Popiſh-Plot*, when he was taken up for a Jeſuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly deſcribed me ſo particularly, without ever conſidering what led him into it, that the whole Company muſt neceſſarily have found me out; for which Reaſon, remembring the old Proverb, *Out of Sight out of Mind*, I left the Room; and upon meeting him an Hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good Humour, in what Part of the World I had lived, that he had not ſeen me theſe three Days.

MON-

MONSIEUR *Bruyere* has given us the Character of *an abſent Man*, with a great deal of Humour, which he has puſhed to an agreeable Extravagance; with the Heads of it I ſhall conclude my preſent Paper.

'*MENALCAS* (ſays that excellent Author) comes 'down in a Morning, opens his Door to go out, but 'ſhuts it again, becauſe he perceives that he has his 'Night-cap on; and examining himſelf further finds that 'he is but half-ſhaved, that he has ſtuck his Sword on 'his right Side, that his Stockings are about his Heels, 'and that his Shirt is over his Breeches. When he is 'dreſſed he goes to Court, comes into the Drawing-'room, and walking bolt-upright under a Branch of 'Candleſticks his Wig is caught up by one of them, and 'hangs dangling in the Air. All the Courtiers fall a 'laughing, but *Menalcas* laughs louder than any of them, 'and looks about for the Perſon that is the Jeſt of the 'Company. Coming down to the Court-gate he finds 'a Coach, which taking for his own he whips into it; 'and the Coachman drives off, not doubting but he car-'ries his Maſter. As ſoon as he ſtops, *Menalcas* throws 'himſelf out of the Coach, croſſes the Court, aſcends the 'Stair-caſe, and runs thro' all the Chambers with the 'greateſt Familiarity, repoſes himſelf on a Couch, and 'fancies himſelf at home. The Maſter of the Houſe at 'laſt comes in, *Menalcas* riſes to receive him, and de-'ſires him to ſit down; he talks, muſes, and then talks 'again. The Gentleman of the Houſe is tired and 'amazed; *Menalcas* is no leſs ſo, but is every Moment 'in Hopes that his impertinent Gueſt will at laſt end his 'tedious Viſit. Night comes on, when *Menalcas* is 'hardly undeceived.

'WHEN he is playing at Backgammon, he calls 'for a full Glaſs of Wine and Water; 'tis his turn to 'throw, he has the Box in one Hand and his Glaſs in 'the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to 'loſe Time, he ſwallows down both the Dice, and at the 'ſame time throws his Wine into the Tables. He writes 'a Letter, and flings the Sand into the Ink-bottle; he 'writes a ſecond, and miſtakes the Superſcription: A 'Nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it 'reads as follows: *I would have you, honeſt* Jack, *immedi-'ately upon the Receipt of this, take in Hay enough to ſerve*

'*me*

'*me the Winter.* His Farmer receives the other and is 'amazed to ſee in it, *My Lord, I received your Grace's* 'Commands with an intire Submiſſion to----If he is at an 'Entertainment, you may ſee the Pieces of Bread con-'tinually multiplying round his Plate: 'Tis true the reſt 'of the Company want it, as well as their Knives and 'Forks, which *Menalcas* does not let them keep long. 'Sometimes in a Morning he puts his whole Family in an 'hurry, and at laſt goes out without being able to ſtay 'for his Coach or Dinner, and for that Day you may 'ſee him in every Part of the Town, except the very 'Place where he had appointed to be upon a Buſineſs of 'Importance. You would often take him for every thing 'that he is not; for a Fellow quite Stupid, for he hears 'nothing; for a Fool, for he talks to himſelf, and has an 'hundred Grimaces and Motions with his Head, which 'are altogether involuntary; for a proud Man, for he 'looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your ſa-'luting him: The Truth on't is, his Eyes are open, but 'he makes no uſe of them, and neither ſees you, nor any 'Man, nor any thing elſe: He came once from his 'Country-houſe, and his own Footmen undertook to 'rob him, and ſucceeded: They held a Flambeau to his 'Throat, and bid him deliver his Purſe; he did ſo, 'and coming home told his Friends he had been robbed; 'they deſire to know the Particulars, *Ask my Servants,* 'ſays *Menalcas, for they were with me.* X

N° 78. *Wedneſday, May* 30.

Cum Talis ſis, Utinam noſter eſſes!
Cou'd we but call ſo great a Genius ours!

THE following Letters are ſo pleaſant, that I doubt not but the Reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this Day's Entertainment, but taking the Sentence from the End of the *Cambridge* Letter, and placing it at the Front of my Paper; to ſhew the Author I wiſh him my Companion with as much Earneſtneſs as he invites me to be his.

SIR,

'I Send you the incloſed, to be inſerted (if you think them worthy of it) in your SPECTATORS; in which ſo ſurprizing a Genius appears, that it is no Wonder if all Mankind endeavours to get ſomewhat into a Paper which will always live.

'AS to the *Cambridge* Affair, the Humour was really carried on in the Way I deſcribe it. However, you have a full Commiſſion to put out or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have already had the Satisfaction of ſeeing you take that Liberty with ſome things I have before ſent you.

'Go on, Sir, and proſper. You have the beſt Wiſhes of,

SIR, Your very Affectionate
and Obliged Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge.*

'YOU well know it is of great Conſequence to clear Titles, and it is of Importance that it be done in the proper Seaſon; On which Account this is to aſſure you, that the CLUB OF UGLY FACES was inſtituted originally at *CAMBRIDGE* in the merry Reign of King *Charles* II. As in great Bodies of Men it is not difficult to find Members enough for ſuch a Club, ſo (I remember) it was then feared, upon their Intention of dining together, that the Hall belonging to *CLARE-HALL*, (the uglieſt *then* in the Town, tho' *now* the neateſt) would not be large enough HANDSOMLY to hold the Company. Invitations were made to great Numbers, but very few accepted them without much Difficulty. ONE pleaded that being at *London* in a Bookſeller's Shop, a Lady going by with a great Belly longed to kiſs him. HE had certainly been excuſed, but that Evidence appeared, That indeed one in *London* did pretend ſhe longed to kiſs him, but that it was only a *Pickpocket*, who during his kiſſing her ſtole away all his Money. ANOTHER would have got off by a Dimple in his Chin; but it was proved upon *him*, that he had, by coming into a Room, made a Woman miſcarry, and frightned two Children into Fits. A THIRD alledged, That he was taken by a Lady for another Gentleman, who was one of the handſomeſt in the Uni-

'Univerſity: But upon Inquiry it was found that the 'Lady had actually loſt one Eye, and the other was very 'much upon the Decline. A FOURTH produced Letters 'out of the Country in his Vindication, in which a Gentle-'man offered him his Daughter, who had lately fallen 'in Love with him, with a good Fortune: But it was 'made appear that the young Lady was amorous, and 'had like to have run away with her Father's Coachman, 'ſo that it was ſuppoſed, that her Pretence of falling in 'Love with him was only in order to be well married. 'It was pleaſant to hear the ſeveral Excuſes which were 'made, inſomuch that ſome made as much Intereſt to 'be excuſed as they would from ſerving Sheriff; how-'ever at laſt the Society was formed, and proper Officers 'were appointed; and the Day was fix'd for the Enter-'tainment, which was in *Veniſon Seaſon*. A pleaſant 'Fellow of *King's College* (commonly called CRAB from 'his ſour Look, and the only Man who did not pretend 'to get off) was nominated for Chaplain; and nothing 'was wanting but ſome one to ſit in the Elbow-Chair, by 'way of PRESIDENT, at the upper End of the Table; 'and there the Buſineſs ſtuck, for there was no Conten-'tion for Superiority *there*. This Affair made ſo great 'a Noiſe, that the King, who was then at *Newmarket*, 'heard of it, and was pleaſed merrily and graciouſly 'to ſay, HE COULD NOT BE THERE HIMSELF, BUT 'HE WOULD SEND THEM A BRACE OF BUCKS.

'I would deſire you, Sir, to ſet this Affair in a true 'Light, that Poſterity may not be miſled in ſo important 'a Point: For when *the wiſe Man who ſhall write your 'true Hiſtory* ſhall acquaint the World, That you had a 'DIPLOMA ſent from the *Ugly Club at OXFORD*, 'and that by virtue of it you were admitted into it, what 'a learned Work will there be among *future Criticks* 'about the Original of that Club, which both Univer-'ſities will contend ſo warmly for? And perhaps ſome 'hardy *Cantabrigian* Author may then boldly affirm, 'that the Word *OXFORD* was an Interpolation of 'ſome *Oxonian* inſtead of *CAMBRIDGE*. This 'Affair will be beſt adjuſted in your Life-time; but I 'hope your Affection to your MOTHER will not make 'you partial to your AUNT.

'TO tell you, Sir, my own Opinion: Tho' I cannot 'find any ancient Records of any Acts of the SOCIETY 'OF THE UGLY FACES, conſidered in a *publick* Capa- 'city; yet in a *private* one they have certainly Antiquity 'on their Side. I am perſuaded they will hardly give 'Place to the LOWNGERS, and the LOWNGERS are of 'the ſame Standing with the Univerſity it ſelf.

'THO' we well know, Sir, you want no Motives to 'do Juſtice, yet I am commiſſion'd to tell you, that you 'are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at *CAMBRIDGE*; 'and I believe I may venture ſafely to deliver this as the 'Wiſh of our whole Univerſity.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH.

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners being in a forlorn and de- 'ſtitute Condition, know not to whom we ſhould 'apply our ſelves for Relief, becauſe there is hardly any 'Man alive who hath not injured us. Nay, we ſpeak it with 'Sorrow, even YOU your ſelf, whom we ſhould ſuſpect 'of ſuch a Practice the laſt of all Mankind, can hardly 'acquit your ſelf of having given us ſome Cauſe of Com- 'plaint. We are deſcended of ancient Families, and kept 'up our Dignity and Honour many Years, till the Jack- 'ſprat THAT ſupplanted us. How often have we found 'our ſelves ſlighted by the Clergy in their Pulpits, and the 'Lawyers at the Bar? Nay, how often have we heard in 'one of the moſt polite and auguſt Aſſemblies in the Uni- 'verſe, to our great Mortification, theſe Words, *That* '*THAT that noble Lord urged*; which if one of us had 'had Juſtice done, would have ſounded nobler thus, *That* '*WHICH that noble Lord urged.* Senates themſelves, 'the Guardians of *Britiſh* Liberty, have degraded us, and 'preferred THAT to us; and yet no Decree was ever 'given againſt us. In the very Acts of Parliament, in 'which the utmoſt Right ſhould be done to every *Body*, '*WORD*, and *Thing*, we find our ſelves often either not 'uſed, or uſed one inſtead of another. In the firſt and beſt 'Prayer Children are taught, they learn to miſuſe us: *Our* '*Father WHICH art in Heaven*, ſhould be, *Our Father* '*WHO art in Heaven*; and even a CONVOCATION after 'long Debates, refuſed to conſent to an Alteration of it.

In

'In our *general Confeſſion* we ſay,----*Spare thou them, O* 'God, WHICH *confeſs their Faults*, which ought to be, 'WHO *confeſs their Faults*. What Hopes then have we 'of having Juſtice done us, when the Makers of our 'very Prayers and Laws, and the moſt learned in all 'Faculties, ſeem to be in a Confederacy againſt us, and 'our Enemies themſelves muſt be our Judges.

'THE *Spaniſh* Proverb ſays, *El ſabio muda conſejo, el* 'necio no; i. e. *A wiſe Man changes his Mind, a Fool never* 'will. So that we think You, Sir, a very proper Perſon 'to addreſs to, ſince we know you to be capable of being 'convinced, and changing your Judgment. You are well 'able to ſettle this Affair, and to you we ſubmit our 'Cauſe. We deſire you to aſſign the Butts and Bounds of 'each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy 'our own. We would deſire to be heard by our Counſel, 'but that we fear in their very Pleadings they would betray 'our Cauſe: Beſides, we have been oppreſſed ſo many 'Years, that we can appear no other way, but *in forma pau-* 'peris. All which conſidered, we hope you will be pleaſed 'to do that which to Right and Juſtice ſhall appertain.

R *And Your Petitioners*, &c.

N° 79. *Thurſday, May* 31.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.
Hor. Ep. 16. l. 1. v. 52.

The Good, for Virtue's ſake, abhor to ſin. CREECH.

I HAVE received very many Letters of late from my Female Correſpondents, moſt of whom are very angry with me for Abridging their Pleaſures, and looking ſeverely upon Things, in themſelves indifferent. But I think they are extremely Unjuſt to me in this Imputation: All that I contend for is, that thoſe Excellencies, which are to be regarded but in the ſecond Place, ſhould not precede more weighty Conſiderations. The Heart of Man deceives him in ſpite of the Lectures of half a Life ſpent in Diſcourſes on the Subjection of Paſſion; and I do not know why one may not think the Heart of Woman as Unfaithful to itſelf. If we grant an Equality in

the Faculties of both Sexes, the Minds of Women are leſs cultivated with Precepts, and conſequently may, without Diſreſpect to them, be accounted more liable to Illuſion in Caſes wherein natural Inclination is out of the Intereſt of Virtue. I ſhall take up my preſent Time in commenting upon a Billet or two which came from Ladies, and from thence leave the Reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is poſſible Fine Women may be miſtaken.

THE following Addreſs ſeems to have no other Deſign in it, but to tell me the Writer will do what ſhe pleaſes for all me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am Young and very much inclin'd to follow the 'Paths of Innocence; but at the ſame time, as I 'have a plentiful Fortune, and am of Quality, I am un-'willing to reſign the Pleaſures of Diſtinction, ſome little 'Satisfaction in being Admired in general, and much 'greater in being beloved by a Gentleman, whom I de-'ſign to make my Husband. But I have a mind to put 'off entring into Matrimony till another Winter is over 'my Head, which, (whatever, muſty Sir, you may think 'of the Matter) I deſign to paſs away in hearing Muſick, 'going to Plays, Viſiting, and all other Satisfactions 'which Fortune and Youth, protected by Innocence and 'Virtue, can procure for,

S I R, Your moſt humble Servant,

M. T.

'My Lover does not know I like him, therefore hav-'ing no Engagements upon me, I think to ſtay and know 'whether I may not like any one elſe better.

I have heard WILL HONEYCOMB ſay, *A Woman ſeldom writes her Mind but in her Poſtſcript.* I think this Gentlewoman has ſufficiently diſcovered hers in this. I'll lay what Wager ſhe pleaſes againſt her preſent Favourite, and can tell her that ſhe will like Ten more before ſhe is fixed, and then will take the worſt Man ſhe ever liked in her Life. There is no end of Affection taken in at the Eyes only; and you may as well ſatisfy thoſe Eyes with ſeeing, as control any Paſſion received by them only. It is from loving by Sight that Coxcombs ſo frequently

quently ſucceed with Women, and very often a young Lady is beſtowed by her Parents to a Man who weds her as Innocence it ſelf, tho' ſhe has, in her own Heart, given her Approbation of a different Man in every Aſſembly ſhe was in the whole Year before. What is wanting among Women, as well as among Men, is the Love of laudable Things, and not to reſt only in the Forbearance of ſuch as are Reproachful.

HOW far removed from a Woman of this light Imagination is *Eudoſia!* *Eudoſia* has all the Arts of Life and Good-breeding with ſo much Eaſe, that the Virtue of her Conduct looks more like an Inſtinct than Choice. It is as little difficult to her to think juſtly of Perſons and Things, as it is to a Woman of different Accompliſhments, to move ill or look aukward. That which was, at firſt, the Effect of Inſtruction, is grown into an Habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudoſia* to indulge a wrong Suggeſtion of Thought, as it would be for *Flavia* the fine Dancer to come into a Room with an unbecoming Air.

BUT the Miſapprehenſions People themſelves have of their own State of Mind, is laid down with much diſcerning in the following Letter, which is but an Extract of a kind Epiſtle from my charming Miſtreſs *Hecatiſſa*, who is above the Vanity of external Beauty, and is the better Judge of the Perfections of the Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Write this to acquaint you, that very many Ladies, as well as my ſelf, ſpend many Hours more than 'we uſed at the Glaſs, for want of the Female Library 'of which you promiſed us a Catalogue. I hope, Sir, 'in the Choice of Authors for us, you will have a parti-'cular Regard to Books of Devotion. What they are, 'and how many, muſt be your chief Care; for upon the 'Propriety of ſuch Writings depends a great deal. I have 'known thoſe among us who think, if they every Morn-'ing and Evening ſpend an Hour in their Cloſet, and 'read over ſo many Prayers in ſix or ſeven Books of De-'votion, all equally nonſenſical, with a ſort of Warmth, '(that might as well be raiſed by a Glaſs of Wine, or a 'Dram of Citron) they may all the reſt of their time 'go on in whatever their particular Paſſion leads them to. 'The beauteous *Philautia*, who is (in your Language) an

'*Idol*, is one of theſe Votaries; ſhe has a very pretty fur-
'niſhed Cloſet, to which ſhe retires at her appointed
'Hours: This is her Dreſſing-Room, as well as Chapel;
'ſhe has conſtantly before her a large Looking-glaſs,
'and upon the Table, according to a very witty Author,

Together lie her Prayer-book and Paint,
At once t' improve the Sinner and the Saint.

'IT muſt be a good Scene, if one could be preſent at
'it, to ſee this *Idol* by turns lift up her Eyes to Heaven,
'and ſteal Glances at her own dear Perſon. It cannot
'but be a pleaſing Conflict between Vanity and Humi-
'liation. When you are upon this Subject, chooſe Books
'which elevate the Mind above the World, and give a
'pleaſing Indifference to little things in it. For want of
'ſuch Inſtructions, I am apt to believe ſo many People
'take it in their Heads to be ſullen, croſs and angry, un-
'der pretence of being abſtracted from the Affairs of this
'Life, when at the ſame time they betray their Fondneſs
'for them by doing their Duty as a Task, and pouting
'and reading good Books for a Week together. Much
'of this I take to proceed from the Indiſcretion of the
'Books themſelves, whoſe very Titles of Weekly Prepa-
'rations, and ſuch limited Godlineſs, lead People of or-
'dinary Capacities into great Errors, and raiſe in them a
'Mechanical Religion, intirely diſtinct from Morality.
'I know a Lady ſo given up to this ſort of Devotion,
'that tho' ſhe employs ſix or eight Hours of the Twenty
'four at Cards, ſhe never miſſes one conſtant Hour of
'Prayer, for which time another holds her Cards, to
'which ſhe returns with no little Anxiouſneſs till two
'or three in the Morning. All theſe Acts are but empty
'Shows, and, as it were, Compliments made to Virtue;
'the Mind is all the while untouched with any true
'Pleaſure in the Purſuit of it. From hence I preſume it
'ariſes that ſo many People call themſelves Virtuous,
'from no other Pretence to it but an Abſence of Ill.
'There is *Dulcianara* is the moſt inſolent of all Creatures
'to her Friends and Domeſticks, upon no other Pretence
'in Nature but that (as her ſilly Phraſe is) no one can ſay
'Black is her Eye. She has no Secrets, forſooth, which
'ſhould make her afraid to ſpeak her Mind, and there-
'fore ſhe is impertinently Blunt to all her Acquaintance,

and

'and unſeaſonably Imperious tō all her Family. Dear 'Sir, be pleaſed to put ſuch Books in our Hands, as may 'make our Virtue more inward, and convince ſome of us 'that in a Mind truly virtuous the Scorn of Vice is always 'accompanied with the Pity of it. This and other 'things are impatiently expected from you by our whole 'Sex; among the reſt by,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,

R B. D.

N° 80. *Friday, June* 1.

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
Hor. Ep. 11. l. 1. v. 27.

Thoſe that beyond-ſea go, will ſadly find,
They change their Climate only, not their Mind. CREECH.

IN the Year 1688, and on the ſame Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapſide, London*, two Females of exquiſite Feature and Shape; the one we ſhall call *Bruetta*, the other *Phillis*. A cloſe Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the firſt Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dreſſed Babies, acted Viſitings, learned to Dance and make Curteſies, together. They were inſeparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of: Which innocent Happineſs continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs. *Phillis* had an Head-dreſs on which became her ſo very well, that inſtead of being beheld any more with Pleaſure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Compariſon of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Eaſe of Mind and pleaſing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were miſinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to ſurpaſs the other. Theſe Beginnings of Diſinclination ſoon improved into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldneſs, and by natural Steps into an irreconcilable Hatred.

THESE two Rivals for the Reputation of Beauty, were in their Stature, Countenance and Mien ſo very much alike, that if you were ſpeaking of them in their Abſence, the Words in which you deſcribed the one muſt give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly diſtinguiſhable, you would think, when they were apart, tho' extremely different when together. What made their Enmity the more entertaining to all the reſt of their Sex was, that in Detraction from each other neither could fall upon Terms which did not hit herſelf as much as her Adverſary. Their Nights grew reſtleſs with Meditation of new Dreſſes to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recal Admirers, who obſerved the Charms of the one rather than thoſe of the other on the laſt Meeting. Their Colours failed at each other's Appearance, fluſhed with Pleaſure at the Report of a Diſadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon Inſtances of Applauſe. The Decencies to which Women are obliged, made theſe Virgins ſtifle their Reſentment ſo far as not to break into open Violences, while they equally ſuffered the Torments of a regulated Anger. Their Mothers, as it is uſual, engaged in the Quarrel, and ſupported the ſeveral Pretenſions of the Daughters with all that ill-choſen ſort of Expence which is common with People of plentiful Fortunes and mean Taſte. The Girls preceded their Parents like Queens of *May*, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable, on every *Sunday* to Church, and were expoſed to the Examination of the Audience for Superiority of Beauty.

DURING this conſtant Struggle it happened, that *Phillis* one Day at publick Prayers ſmote the Heart of a gay *Weſt-Indian*, who appear'd in all the Colours which can affect an Eye that could not diſtinguiſh between being fine and taudry. This *American* in a Summer-Iſland Suit was too ſhining and too gay to be reſiſted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to ſee her Rival diſpoſed of in a wealthy Marriage, while ſhe was only addreſſed to in a Manner that ſhewed ſhe was the Admiration of all Men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the Habitation of her Spouſe in *Barbadoes*: *Brunetta* had the Ill-nature to inquire for her by every

every Opportunity, and had the Misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fanned into Slumbers by ſucceſſive Hands of them, and carried from Place to Place in all the Pomp of barbarous Magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure theſe repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying Baits for any of Condition of the ſame Iſland, out of a mere Ambition to confront her once more before ſhe died. She at laſt ſucceeded in her Deſign, and was taken to Wife by a Gentleman whoſe Eſtate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Husband. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many Occaſions on which theſe irreconcilable Beauties laboured to excel each other; but in proceſs of Time it happened that a Ship put into the Iſland conſigned to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had Directions to give her the Refuſal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their Arrival. He did ſo, and *Phillis* was dreſſed in a few Days in a Brocade more gorgeous and coſtly than had ever before appeared in that Latitude. *Brunetta* languiſhed at the Sight, and could by no Means come up to the Bravery of her Antagoniſt. She communicated her Anguiſh of Mind to a faithful Friend, who by an Intereſt in the Wife of *Phillis*'s Merchant, procured a Remnant of the ſame Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took pains to appear in all publick Places where ſhe was ſure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was now prepared for the Inſult, and came to a publick Ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl in a Petticoat of the ſame Brocade with which *Phillis* was attired. This drew the Attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* ſwooned away, and was immediately convey'd to her Houſe. As ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf ſhe fled from her Husband's Houſe, went on board a Ship in the Road, and is now landed in inconſolable Deſpair at *Plymouth*.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the above melancholy Narration, it may perhaps be a Relief to the Reader to peruſe the following Expoſtulation.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The juſt Remonſtrance of affronted THAT.

'THO' I deny not the Petition of Mr. *Who* and *Which*, yet You ſhould not ſuffer them to be rude and to call honeſt People Names: For that bears very hard on ſome of thoſe Rules of Decency, which you are juſtly famous for eſtabliſhing. They may find Fault, and correct Speeches in the Senate and at the Bar: But let them try to get *themſelves* ſo *often* and with ſo much *Eloquence* repeated in a Sentence, as a great Orator doth frequently introduce me.

'MY Lords! (ſays he) with humble Submiſſion, *That* that I ſay is this: that, *That* that that Gentleman has advanced, is not *That*, that he ſhould have proved to your Lordſhips. Let thoſe two queſtionary Petitioners try to do thus with their *Who's* and their *Whiches*.

'WHAT great Advantage was I of to Mr. *Dryden* in his *Indian Emperor*,

You force me ſtill to anſwer You in That,

to furniſh out a Rhyme to *Morat?* And what a poor Figure would Mr. *Bayes* have made without his *Egad and all That?* How can a judicious Man diſtinguiſh one thing from another, without ſaying *This here*, or *That there?* And how can a ſober Man without uſing the *Expletives* of Oaths (in which indeed the Rakes and Bullies have a great Advantage over others) make a Diſcourſe of any tolerable Length, without *That is*; and if he be a very grave Man indeed, without *That is to ſay?* And how inſtructive as well as entertaining are thoſe uſual Expreſſions, in the Mouths of great Men, *Such Things as That* and *the like of That*.

'I am not againſt reforming the Corruptions of Speech You mention, and own there are proper Seaſons for the Introduction of other Words beſides *That*; but I ſcorn as much to ſupply the Place of a *Who* or a *Which* at every Turn, as they are *unequal* always to fill mine; and I expect good Language and civil Treatment, and hope to receive it for the future: *That*, that I ſhall only add is, that I am, *Yours*,

THAT.

THE

INDEX.

A.

ABIGAILS (male) in Faſhion among the Ladies, N. 45.

Abſence in Converſation, a remarkable Inſtance of it in *Will Honeycomb*, N. 77. The Occaſion of this Abſence, *ibid.* and Means to conquer it, *ibid.* The Character of an abſent Man, out of *Bruyere*, *ibid.*

Acroſtick, a piece of falſe Wit, divided into Simple and Compound, N. 60.

Act of Deformity, for the uſe of the Ugly Club, N. 17.

Advertiſements, of an *Italian* Chirurgeon, N. 22. From St. *James*'s Coffee-houſe, 24. From a Gentlewoman that teaches Birds to ſpeak, 36. From another that is a fine Fleſh-Painter, 41.

Advice; no Order of Perſons too conſiderable to be adviſed, N. 34.

Affectation, a greater Enemy to a fine Face than the Small-Pox, N. 33. it deforms Beauty, and turns Wit into Abſurdity, 38. The Original of it, *ibid.* found in the wiſe Man as well as the Coxcomb, *ibid.* The way to get clear of it, *ib.*

Age, rendred ridiculous, N. 6. how contemned by the *Athenians*, and reſpected by the *Spartans*, ibid.

Alexander the Great, wry-neck'd, N. 32.

Ambition never ſatisfied, N. 27.

Americans, their Opinion of Souls, N. 56. exemplified in a Viſion of one of their Countrymen, *ibid.*

Ample (Lady) her Uneaſineſs, and the Reaſon of it, N. 32.

Anagram, what, and when firſt produced, N. 60.

Andromache, a great Fox-hunter, N. 57.

April (the firſt of) the merrieſt Day in the Year, N. 47.

Aretine made all the Princes of *Europe* his Tributaries, N. 23.

Arietta, her Character, N. 11. her Fable of the Lion and the Man, in anſwer to the Story of the *Epheſian* Matron, *ibid.* her Story of *Inkle* and *Yarico*, ibid.

Ariſtotle, his Obſervation upon the *Iambick* Verſe, N. 39. Upon Tragedies, 40, 42.

Arſinoe, the firſt muſical Opera on the *Engliſh* Stage, N. 18.

Avarice, the Original of it, N. 55. Operates with Luxury, *ibid.* at War with Luxury, *ibid.* its Officers and Adherents, *ibid.* comes to an Agreement with Luxury, *ibid.*
Audiences at preſent void of Common Senſe, N. 13.
Aurelia, her Character, N. 15.
Author, the Neceſſity of his Readers being acquainted with his Size, Complexion, and Temper, in order to read his Works with Pleaſure, N. 1. his Opinion of his own Performances, 4. The Expedient made uſe of by thoſe that write to the Stage, 51.

B.

BACON, (Sir *Francis*) his Compariſon of a Book well written, N. 10. his Obſervation upon Envy, 19.
Bags of Money, a ſudden Transformation of them into Sticks and Paper, N. 3.
Baptiſt Lully, his prudent Management, N. 29.
Bawdry, never writ but where there is a Dearth of Invention, N. 51.
Beaver, the Haberdaſher, a great Politician, N. 49.
Beauties, when Plagiaries, N. 4. The true Secret how to improve Beauty, 33. then the moſt charming when heighten'd by Virtue, *ibid.*
Bell, (Mr.) his ingenious Device, N. 28.
Bell-Savage, its Etymology, N. 28.
Birds, a Cage full for the Opera, N. 5.
Biters, their Buſineſs, N. 47.
Blackmore, (Sir *Richard*) his Obſervation, N. 6.
Blanks of Society, who, N. 10.
Blank Verſe proper for Tragedy, N. 39.
Bouhours, (Monſieur) a great Critick among the *French*, N. 62.
Bouts-Rimez, what, N. 60.
Breeding, fine Breeding diſtinguiſhed from good, N. 66.
Britiſh Ladies diſtinguiſh'd from the *Picts*, N. 41.
Brunetta and *Phillis*, their Adventures, N. 80.
Bruyere, (Monſieur) his Character of an abſent Man, N. 77.
Bullock and *Norris*, differently habited, prove great Helps to a ſilly Play, N. 44.
Butts deſcribed, N. 47. the Qualifications of a Butt, *ibid.*

C.

CÆSAR (*Julius*) his Behaviour to *Catullus*, who had put him into a Lampoon, N. 23.
Caligula, his Wiſh, N. 16.

Camilla, a true Woman in one Particular, N. 15.
Carbuncle, (Dr.) his Dye, what, N. 52.
Cenſor of ſmall Wares, an Officer to be erected, N. 16.
Charles I. a famous Picture of that Prince, N. 58.
Chevy-Chaſe, the *Spectator*'s Examen of it, N. 70, 74.
Chronogram, a Piece of falſe Wit, N. 60.
Cicero, a Punſter, N. 61. The Entertainment found in his Philoſophick Writings, *ibid.*
Clarinda, an Idol, in what manner worſhipped, N. 73.
Cleanthe, her Story, N. 15.
Clergyman, one of the *Spectator*'s Club, N. 2.
Clergy, a threefold Diviſion of them, N. 21.
Clubs, Nocturnal Aſſemblies ſo called, N. 9. Several Names of Clubs, and their Originals, *ibid.* &c. Rules preſcribed to be obſerved in the Two-penny Club, *ibid.* An Account of the Ugly Club, 17. The Sighing Club, 30. The Fringe-Glove Club, *ibid.* The Amorous Club, *ibid.* The Hebdomadal Club: Some Account of the Members of that Club, 43. and of the Everlaſting Club, 72. The Club of Ugly Faces, 78. The Difficulties met with in Erecting that Club, *ibid.*
Commerce, the Extent and Advantage of it, N. 69.
Conſciouſneſs, when called Affectation, N. 38.
Converſation moſt ſtraitned in numerous Aſſemblies, N. 68.
Coquettes, the preſent numerous Race, to what owing, N. 66.
Coverley (Sir *Roger de*) a Member of the *Spectator*'s Club, his Character, N. 2. his Opinion of Men of fine Parts, 6.
Courtiers Habit, on what Occaſions Hieroglyphical, N. 64.
Cowley abounds in mixt Wit, N. 62.
Crab, of *King's-College* in *Cambridge*, Chaplain to the Club of Ugly Faces, N. 78.
Credit, a beautiful Virgin, her Situation and Equipage, N. 3. a great Valetudinarian, *ibid.*
Croſs (Miſs) wanted near half a Tun of being as handſom as Madam *Van Brisket*, a great Beauty in the Low-Countries, N. 32.

D.

DANCING, a Diſcourſe on it, defended, N. 67.
Death, the Time and Manner of our Death not known to us, N. 7.

Deformity, no Cauſe of Shame, N. 17.
Delight and Surpriſe, Properties eſſential to Wit, N. 62.
Dignitaries of the Law, who, N. 21.
Divorce, what eſteemed to be a juſt Pretenſion to one, N. 41.
Donne (Dr.) his Deſcription of his Miſtreſs, N. 41.
Dryden, his Definition of Wit cenſured, N. 62.
Dull Fellows, who, N. 43. their Inquiries are not for Information but Exerciſe, *ibid.* Naturally turn their Heads to Politicks or Poetry, *ibid.*
Dutch more Polite than the *Engliſh* in their Buildings, and Monuments of their Dead, N. 26.
Dyer, the News Writer, an *Ariſtotle* in Politicks, N. 43.

E.

ENVY: The ill State of an envious Man, N. 19. his Relief, *ibid.* The way to obtain his Favour, *ibid.*
Epheſian Matron, the Story of her, N. 11.
Epictetus, his Obſervation upon the Female Sex, N. 53.
Epigram on *Hecatiſſa*, N. 52.
Epitaphs, the Extravagance of ſome, and Modeſty of others, N. 26. An Epitaph written by *Ben Johnſon*, 33.
Equipages, the Splendor of them in *France*, N. 15. a great Temptation to the Female Sex, *ibid*,
Etherege (Sir *George*) Author of a Comedy, called, *She would if ſhe could*, reproved, N. 51.
Eubulus, his Character, N. 49.
Eucrate, the Favourite of *Pharamond*, N. 76.
Eudoſia, her Behaviour, N. 79.

F.

FABLE of the Lion and the Man, N. 11. Of the Children and Frogs, 23. Of *Jupiter* and the Countryman, 25.
Falſhood (the Goddeſs of) N. 63.
Falſe Wit, the Region of it, N. 25.
Falſtaff (Sir *John*) a famous Butt, N. 47.
Fame, generally coveted, N. 73.
Faſhion, the Force of it, N. 64.
Fear of Death often Mortal, N. 25.
Fine Gentleman, a Character frequently miſapplied by the Fair Sex, N. 75.
Flutter, (Sir *Fopling*) a Comedy; ſome Remarks upon it, N. 65.
Fools, great Plenty of them the firſt Day of *April*, N. 47.

Freeport,

Freeport, (Sir *Andrew*) a Member of the *Spectator's* Club, N. 2.
French Poets, wherein to be imitated by the *Engliſh*, N. 45.
Friendſhip, the great Beneſit of it, N. 68. The Medicine of Life, *ibid.* The Qualifications of a good Friend, *ibid.*

G.

GALLANTRY; wherein true Gallantry ought to conſiſt, N. 7.
Gaper; the Sign of the Gaper frequent in *Amſterdam*, N. 47.
Ghoſts warn'd out of the Playhouſe, N. 36. the Appearance of a Ghoſt of great Efficacy on an *Engliſh* Theatre, 44.
Goſpel Goſſips deſcribed, N. 46.
Goths in Poetry, who, N. 62.

H.

HANDKERCHIEF, the great Machine for moving Pity in a Tragedy, N. 44.
Happineſs, (true) an Enemy to Pomp and Noiſe, N. 15.
Hard Words ought not to be Pronounced right by well-bred Ladies, N. 45.
Heroes in an *Engliſh* Tragedy generally Lovers, N. 40.
Hobbs, (Mr.) his Obſervation upon Laughter, N. 47.
Honeycomb, (*Will*) his Character, N. 2. his Diſcourſe with the *Spectator* in the Playhouſe, 4. his Adventure with a *Pict*, 41. Throws his Watch into the *Thames*, 77.
Human Nature, the ſame in all reaſonable Creatures, N. 70.
Humour to be deſcribed only by Negatives, N. 35. the Genealogy of true Humour, *ibid.* and of falſe, *ibid.*

I.

IAMBICK Verſe the moſt proper for *Greek* Tragedies, 39.
James, how poliſhed by Love, N. 71.
Idiots in great Requeſt in moſt of the *German* Courts, N. 47.
Idols, who of the Fair Sex ſo call'd, N. 73.
Impudence gets the better of Modeſty, N. 2. An Impudence committed by the Eyes, 20. the Definition of *Engliſh*, *Scotch*, and *Iriſh* Impudence, *ibid.*
Indian Kings, ſome of their Obſervations during their Stay here, N. 50.
Indiſcretion, more hurtful than Ill-nature, N. 23.
Injuries how to be meaſured, N. 23.
Inkle and *Yarico*, their Story, N. 11.
Innocence and not Quality, an Exemption from Reproof, N. 34.

Johnſon (*Ben*) an Epitaph written by him on a Lady, N. 33.
Italian Writers, florid and wordy, N. 5.

K.

Kimbow, (*Tho.*) ſtates his Caſe in a Letter to the *Spectator*, N. 24.
Kiſſing-Dances cenſured, N. 67.

L.

Lady's Library deſcribed, N. 37.
Lætitia and *Daphne*, their Story, N. 33.
Lampoons written by People that cannot Spell, N. 16. witty Lampoons inflict Wounds that are incurable, 23. the inhuman Barbarity of the ordinary Scribblers of Lampoons, *ibid.*
Larvati who ſo called among the Ancients, N. 32.
Lath, (Squire) has a good Eſtate which he would part withal for a Pair of Legs to his Mind, N. 32.
Laughter, (immoderate) a Sign of Pride, N. 47. the Provocations to it, *ibid.*
Lawyers divided into the Peaceable and Litigious, N. 21. Both Sorts deſcribed, *ibid.*
King *Lear*, a Tragedy, ſuffers in the Alteration, N. 40.
Lee, the Poet, well turn'd for Tragedy, N. 39.
Learning ought not to claim any Merit to it ſelf, but upon the Application of it, N. 6.
Leonora, her Character, N. 37. The Deſcription of her Country Seat, *ibid.*
Letters to the *Spectator*; complaining of the Maſquerade, N. 8. from the Opera-Lion 14. from the under Sexton of *Covent-Garden* Pariſh, *ibid.* from the Undertaker of the Maſquerade, *ibid.* from one who had been to ſee the Opera of *Rinaldo*, and the Puppet-Show, *ibid.* from *Charles Lillie*, 16. from the Preſident of the Ugly Club, 17. from *S. C.* with a Complaint againſt the Starers, 20. from *Tho. Prone*, who acted the Wild Boar that was killed by Mrs. *Tofts*, 22. from *William Screene* and *Ralph Simple*, ibid. from an Actor, *ibid.* from King *Latinus*, *ibid.* from *Tho. Kimbow*, 24. from *Will. Faſhion* to his wou'd-be Acquaintance, *ibid.* from *Mary Tueſday* on the ſame Subject, *ibid.* from a *Valetudinarian* to the *Spectator*, 25. from ſome Perſons to the *Spectator*'s Clergyman, 27. from one who would be Inſpector of the Sign-Poſts, 28. from the Maſter of the Show at *Charing-Croſs*, *ibid.* from a Member of the Amorous Club, at *Oxford*, 30. from a Member

Member of the Ugly Club, 32. from a Gentleman to ſuch Ladies as are profeſs'd Beauties, 33. to the *Spectator from T.D.* containing an intended Regulation of the Play-houſe, 36. from the Play-houſe Thunderer, *ibid.* from the *Spectator* to an affected very witty Man, 38. from a married Man with a Complaint that his Wife painted, 41. from *Abraham Froth* a Member of the *Hebdomadal Meeting* in *Oxford*, 43. from a Husband plagued with a Goſſip-Goſſip, 46. from an Ogling-maſter, *ibid.* from the *Spectator*, to the *Preſident* and Fellows of the Ugly-Club, 48. from *Hecatiſſa* to the *Spectator*, *ibid.* from an old Beau, *ibid.* from *Epping* with ſome Account of a Company of Strolers, *ibid.* from a Lady complaining of a Paſſage in the *Funeral*, 51. from *Hugh Goblin*, Preſident of the *Ugly Club*, 52. from *Q. R.* concerning Laughter, *ibid.* the *Spectator*'s Anſwer, *ibid.* from *R. B.* to the *Spectator*, with a Propoſal relating to the Education of Lovers, 53. from *Anna Bella*, *ibid.* from a ſplenetick Gentleman, *ibid.* from a reformed Starer, complaining of a Peeper, *ibid.* from King *Latinus*, *ibid.* from a Gentleman at *Cambridge* containing an Account of a new Sect of Philoſophers called *Lowngers*, 54. from *Celimene*, 66. from a Father complaining of the Liberties taken in Country-Dances, 66. from *James* to *Betty*, 71. to the *Spectator* from the Ugly Club at *Cambridge*, 78. from a whimſical young Lady, 79. from *B. D.* deſiring a Catalogue of Books for the Female Library, *ibid.*

Letter-dropper of Antiquity, who, N. 59.

Library, a Lady's Library deſcribed, N. 37.

Life, the Duration of it uncertain, N. 27.

Lindamira, the only Woman allowed to paint, N. 41.

Lion in the *Hay-market* occaſioned many Conjectures in the Town, N. 13. very gentle to the *Spectator*, *ibid.*

London, an *Emporium* for the whole Earth, N. 69.

Love, the general Concern of it, N. 30.

Love of the World, our Hearts miſled by it, N. 27.

Luxury, what, N. 55. attended often with Avarice, *ibid.* A Fable of thoſe two Vices, *ibid.*

Lowngers, a new Sect of Philoſophers in *Cambridge*, N. 54.

M.

MAN a ſociable Animal, N. 9. The Loſs of publick and private Virtues owing to Men of Parts, 6.

Maſquerade, a Complaint againſt it, N. 8. The Deſign of it, *ibid.*

Mazarine, (Cardinal) his Behaviour to *Quillet*, who had reflected upon him in a Poem, N. 23.
Merchants of great Benefit to the Publick, N. 69.
Mixt Wit described, N. 62.
Mixt Communion of Men and Spirits in Paradise, as described by *Milton*, N. 12.
Mode, on what it ought to be built, N. 6.
Modesty the chief Ornament of the Fair Sex, N. 6.
Moliere made an old Woman a Judge of his Plays, N. 70.
Monuments in *Westminster-Abbey* examined by the *Spectator*, N. 26.
Mourning, the Method of it considered, N. 64. Who the greatest Mourners, *ibid.*
Musick banished by *Plato* out of his Commonwealth, N. 18. Of a relative Nature, 29.

N.

NEighbourhoods, of whom consisting, N. 49.
Newberry, (Mr.) his *Rebus*, N. 59.
New-River, a Project of bringing it into the Play-house, N. 5.
Nicolini, (Signior) his Voyage on Pasteboard, N. 5. His Combat with a Lion, 13. Why thought to be a Sham one, *ibid.* An excellent Actor, *ibid.*

O.

O*Ates*, (Dr.) a Favourite with some Party Ladies, N. 57.
Ogler, the complete Ogler, N. 46.
Old Maids generally superstitious, N. 7.
Old Testament in a Peruke, N. 58.
Opera, as it is the present Entertainment of the *English* Stage, considered, N. 5. The Progress it has made on our Theatre, 18. Some Account of the *French* Opera, 29.
Otway commended and censured, N. 39.
Overdo, a Justice at *Epping*, offended at the Company of Strolers for playing the Part of *Clodpate*, and making a Mockery of one of the *Quorum*, N. 48.
Oxford Scholar, his great Discovery in a Coffee-house, N. 46.

P.

P*Ainter* and *Tailor* often contribute more than the Poet to the Success of a Tragedy, N. 42.
Parents, their taking a liking to a particular Profession often occasions their Sons to miscarry, N. 21.

Parties crept much into the Converſation of the Ladies, N. 57. Party-Zeal very bad for the Face, *ibid.*
Particles Engliſh, the Honour done to them in the late Operas, N. 18.
Paſſions, the Conqueſt of them a difficult Task. N. 71.
Peace, ſome ill Conſequences of it, N. 45.
Peepers deſcribed, N. 53.
Pharamond, Memoirs of his private Life, N. 76. His great Wiſdom, *ibid.*
Philautia, a great Votary, N. 79.
Philoſophy, the Uſe of it, N. 7. ſaid to be brought by *Socrates* down from Heaven, 10.
Phyſician and Surgeon, their different Employment, N. 16. The Phyſicians a formidable Body of Men, 21. compared to the *Britiſh* Army in *Cæſar*'s Time, *ibid.* Their Way of converting one Diſtemper into another, 25.
Picts, what Women ſo called, N. 41. No Faith to be kept with them, *ibid.*
Pinkethman to perſonate King *Porus* on an Elephant, N. 31.
Players in *Drury-Lane* their intended Regulations, N. 36.
Poems in Picture, N. 58.
Poet, (*Engliſh*) reproved, N. 39, 40. their Artifices, 44.
Poeteſſes (*Engliſh*) wherein remarkable, N. 51.
Powell (Senior) to act *Alexander the Great* on a Dromedary, N. 31. His Artifice to raiſe a Clap, N. 40.
Powell (Junior) his great Skill in Motions, N. 14. His Performance referred to the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida*, *ibid.*
Praiſe, the Love of it implanted in us, N. 38.
Pride a great Enemy to a fine Face, N. 33.
Profeſſions, the three great ones overburdened with Practioners, N. 21.
Projector, a Short Deſcription of one, N. 31.
Proſper (*Will*) an honeſt Tale-bearer, N. 19.
Punchinello, frequented more than the Church, N. 14. *Punch* out in the Moral Part, *ibid.*
Punning much recommended by the Practice of all Ages, N. 61. In what Age the Pun chiefly flouriſhed, *ibid.* a famous Univerſity much infeſted with it, *ibid.* why baniſhed at preſent out of the Learned World, *ibid.* The Definition of a Pun, *ibid.*

Q.

QUality no Exemption from Reproof, N. 34.
Quixote (Don) Patron of the *Sighers* Club, N. 30.

R.

RAnts conſider'd as Blemiſhes in our *Engliſh* Tragedies, N. 40.
Rape of *Proſerpine* a *French* Opera, ſome Particulars in it, N. 29.
Reaſon, inſtead of governing Paſſion is often ſubſervient to it, N. 6.
Rebus, a kind of falſe Wit in Vogue among the Ancients, N. 59. and our own Countrymen, *ibid.* A Rebus at *Blenheim* Houſe condemned, *ibid.*
Recitativo, (*Italian*) not agreeable to an *Engliſh* Audience, N. 29. Recitative Muſick in every Language ought to to be adapted to the Accent of the Language, *ibid.*
Retirement, the Pleaſure of it, where truly enjoyed, N. 4.
Rich (Mr.) would not ſuffer the Opera of *Whittington's Cat* to be performed in his Houſe, and the Reaſon for it, N. 5.
Royal-Exchange, the great Reſort to it, N. 69.

S.

SAlmon (Mrs.) her Ingenuity, N. 28.
Sanctorius, his Invention, N. 25.
Scholar's Egg, what ſo call'd, N. 58.
Sempronia, a profeſſed Admirer of the *French* Nation, N. 45.
Senſe: ſome Men of Senſe more deſpicable than common Beggars, N. 6.
Sentry, (Captain) a Member of the *Spectator*'s Club, his Character, N. 2.
Sextus Quintus, the Pope, an Inſtance of his unforgiving Temper, N. 23.
Shadows and Realities not mixed in the ſame Piece, N. 5.
Shovel, (Sir *Cloudeſly*) the ill Contrivance of his Monument in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, N. 26.
Sidney (Sir *Philip*) his Opinion of the Song of *Chevy-Chaſe*, N. 70.
Sighers, a Club of them in *Oxford*, N. 30. Their Regulations, *ibid.*
Sign-Poſts, the Abſurdities of many of them, N. 28.
Socrates, his Temper and Prudence, N. 23.
Solitude; an Exemption from Paſſions the only pleaſing Solitude, N. 4.

Sophocles, his Conduct in his Tragedy of *Electra*, N. 44.
Sparrows bought for the uſe of the Opera, N. 5.
Spartan Virtue acknowledged by the *Athenians*, N. 6.
Spectator (the) his Prefatory Diſcourſe, N. 1. His great Taciturnity, *ibid.* His Viſion of *Publick Credit*, 3. His Entertainment at the Table of an Acquaintance, 7. His Recommendation of his Speculations, 10. Advertiſed in the *Daily Courant*, 12. His Encounter with a Lion behind the Scenes, 13. The Deſign of his Writings, 16. No Party-man, *ibid.* A little unhappy in the Mold of his Face, 17. His Artifice, 19. His Deſire to correct Impudence, 20. And Reſolution to march on in the Cauſe of Virtue, 34. His Viſit to a travelled Lady, 45. His Speculations in the firſt Principles, 46. An odd Accident that befel him at *Lloyd*'s Coffee-houſe, *ibid.* His Advice to our *Engliſh Pindarick* Writers, 58. His Examen of Sir *Fopling Flutter*, 65.
Spleen, a common Excuſe for Dulneſs, N. 53.
Starers reproved, N. 20.
Statira, in what propoſed as a Pattern to the Fair Sex, N. 41.
Superſtition, the Folly of it deſcrib'd, N. 7.
Suſanna, or Innocence betray'd, to be exhibited by Mr. *Powell*, with a new pair of Elders, N. 14.

T.

THE *Emplar*, one of the *Spectator*'s Club, his Character, N. 2.
That, his Remonſtrance, N. 80.
Theatre (*Engliſh*) the Practice of it in ſeveral Inſtances cenſured, N. 42, 44, 51.
Thunder, of great Uſe on the Stage, N. 44.
Thunderer to the Playhouſe, the Hardſhips put upon him, and his Deſire to be made a Cannon, N. 36.
Tom Tits to perſonate ſinging Birds in the Opera, N. 5.
Tom the Tyrant, firſt Miniſter of the Coffee-houſe, between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night, N. 49.
Tombs in *Weſtminſter* viſited by the *Spectator*, N. 26. his Reflexion upon it, *ibid.*
Trade, the Benefit of it to *Great Britain*, N. 69.
Tragedy; a perfect Tragedy the nobleſt Production of human Nature, N. 39. Wherein the Modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, *ibid.* Blank Verſe the moſt proper for an *Engliſh* Tragedy, *ibid.* The *Engliſh* Tragedy conſidered, *ibid.* Tragi-

Tragi-Comedy, the Product of the *Engliſh* Theatre, a monſtrous Invention, N. 40.
Travel, highly neceſſary to a Coquette, N. 45. The Behaviour of a travell'd Lady in the Play-houſe, *ibid.*
Truth an Enemy to falſe Wit, N. 63.
Tryphiodorus, the great Lipogrammatiſt of Antiquity, N. 59.

U.

Venice preſerv'd, a Tragedy founded on a wrong Plot, N. 39.
Uglineſs, ſome Speculations upon it, N. 32.
Viſit; a Viſit to a travell'd Lady, which ſhe receiv'd in her Bed, deſcrib'd, N. 45.
Underſtanding, the Abuſe of it is a great Evil, N. 6.
Vocifer, the Qualifications that make him paſs for a fine Gentleman, N. 75.

W.

WHO and *Which*, their Petition to the *Spectator*, N. 78.
Wit, the Miſchief of it when accompanied with Vice, N. 23. very pernicious when not tempered with Virtue and Humanity, *ibid.* turned into Deformity by Affectation, 38. Only to be valued as it is applied, N. 6. Nothing ſo much admired and ſo little underſtood, 58. The Hiſtory of falſe Wit, *ibid.* Every Man would be a Wit if he could, 59. The way to try a piece of Wit, 62. Mr. *Locke*'s Reflexion on the Difference between Wit and Judgment, *ibid.* The God of Wit deſcrib'd, 63.
Women, the more powerful Part of our People, N. 4. Their ordinary Employments, 10. Smitten with Superficials, 15. Their uſual Converſation, *ibid.* Their ſtrongeſt Paſſion, 33. Not to be conſider'd meerly as Objects of Sight, *ibid.*
Woman of Quality, her Dreſs the Products of an hundred Climates, N. 69.

Y.

Yarico, the Story of her Adventure, N. 11.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM